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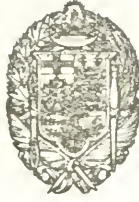
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From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

AN IDEAL GOLF COURSE

A golf course never seems to be quite ideal unless it is in sight of water. Perhaps for that very reason golfing is one of the popular sports in the Maritime Provinces, for the sea makes inroads almost everywhere. Here the artist shows one of the links at St. Andrews, New Brunswick.



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No. 1

ENGLAND IN ARMS *By Lacey Amy*

I.—WOMAN AND THE WAR



O appraise with fairness the participation of the English woman in the war requires some acclimatization on the part of the Canadian. My earliest impressions were of a gentler sex, only a stage removed from the actual conflict, who would benefit from a lesson in work from her Canadian sister. Later experience, while it may not have altered greatly my opinion in that respect, has subdued it and shaded it through a better understanding of relative values. Justice demands the inclusion in the perspective of more than the mere manual or mental performances of the English woman.

It is impossible, I think, that in any other country the stress of an extended war could break so strikingly into the career of the non-combatant

sex. Indeed, England, from top to bottom, has been torn and revolutionized by sheer necessity, as no other country need have been under similar circumstances. That is the natural concomitant of a system of distinct class boundaries. A short war might have been struggled through without the social cataclysm that has struck England; but such a struggle as the present one levelled social fences as a part of victory. The high were brought down and the low raised.

The wealthy were forced to the level of some sort of labour by legislation, by popular demand and custom, by a real desire to assist, and even by the necessity of earning a living. The poor were lifted to the plane of profitable labour by the pressing demand for their hands.

What this levelling process means

to England may be partly estimated without living through the metamorphosis. And it was among the women of the nation that "class" was, before the war, developed to its highest point and maintained by a determined tradition of aristocracy and by a submissive, conventional proletariat. Nothing in human nature exceeded the chasm between the "lady" and her servant. There were, it is true, the closest bonds of fidelity and loyalty, but nothing ever for a moment permitted the two representatives of the extreme classes to meet on a level of humanity.

The result on the English woman of the better class was a traditional refusal to perform the most ordinary services for herself. Only a few days before the writing of this, the death of the Duke of Norfolk brought out this marvellous evidence in the daily press of his "unselfish and unaffected nature"—that, entering a room in his house to receive a visitor and finding the grate unlighted, "he knelt at once down and lit it himself, taking immeasurable pains to make it burn quickly and brightly." A woman of any class would no more have thought of "kneeling down" to do anything—except for her prayers—than she would have carried a parcel from the store to her waiting car. And the English woman, from the lower classes to the top, never learns the simplest branches of household art unless circumstances force her to it.

Thus it was that she was faced with a catastrophe. To be useful at a time when every hand and brain counted, the upper classes must overthrow a tradition that had become fixed in the nation's creed. And the lower grades of society were bewildered by a condition wherein they counted even more than their superiors, and where their country was willing to pay for it.

The response of the English women, therefore, cannot be dissociated from the upheaval in the social system. Where the Canadian woman

simply pitched in and knit socks or made bandages or organized others for the work, the English woman had first to reorganize the whole social fabric of which she was the most adamant part. If an aristocrat, she had never had a knitting needle in her hands; she had never moved a muscle for anything a servant might perform for her. If a plebeian, she was forced to be a party to a levelling process never anticipated in her wildest dreams, and to do it without disrupting the social co-operation necessary for the profitable fulfilment of the sphere she and her sisters of all classes were called upon to fill for the very salvation of the Empire.

I have elaborated on what might be considered merely an introduction, because nothing done by the women of England can be considered by a Canadian in the light of Canadian experience alone.

This description of conditions precluding complete participation by the English woman in the war work open to her frees me for a general statement without prejudice, omitting for the moment consideration of her handicaps. I am prepared to say that not all the better class women of England have done in the aggregate what a tenth their number of Canadian women would have accomplished in the same time. They have not taken to knitting for several reasons. Those who are keenly anxious to do effective war work without delay have not the patience to learn; and those who have but yielded to the prevailing fashion do not see in quiet knitting that which will return them full credit for their energy. Also, there are still those in whose mind continues the almost unsuspected impression that knitting is for a lower class. In a whole year I have seen only one English woman knitting.

It is the women of the lower classes who have responded in a manner that calls for no qualifications, no conditions, and not alone for the high wages their work now brings them.

I will go further. Women in England (even to-day, although the past few months have seen wonderful strides in this respect) have never been organized for that profitable production which commenced in Canada with the outbreak of the war. There again the social lines are responsible, not thoughtlessness. The great middle class (and there are three or four grades in it) looks to the levels above for its cue. But the early work of the aristocrats was in the way of spectacular operations that took them into hospitals, in England or in France, through organizations of their own kind; and there the middle class was unable to follow. Even to-day the opportunity of sharing in the immediate care of the wounded in hospital is obtainable only by influence; it is a real victory, a social distinction. For Ladies and Honourables have from the first hankered even to get down on their knees on the front steps of a hospital (the very depths of menial labour) and apply the brush.

The result was a complete lack of organization among the middle classes. I personally know whole suburbs where, up to the middle of last year, not an organized effort was being made. The churches were not the centres of working parties, as in Canada. There were no local associations, no gatherings of friends. It was partly owing to the fact that it is a London custom not to know one's next door neighbour; and there is not the church fraternity that prevails in Canada.

Having said that, I wish once more to warn my readers not to deny the English women their dues. During the last six months they have learned more hard work than the country has known in centuries, and only now is the one great central organization, the Women's Department of National Service, getting to work. It is impossible, too, not to be astonished at the whole-souled, enthusiastic efforts of thousands of well-born women from

the first days of the war. Their sacrifice has been greater than a Canadian can imagine, for the reason that with their manual labour fled a traditional prejudice, an ancestral idleness, the instincts that have for ages determined their social level. Many a social leader has ruined the grace and colour of her hands for life, many a titled heroine has willingly stooped to work she would have asked only of her lowest servant. And the early hysteria of publicity has long since lost its attraction, so that now it is only the assistance they are giving that counts. I hope that nothing I have said, or will say, may rob these women of the glory that is theirs.

And with my respect for these iconoclasts goes a reverence for the hundreds of thousands of munition workers who risk their lives every day, the great majority of them taking as keen a satisfaction in their share of the shell-making and filling as thrills their "boys" at the front when one of the products of female hands bursts in a German trench. When the great explosion occurred in London, there was no reluctance among the women to continue their dangerous toil. Within the following week the Ministry of Munitions advertised for 30,000 women workers among high explosives, and the response was keener than it had ever been. I believe that the very extent of the danger brought home to them the value of the risk they were taking, its importance in the winning of the war. As I stood at the one exit from the scene of that explosion and saw the hundreds of women stagger out, wounded, bearing everything they possessed in the world, there was no fear in their faces, no mental evidences of having passed through a tragedy. And within the week the fit among them were again working with the T.N.T., the great explosive of this war.

The amazing discovery of the war is the adaptability of woman to tasks never before attempted by her, tasks

that have been so exclusively confined to man's sphere that nothing but a prime necessity would have offered them to the other sex. When the idea of female substitution was first broached it was accepted that there were definite limits to its utilization. Only in certain tried, conventional positions could a woman be placed to relieve men for the front. At first she was placed in offices. After that it was considered wise to proceed cautiously to prevent disorganization and wasted effort. But gradually the insistent call for more men in the trenches encouraged experiments which brought bewildering results.

To-day even the Prime Minister's secretary is a woman.

There is not a trade or occupation in the varied industries of England, save those few in which is necessary the highest trained skill—trades which occupy so very few men as to be negligible—where woman is not proving that, with the necessary physique and commonsense, she is capable of becoming an effective substitute for man during the trying phases of the war. That does not intend to imply that she performs all her tasks as efficiently as man, for the training and instincts of generations cannot be altered in a year or two; but her unsuspected applicability has lightened the burden of war and succeeded in breaking down barriers whose existence was not conducive to the greatest development of any race. *Without the women of England the war would never be won.*

The streets of London reveal this diverse usefulness of the gentler sex at every step. Dressed in pantaloons and long coats they clamber up uncertain ladders to clean windows. They drive delivery wagons, horse and motor. They act as conductors on omnibus, tram, and underground. They run elevators, carry messages, deliver and collect mail, push milk and bread carts, clean the railway carriages, light the street lamps, substitute for chauffeurs

by the hundreds, and form almost the entire staff at theatres, restaurants and hotels. They have even encroached on that profession of the male "crock", the sandwich-board carrier.

Into these urban occupations they slid with no sound of rubbing or jar. But it was when they began to dribble into the heavier, more skilled trades that the nation began to rub its eyes.

The necessity for brute strength does not exclude them. I have seen them handling huge beer kegs with more vim and speed than their brothers. They load brick and perform porter's work in hundreds of establishments. In munition factories they lift shells and wheel trucks, and grumble less than the sex built for heavy work. They toil on the docks with the surliest, roughest men in civilized life.

When women secured a chance to exhibit their diverse accomplishments in the skilled trades they surprised themselves, their employers, the men who worked on the next benches, and the nation. Early in the war they were taking the place of painters, and the differences are not evident to the inexpert. As carpenters they were slow to develop, partly because of the close corporation they had to fight in the Carpenters' Union and partly because of their instinctive fear of sharp tools. Now the authorities are sending them to France by the score to erect soldiers' huts. They make roads better than the old men who undertook the work when the younger generation was called up.

From the mechanical arts of the factory they were long excluded by the unions, most of which had agreements with the Asquith Government that they should not be interfered with by the recruiting officers. But again necessity interfered and a scheme of substitution once inaugurated they showed themselves so amazingly proficient that the men are ashamed of themselves. In the munition factories they manipulate the

most complicated machinery, of late even doing their own repairing. They do almost all the work in connection with the construction of aeroplanes. On the Tyne are female blacksmith's helpers. They do electrical wiring, chip, clean, and paint warships, construct turbines, make lifeboats, assemble the parts of barometers and compasses.

Women have revolutionized the army. The old folly of male cooks has been relegated to the past. In opposition to every tradition of the British army women are being taken on to manage messes as fast as they can be secured. This is principally the result of enforced economy, and the other benefits have come unexpectedly. Up to the third year of the war it was a tradition of the army that economy in the mess was undignified, contrary to every precedent upholding the honour of the soldier. Then it was discovered that the waste from a battalion would keep another. Reforms were attempted early, but results were disappointing. Convention demanded that they should be disappointing. The men suffered and the saving was paltry. The introduction of female cooks altered everything. Not only is there a real economy, but the men are better fed and better satisfied, there is less graft, and discipline is more easily maintained.

The number of women who had responded to their nation's call by the end of 1916 is revealing. Although at the time of writing the new National Service is but started, the many organizations of the first thirty months of the war had replaced almost a million men with women. It is an interesting point that it required only 988,500 women to take the places of 933,000 men. But these figures should not be taken too literally as an absolute comparison of values. Many industries have been curtailed or closed; but on the other hand many have been enlarged.

All told, there are estimated to be more than four and a quarter million

of paid women workers engaged in regular occupation, and in this number are not included the voluntary hundreds of thousands, the many nurses and part-time workers. Two and a half millions are in factories. The 2,000 in Government establishments before the war have grown to 120,000, and the rate of increase is several thousands a month. In commercial occupations are 750,000, in professional occupations 82,500, in banking and finance the number employed has increased from 9,500 to 46,500. In hotels and public amusements there are two hundred thousand, in agriculture 140,000, in army messes 2,000. And so the list continues, growing so rapidly that figures hold even approximately only for a few days. By the time this is read there will be another quarter of a million at work of real value for the progress of the war. The call for substitutes for the men behind the lines in France is bringing women in throngs to the organization headquarters.

Some industries have turned over their men entirely to the military authorities. One railway has built up its female staff from seventy to five thousand. There are 35,000 nurses. The post-office employs 65,000. The London telephone service, before the war employing men largely, is now "manned" by women. The London Gas, Light and Coke Company employs 1,100. In ten months 1,655 women conductors have passed through the general omnibus training school. The latest sphere for them is driving taxi-cabs, and their record here will be watched with more than ordinary interest as revealing better than any other occupation their fitness for work that requires presence of mind and mechanical efficiency on short notice. Although they are not yet on the streets, the men have threatened to strike if their domain is invaded.

One of the developments of the later months of the war is the demand

of the women for pay commensurate with their work. This applies not alone to the working classes who are accustomed to pay for services, but to all. It has been brought about by the discovery that paid work is most satisfactory, both for discipline and reliability; and thousands of those who offered themselves in the early months without reward find themselves unable to continue thus. There is, too, a feeling that while some are making fortunes from the war, there can be no reason in others exhausting themselves for larger returns to profiteers.

In agriculture women, while unfitted to replace men, individual for individual, have proved themselves adaptable to conditions their sex instinctively dislikes. Scoffed at as workers of the land, they have conquered by sheer determination and pluck. The sliminess and muck of the English climate, and the odious class distinctions from which the farmer's help suffers most, have failed to erect a barrier against the gentler sex. The farmer has resisted their encroachment into his organization from the first, yielding only when it became women or no crops. In the early stages of substitution many incompetent women offered themselves for that which afforded the greatest publicity as most uncongenial to their sex. The result was disastrous to the farms. These city-bred and better class women quickly wearied of the life or were dismissed as inefficient, and for a time only the rough, or country-bred were available. Lately the necessity for greater food production brought into the fields those untrained women who promise to do their best because of the very fact that they offer themselves when the nature of the work is better known. The great obstacle of insufficient pay for the women to keep themselves is now overcome by a Government measure that sets the minimum at twenty-five shillings.

Policewomen are new in England.

In their regular capacity as assistants of the men they are proving themselves of real service in London in the handling of the *demi-monde*. In outside towns, however, their experience has varied. Some municipalities are pleased, others have dispensed with them after trial. As in other spheres, success depends upon the individual. Not long ago the Government advertised for three hundred policewomen for munition factories, their duties being largely to maintain discipline among the female workers and to prevent the introduction of dangerous elements among the high explosives. Almost a thousand applied. The pay ranges from two pounds to two and a half a week, uniform not found.

Of course, the great demand for the women workers has been in the munition factories. Here, from a small beginning, the number has increased to more than half a million and their duties include everything but the most severe lifting. As a rule, too, men are still employed to manage the floors and to repair machines, but even they are being replaced. It is unnecessary that thousands of fit young men be concealed in munition factories, for the experience has been that women do their work better than the men. However, many foremen are still prejudiced against them, and here and there are managers who fear to lose a few pounds by extending the substitution. The unions, too, stand behind the men. Yet the experience of France has been that the introduction of female labour has increased each worker's daily output of shells from three to nine.

Many factories never cease work. Sundays and certain hours of day or night being filled by "lady" workers.

Naturally, with such diversity of demand and response, the calibre of the work performed by women varies. The paid worker must, as a rule, earn her money—except perhaps in the Government Departments, where thousands of extravagantly dressed

women and girls crowd in each other's way, report late, leave early, and go by taxicab to an expensive restaurant for a luncheon lasting an hour and a half. Not every custom can be overthrown, even in three years of war.

It is in the realm of voluntary work that are exhibited heights of wasted energy and disorganization. The first rush of the better classes for war-work was to the hospitals and canteens. In the former their success depended upon their influence and position in society, until their frequent uselessness impelled the Government to clean them out of France and limit their duties in England. During the first six months of the war the ambition of the titled woman seemed to be to get her picture into the illustrated papers in nurse's costume. The uniform may have been flattering, but the work was not of a nature to be forgotten once the picture had appeared. By scores and hundreds they succumbed to the drudgery, and general inefficiency completed the exodus. After that it dawned upon England that a title did not preclude real nursing ability or working sense; and there are still hundreds of wealthy, blooded women in the hospitals of France and England performing work their friends never suspected them to be capable of.

But where the rush of influence was so clamorous there was introduced a system that still prevails. The hospitals of England are staffed by part-time workers who are permitted the luxury of work only one or two half-days a week, on account of the numbers who desire to be connected with the work for the wounded. The result is that they never learn much, never take their work seriously, and exhaust their nervous energy and strength by too many outlets. There are thousands of English women flitting about between half a dozen employments, criticism being silenced by the fact that they accept nothing for their services. And yet most of them would be willing to confine themselves

to one task were the custom to be altered. I do not think it will alter, except as the Government takes over war-work, as it has lately taken over the canteens.

Another unfortunate feature of English organizations is that everybody must be headed by a title. It seems impossible to operate, however necessary the work, however honest the organization, however technical the duties, without the committee of management consisting of titled women. The result is easily imagined. There is glaring lack of organization, wastefulness and incompetence, without any effort to improve. The principle is not peculiar to England, although its development there is most complete. Canteens, charitable associations, women's employment bureaux—everything is handled by a representative of the nobility who never in her life had to think of economy of money and time and energy. It was this spectacle, I imagine, that induced the Government to step in and put an end to unofficial canteens in munition factories and military camps, managed by volunteers.

I have in mind a large canteen organization. So extravagantly managed was it—although not a worker received a cent—that it was unable to compete with the multiple London restaurants. It paid exorbitant prices for its supplies, was defrauded on every hand by its tradespeople, and even cleanliness was a stranger to it. And yet, as one of the greatest canteen organizations of the war, it was lauded extravagantly. Its workers were all "ladies". Many of them refused to wash and clean. Often they turned up at the booths with their maids to do the work, while they sat and looked on, their cars waiting for them, to tire of even that exertion. "Bubble-and-squeak", and "toad-in-the-hole" were to them hideous concoctions beneath their notice. They came and went when they pleased. And always the rules of precedence had to be strictly observed. Yet some

of those women are glorying to-day in a knowledge of work they hitherto considered fit only for servants.

The honourary secretary of an economy league furnished through a London paper the other day a sample menu for those who would observe the food rations set down by the Food Controller. In great detail she described the food requirements of herself, her husband, one child, and *seven servants*, and London patted her on the back as a real economist for sacrificing patriots to imitate.

Of late the largest canteen organization, although headed by two titled women, has definitely decided not to accept ladies as workers.

The effects of this wartime work on England's women are as yet uncertain in their details, but that there will be tremendous changes in the country after war is certain. I am inclined to think that some of the best results will show themselves in the men. A breach in the walls of class prejudices and distinctions has been made. Women of all classes are working side by side and discovering that, after all, William the Conqueror gave to his most intimate friends very little of real service to their descendants. To produce a shell to kill Germans is worth more than the bluest blood of the centuries. The upper classes are learning to appreciate the lower, and the lower are on the way to asserting their position. One result that will change things in future is the growing independence of woman. Not only has she proven her worth, but a real wage and the ability to earn it have given her self-respect. I do not think that the munitioneer will stand the proprietary, often bullying, tone of the average Englishman to his women.

The fact is that the munitioneer has done better work and more of it than the men, with less absenteeism, less restricting unionism, less complaining, and a greater interest in output. Foremen who have overcome their prejudices frankly state their preference for the female worker, and the tone of the factories has been distinctly raised by the introduction of women and their welfare workers.

There is, of course, another side—the hardening influence of competitive labour. I am inclined to alter my first impressions on that point. Among the lower classes the effect will be improving, and even if the women of the upper grades of society are introduced to a life where female “modesty” is not a rite, a country is better built up by its labouring people than by its aristocrats.

Woman's suffrage stands to be affected. Undoubtedly many anti-suffragists among the men have been converted to votes for women. But it is argued that because some women have proved their capacity is no more a claim to woman's suffrage than the equally evident fact of incapacity in others is an argument against it. And even the children of England are working harder than millions of women.

There is no other conclusion than that England's women have provided the surprise of the war. The working classes have shown themselves a real factor in the winning of the war, able and eager to do their utmost. And even the nobility have overcome much to perform a share that, while in the aggregate it may seem inconsequential to democratic Canada, is relatively a sacrifice to them not equalled by those whose training permits them to be more useful.

WONDERFUL EAST AFRICA *By J. A. Smith*

"Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the antelope's haunt and the buffalo's
glen:
By valleys remote, where the ourebi plays;
Where the gnou, the sassaybe, and harte-
beest graze;
And the eland and gemsbok unhunted re-
cline:
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with
wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his
wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in
the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will,
In the pool where the wild ass is drinking
his fill;

Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
As he scours with his troop o'er the deso-
late plain,
And the stately koodoo exultantly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's
hounds;
Where the timorous quagga's wild whis-
tling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at fall of day;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in
haste;
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their
nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless wilds of the parched kar-
roo."



SOMETHING of the spirit of these lines settles, like the after-glow of a pleasant dream, on all who come under the magic influence of Equatorial Africa. But, unlike a dream-memory, the spell of Africa, which is progressive while one is there, is permanent whether one goes or stays. The influence of that land of matchless beauty, untroubled serenity, inexhaustible novelty, strange power of vivifying a slumbering something in us, never wanes, nor does the yearning for its sunlit, perfumed groves and spaces ever fade away. It can be ter-

rible, too, this land of eternal summer, in the immensity of its plains, the strangling growths of its mighty, shaggy forests and jungles and the motionless bosoms of its great, placid inland seas. But all, the terrible and the gentle, the lapping sunlight and the forbidding gloom, the gnarled beast and the bird of unbelievable colours, go to make up the mystery and charm that hold like a chain.

What may be said of British East Africa applies almost equally to German East Africa (the scene of the present struggle), which lies directly to the south and borders on the British territory. British East has an area

of 177,100 square miles; German East is 384,000 square miles in extent, or almost twice the size of Germany itself.

British East Africa sprawls across the Equator, its eastern boundary the blue Indian Ocean, its western the sluggish and passionless Victoria Nyanza, Africa's greatest inland sea. There is but one railway running from ocean to lake, and covering a distance of some 600 miles. To follow this railway, which might seem only to exist in some lost chapter of the "Arabian Nights," is, perhaps, the best way to visualize the country.

The Uganda Railway stands alone among its kind, and in the nature of things there never can be such a railway again. In its very name it is an anomaly, for it ends where nearly 200 miles of water separate it from the Protectorate of Uganda. From end to end it is confined within the Protectorate of British East Africa. The number of those who have travelled by it is not large—they could almost be numbered by the hundreds. But those who have done so never forget.

It starts from a wind-swept island on the blue Indian Ocean, and ends on the wooded shores of the Great Lake. On its way it passes through jungle, swamp and desert, zig-zags across plains where huge elephants play by day and lions roar by night; corkscrews up the sides of mysterious snow-capped mountains; sweeps round the bases of volcanic, cone-shaped hills; wanders by the "shambas" and cultivated patches of rude inland tribes; strides long-legged athwart treacherous swamps; and ploughs through the gloom of primeval forests, until it emerges, calm but triumphant, from under the flat-topped mimosas by the shelving shore of the shimmering inland sea.

On that six hundred miles the traveller has scarcely time to have the reality of the swift-changing scenes borne in on him.

On its way that strange line samples every climate, touches every degree of

temperature. At Mombasa, on the low-lying coast belt, the red fazed Swahili engine-driver leans gasping from his blistered engine box: later at Limoru, in the frosty highlands, he blows with chattering teeth on his half-frozen fingers and stamps with numbed feet. There it was as hot as any spot on this planet; here it is as cold as the coldest. None but the steel-skinned Swahili, with his tincture of Arab blood, could stand the change, and do his work and live.

The system is made up of a single line, with one small branch, 100 miles in length, running to the great Magadi Soda Lake. It taps a partly-explored and wholly uncivilized country, touching a settlement here and there, dignified by the name of town, and traversing, at more frequent intervals, a land where the spirit of loneliness has brooded undisturbed since the beginning of time.

When the Uganda Railway was finished, the ostensible reason for its construction—the inland slave traffic—had ceased to exist. As a result, it seemed at first as if the railway would take rank as a gigantic "white man's folly". Then Africa, the Inexhaustible, rose to the occasion. In the heart of the continent, popularly supposed to have been given over to fever, heat and pestilence, an unthought-of, fertile and delectable land gave itself freely to the white invader. A "White Man's Country" was found on the east to balance the "White Man's Grave" on the west. Cattle thrived there, sheep multiplied exceedingly, game, great and small, mean and noble, ranged the plains and peopled the valleys in unimaginable numbers and varieties.

Properly to know the Uganda Railway—which is to know East Africa—it must be traversed. The experience will last a lifetime, even a lifetime of travel. Three days a week the train leaves Mombasa for the Lake. A great event in the life of the quaint, slumbrous Arab town is this departure of the train. The platform and the

station surroundings are packed with a stolid, staring crowd of white-robed worshippers of Allah. Arabs are there, and Somalis, Swahilis, Goanese, Hindus, Egyptians and all the innumerable in-betweens that make up the peopling of an Arab port on the African coast for centuries connected by trade with India. The effect is picturesque, if bizarre, and the colour scheme, if orientally exaggerated, has a curious charm of its own. The scene has more of India than East Africa, more of Egypt than of either.

A feeble interest is apparent in the crowd as the little engine, with its tender box piled high with acacia scrub wood fuel, pants preparatory to making a start. At the signal, the train moves off into the jungle, clanks at half-speed across the island, and over a great viaduct to the mainland. Then it begins to climb, slowly and laboriously, through a forest of palms and long, trim rubber plantations, to the high hills overlooking Mombasa, its island citadel and the blue waters beyond. A long stretch of veldt, almost bare, ends with the little tropical station of Mazeras, and the line dives again into the jungle. Here all is red dust, thick undergrowth and stillness. Only the train rattles through, desecrating and dissipating the Sabbath stillness around. As the dark, shaggy jungle thins a glimpse of white-capped Kilima Njaro, proud, regal and distant, is caught. This great mountain is the highest in Africa, towering 19,000 feet into the cloudless blue. Its top is a far-flung plateau, crowned with a deep stratum of dazzling snow. Upon its three-and-a-half miles of height are many strange and luxuriant growths, ending in a forest of gigantic trees at the base, where the rays of the burning, vertical sun are effectually screened off from the jungle below. It rises from equatorial heat and ends in Arctic cold and stillness. Soon the little, red-brown train swings on to a level, far-stretching plain, undulating like a summer sea, framed with hills, blue, misty, ill-de-

fined. The Mountain of the Snow has disappeared, and the shadows creep over the lonely track ahead.

It is dark by the time a stop is made for dinner, served in a bungalow by deft, noiseless Indian waiters. There are few lights, no towns, and every man encountered is an official of some sort, who is only present because it is his duty. Hereabouts men do not live, unless they are paid to do so. Higher up it is different.

Simba station, which means the "place of lions," rolls into view. Here, in the construction days, the king of beasts dined nightly off the Indian coolies, and so great was the terror inspired that the work was held up for months, until the white man's rifle dotted the veld with the shaggy brown forms. Nowadays the lions do not like the trains. Crossing the long, sweeping valleys of Voi and Athi—the latter a local Mecca of lion hunters—the night passes. Dawn finds the train traversing the game country.

Here is truly the eighth wonder of the world.

Zebras, wildebeest, giraffes, eland, and mingled with these a bewildering variety of lesser game, approach the line defiantly, with curiosity or indifference. Sometimes rhino's lumber up; in the distance elephants, like huge hills of flesh, waddle unconcernedly about, brushing all but trees from their path. You may not see them, but be very sure the so-called king of beasts is there in plenty. Lions do not show in daytime, unless compelled to do so. And the terrible buffalo, big as a horse, and adjudged by most hunters as the most dangerous of all big game, may now and then pass, black and sinister, over open spaces in the distance. Out of a zoo such an assembly was never seen, but no zoo in the world could offer a spectacle half so impressive.

As you tunnel into the forest depths, monkeys swing, chattering from branch to branch; parrots, gray, green and gold, screech in a deafening chorus, and myriads of smaller birds,

like living, feathered flowers, are forever on the wing. The sluggish streams and reedy lakes have their own ugly denizens, for here and there you may see the snouts of crocodiles move like floating logs, or the ungainly hippo. roll in his native mud. Though unseen, snakes, large and small, abound; from the great python, in some cases thirty feet long, to the little three-foot night adder, the most deadly snake in Africa. A bite from the night adder is usually fatal in less than ten minutes.

After the plains come the foothills, and then Nairobi—yesterday a settlement, to-day a town, to-morrow a city. Here you have reached the centre of the "White Man's Country". Nairobi stands on a beautiful plateau, 5,450 feet above sea level, in the midst of an agricultural country destined to furnish food for nations. It has become the capital of the Protectorate, and here Sir Percy Girouard, who hailed from Montreal, resided while Governor five years ago. From Nairobi radiate in all directions hunting parties, or "safaris," for the sportsmen of the world are resorting to British East Africa in ever-increasing numbers. The climate on the highlands, 6,000 to 10,000 feet above sea-level, compares favourably with that of the South Sea Islands, Egypt or California.

Leaving Nairobi, the line again climbs upward. Mount Kenia, 18,000 feet high, the second of the twin white breasts of Africa, shows gleaming on the horizon. Molo, some 7,000 odd feet above sea-level; the Mau, with its sheer escarpment; Naivasha, with its leech-filled lake; Nakuru, Elmenteita, and other euphoniously named native places, pass in quick succession. Then the line descends into the great Rift Valley, that scars the African continent with memorials of by-gone volcanic conflict. It spreads its mighty hollow from the horizon, and impresses the mind with a sense of awful magnitude.

Timber forests, vast, gloomy, im-

penetrable, follow quickly and are gone.

Another night flies by.

Morning finds the train steaming through the flat elephant country, where for the first time the traveller encounters the impressive sight of "grass" ten and twelve feet high, and an inch in diameter.

A strange, unclad people, without shame, stare from the dense undergrowth. The land of the gentle Wakikuyu, of the warlike Masai, of the treacherous Nandi, is left behind, and the line is on the low country by the Lake, where live the gaunt Kavirondo, almost alone among mankind in their disdain of clothing and their nakedness.

As the day grows the air becomes thick and heavy, the heat moist and intense; and the train slows its pace perceptibly, until finally it runs out in view of a great water, whereon miniature ships lie at anchor, and then, with a sudden sense of gladness, you know you have reached Victoria Nyanza.

For the moment you think only of the great inland sea and its offspring, the Nile; of their romance and their history, of the palaces of the Pharaohs in far-off Egypt, and of all the associations and traditions which time has entwined with those ancient names.

You forget the Uganda Railway completely, and the wonderful country it has shown you. But presently you remember, and then you never forget it again!

A word as to the natives. In the highlands, where the whites have settled, dwell the Wakikuyu. These are squat and broad and very black, with all negro characteristics strongly accentuated. They are, perhaps, lowest of all the East African tribes in the scale of intelligence. They make good servants when trained, but they are very lazy and are incorrigible thieves. Their greatest peculiarity is their habit of leaving their dead un-

buried. The ubiquitous hyena is at once their undertaker and their cemetery. For this reason a hunter who shoots a hyena earns the hearty ill-will of the Wakikuyu, whom no threat of punishment or promise of reward will induce to skin the sacred scavenger.

There are many tribes between this lowest and the highest, the Masai; such as the Nandi, tough fighter and inclined to be treacherous, or the clothes-disdaining Kavirondo; but the Masai is master of all. He is tall and well-made, fearless as a lion, and honourable as notions of honour go in that primitive land. In fact, he may be called the aristocracy of East Africa, and in physique as well as character most nearly approaches the Zulu. From the earliest days there is a tradition amongst the Masai that a great chief, when dying, prophesied the coming of the white man, and advised his people to receive him as a friend. It was due to this tradition that the British not only received little or no opposition from the Masai, but actually had their co-operation in subduing the tribes which opposed them.

They are all, of course, heathens, but by no means idolators, and hold a curiously Christian-like, if hazy, belief in a single ruling spirit, as the following will show:

One day, at the beginning of the rainy season, the writer and his gun-bearer, a native who had not seen half-a-dozen white men in his life, were caught in a heavy shower. By way of testing the man's mind, the writer asked him why it rained. With a shrug of indifference, and a slight upward inclination of his head, he answered:

"Sujui; he shauri Mungo." (I do not know. That is the affair of the spirit (or god).)

Few, who have from time to time read the brief newspaper accounts of the war in East Africa, would guess what an undertaking it has been, or

that upwards of 100,000 Imperial troops have been engaged there during the past two years. In addition to these a great deal of shipping, transport and blockading naval patrol forces has been necessary. Yet, when war broke out, there were but some 2,000 white German soldiers there. With this nucleus, a force of some 30,000 or 40,000 natives was trained, armed and equipped by the German Commander-in-Chief, Colonel von Lettow-Vorbeck. Given proper equipment, there is no knowing how great an army he might have raised, for he had more than 7,000,000 natives to draw from. The British forces in East Africa were small, and entirely composed of black troops, officered by British Imperial Army men.

In February, 1916, the German forces had driven every invader from their soil, and it was then that General Smuts was sent to take the situation in hand. From that date, with constantly increasing forces, the brilliant Boer leader gradually turned the tables, until now the enemy holds but two small, unhealthy tracts, and is slowly being squeezed out of them. The whole of the coast is now in our hands, the entire railway system, and practically all the best territory in the colony. The two groups of German forces still at large are confined to two small areas in the south and south-west.

All this was accomplished in eleven months, for the most part in a land which is but a trackless wilderness, with possibilities for the pursued to deal death to the pursuer in a hundred different forms at every mile. But the job required larger total forces than the British had ever put in the field, except for the South African War.

In advance of the war, the Germans had determined to dominate the East Coast of Africa and capture the inland trade. For this purpose they had just completed a new and up-to-date railway from their chief port, Dar-es-Salaam, to Ujiji, on Lake Tan-

ganyika, a distance of 743 miles, and another from the port of Tanga to Kilima Njaro, on the border. The latter they meant to carry on to Victoria Nyanza. They were building new boats for the lakes to carry central African produce to their railways, and generally preparing to oust the British from their supreme position on the East Coast and Central territories. That dream is over.

British East Africa can supply enormous quantities of rubber, sisal, black wattle, coffee of an excellent quality, in addition to almost every staple article grown elsewhere. Uganda could produce enough cotton to supply the home markets, not to mention her other products, and when the new possession is linked up with our present territory, we shall be able to produce and transport within our own borders every tropical article that modern industries call for.

But still Germany hungers for Africa. Herr Zimmerman, who used to be a colonial official in Africa, wants us to give up our Central African possessions. The other day, it is reported, he said:

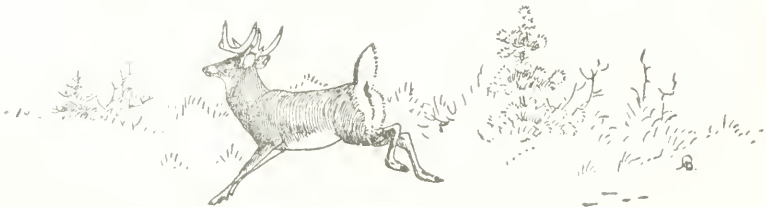
"I know that we cannot annex Canada, South Africa or Australia. But does not England possess in Africa the colonies of Nigeria, the Gold Coast, British East Africa, Uganda and the Sudan? England's policy

looks to the foundation of a great African Empire. An army of African mercenaries is to help England to defend India. Only British expansion in Africa, where soldiers were obtained far excelling the Indians in warlike qualities, enabled England's alliance with Russia. Without strong possessions in Africa England would have to tremble for India, and look for allies against Russia. As long as England was not strong in Africa, Turkey was her natural ally in respect to India. Only after the conquest of the Sudan and the South African War did England become Turkey's foe.

"England must lose her colonies in Central Africa. They must become parts of a great German Empire in Africa. England must, furthermore, be compelled to indemnify all those Germans in our colonial territory and in foreign countries whom she has so shamelessly robbed. These Germans, then, we shall assimilate in one vast self-contained German Colonial Empire. They will constitute a sturdy foundation for a splendid, flourishing imperial realm in Central Africa."

Referring to the German colonies captured by our soldiers, the British Foreign Secretary said, a few weeks ago: "Let no man think they will ever be handed back again."

That is an answer the Herr Zimmermans should understand.



War, Thrift and Economy

BY S. T. WOOD



WAR'S many necessities have brought the people closer to primitive conditions and simplified many of the processes by which daily wants are supplied. This simplicity has tended to clarify economic thought. The current idea that the poor live on the rich has given place to a general appreciation of the fact that the rich live on the poor. Ingenuity formerly devoted to devising inexpensive methods of housing and feeding the poor are now directed toward effecting economies in the housing and provisioning of the rich. With a poet's insight Goldsmith wrote:

"The robe that wraps his limbs in silken
sloth,
Hath robbed the neighbouring fields of
half their growth".

A large part of the science of political economy is condensed in that couplet. To avert this pillage of the fields and its possible resultant privations among the men in the trenches and the men and women workers who are producing the wealth which war demands and consumes, moral suasion and legal restraints are freely applied. In Britain the silken robe is excluded and the products of the fields are not left free to be sent around the world to pay for it or to create credits for the appropriator. The influence of public sentiment with regard to economy is also freely exerted, and that is still the only influence generally applied in Canada.

While the elimination of waste is always advantageous and especially so when war is sapping the material substance of the nation, it is quite possible to adopt many economies which merely impose hardship and inconvenience without resulting in any actual advantage. If a domestic servant were dismissed and her services transferred to a munition factory or to any productive industry the result would be a material increase in the available wealth, but if she should become merely an addition to the long waiting list of applicants for work the result would be an economic loss. In the labour market, as in all markets, buyers want an abundance of offerings. The public have, in consequence, an exaggerated idea regarding opportunities for productive work. It would be a great mistake to believe that anyone dismissed from an occupation of an unnecessary character can at once obtain work in a production industry. Such dismissals are occasionally made in the current zeal for economy, and the result is frequently a material loss. Economy is not necessarily beneficial in itself but must always be considered in its results. When self-denial diverts labour to other and more essential fields it increases the net product available for the sustenance and strength of the Dominion and the Empire. If it merely renders labour and capital idle through lack of patronage, it results in no economic gain whatever. The result is, economical-

ly, the same as if fruit were allowed to decay on the trees in response to a self-denying impulse. It is only when self-denial results in a net gain that it effects the purpose aimed at in the important campaign of thrift.

The pressure of unemployment is not as heavy as usual during the slack or idle season, which is inevitable where there are extremes of climate. Yet it is quite possible for economy and self-denial in the consumption of Canadian goods to merely augment the numbers of the involuntarily idle and cause no resultant increase in the surplus wealth available for meeting the demands of war. Economy in the purchase of wares imported from foreign countries is more likely to effect the desired end, because less likely to relegate Canadian workers to the ranks of the unemployed. In this there is not always absolute certainty, for, in the intricate relationship of international trade, a

refusal, on economic grounds, to purchase foreign goods may result in the loss of patronage, and consequently in involuntary idleness at home.

The need of thrift, economy and productive industry cannot be too strongly impressed, but they should be practised with an intelligent regard to results. Young women in homes of luxury respond to an altruistic impulse when they engage in work in munitions factories. But while other young women in poor circumstances complain that this is depriving them of work the patriotic impulse of the wealthy fails in its purpose. The voluntary productive worker must become an additional productive worker if he or she would add to the available surplus wealth, and self-denial with regard to luxuries must divert the purveyors to other lines of productive work else it will not augment the real economic strength of the nation.





THE COAST OF LOUISBOURG

From the Painting by
William Brymner,
President of the Royal Canadian
Academy

Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

BURNHAM'S DISILLUSIONMENT

By Ethel Edwards

Illustrations by Alice Des Clayes



M R. Robert Burnham, junior, disposed himself lazily in a comfortable chair on the wide verandah of a summer hotel, and dreamed the dreams of youth and hope as he lazily puffed his cigar. It was the first day of his vacation, and he enjoyed to the full the fresh, sweet morning air and the serene sense of indolence and repose. The rush of the trolley and the roar of business belonged to another world, another age.

"It's *Dolce far niente*, all right," murmured Burnham contentedly, with half-closed eyes.

A young girl with a paddle in her hand and a striped canoe cushion beneath her arm came out of the hotel and, crossing the verandah near Burnham, took the path towards the lake. Burnham stopped dreaming, opened his eyes, and gazed after her.

"Ye gods! Who's the pretty girl?" he demanded of his friend, George Townley, who was seated near him.

"Oh, that's Miss Corinne Willis," Townley answered. "She's very popular up here. Most of the fellows seem wild about her."

"I don't doubt it," returned Burnham. "Say, old man, present me, will you, some time when you get the chance? I might as well join the chase, too. Besides," he laughed,

"there's safety in numbers, you know."

"Still the same old fellow, I see, Bob, losing your heart to every pretty girl!" remarked Townley cynically. "But I might as well tell you," eyeing his friend with mock gravity, "that you'd better steer clear of this particular charmer; I understand she's the kind that makes use of a fellow just for what she can get out of him. Anything for a good time, you know! She'll drop your sweet friendship like a hot cake, if she feels like it, when she gets back to town. I'd hate to see you going around with a broken heart, you know."

"Thanks for that kind thought, George. Guess I can take care of my own heart, though," returned Burnham with his good-natured smile.

"All right. An introduction you shall have," declared Townley, promptly.

"Don't bother," murmured Burnham lazily; "I'll get acquainted without."

"If *you* will, she won't," retorted Townley.

Burnham was a lover of all forms of beauty, and as the days passed and he became accustomed to Miss Willis's face and figure, the more attracted he became; but he made not the slightest attempt to become acquainted with her; in fact he rather avoided a per-

sonal meeting. It may have been that Townley's half serious warning had not gone altogether unheeded. But again, Burnham was a lover of beauty for its own sake. He had often been heard to remark that he had been greatly attracted by some beautiful face until on nearer acquaintance, the voice or manner had rudely broken the charm. So, for the present, he was content with the mere looking. She was a new type to him with her wealth of wavy, auburn hair, deep misty eyes, dark brown lashes.

"Must be something like the heroine in 'The Wandering Jew,'" thought Burnham. "Only instead of that wondrous 'alabaster skin' there is a good healthy sun-burn and tan. Wish I could paint her with that half-smile of hers, and a sunbeam just glinting her hair."

He could see that the girl watched him at times. He noticed it out of the corner of his eye, but gave no sign that he was cognizant of it. Of course, Corinne Willis was piqued.

But soon those silent glances on either side were to be exchanged for something more substantial, for it chanced that Robert Burnham and Corinne Willis were thrown into closer contact. One morning as Burnham sat in sweet after-breakfast meditation on the wide verandah, out trooped two girls, sweet and fresh in their morning gowns, accompanied by George Townley. They were looking for a fourth for a game of tennis, and Townley and one of the girls pounced down noisily on Burnham, and simply insisted that he be the fourth. The second girl was Corinne Willis. Burnham, smiling to himself, joined the little group. Townley had quite forgotten that the two had not met formally, and Burnham had no intention of asking to be presented. So they walked off four in line, Corinne Willis at the one extremity, Robert Burnham at the other. At the tennis courts he found the girl beside him. "I believe we are to be opponents," she said, addressing him prettily. He noticed

that her voice was sweet and modulated, her manner graceful. "I am afraid then there will be small chance for me," he returned gallantly, trying to think of something more brilliant, and failing.

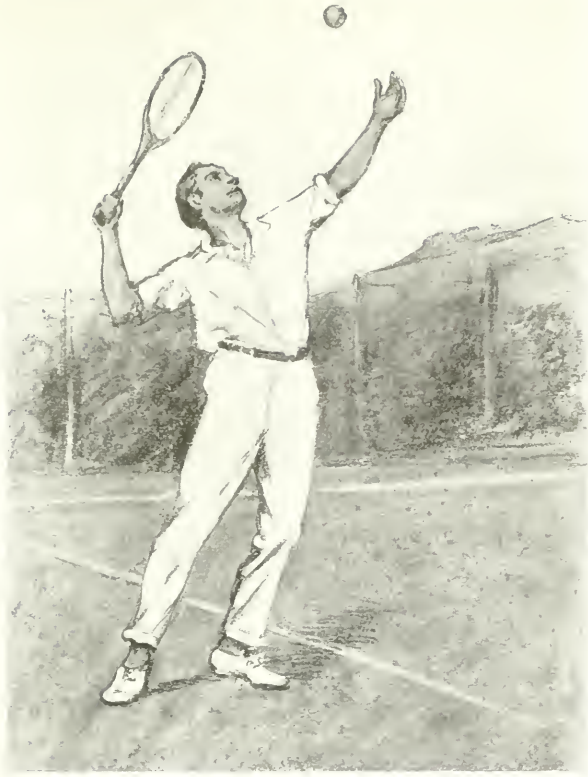
So they played, and if Burnham ever played tennis seriously in his life, he played that time; for an unehivalrous and antagonistic whim had seized him that he could and would outscore Corinne Willis. Her deftly served balls were more deftly returned by him; if her delivery was swift, his return was swifter. Fortune seemed to favour him, for he was surprised at himself, and at the end of an hour Burnham and his partner had won each set.

"You must keep in pretty good practice to play like that," remarked Miss Willis, as the group sauntered from the courts together.

"Oh, I'm no crack player," murmured Burnham politely. "It was really my partner that scored."

Then Burnham challenged Miss Willis to a game of singles on the morrow, and Miss Willis agreed. It was not a very knightly resolve that lodged itself in Burnham's mind—to defeat Miss Willis at all costs. She was a good player, and had put him on his mettle, and, anyway, he wanted to outscore her, he did not know exactly why, for he had never felt just that way towards any other girl. Perhaps he thought he could revenge himself in tennis for all the nice men to whom she had not been kind, or perhaps he felt a secret resentment that this girl should attract him so strongly.

When, on the following morning, Corinne Willis made the first game almost a "Love" score for him, Burnham did not become disturbed or lose his head. He had met too many sudden business emergencies for that. His failure seemed to act as a spur, for he concentrated all his energies on the game, and played swiftly and silently. No further games fell to the credit of his opponent. She became undeniably and thoroughly defeated.



Drawing by Alice Des Clayes

"He concentrated all his energies on the game"

"Now," thought Burnham, in malicious mischief, "if I could only get my dear friend and adviser, George Townley, to take her out in a canoe and dump her, while I swim out nobly and save her, I would have her decently subdued and myself a proper hero."

Of course, Burnham cherished no such ungallant and risky intention, nor was there any apparent need of such drastic measures, for the game of tennis alone seemed to have "decently subdued," as well as having created him "a proper hero". That antagonistic game proved to be the cementing of their friendship, and Burnham yielded himself to the strong attraction of the girl. Together, day after day, they went boat-

ing, walking, swimming, dancing, while Burnham lost himself in the glory of her auburn red hair, and the deep dark eyes under the misty lashes. One amusement Miss Willis never mentioned, and Burnham was too polite to suggest it. And tennis became a proscribed word.

At the end of a fortnight they were engaged. It was no whirlwind engagement, Burnham told himself, for he knew the girl better in two weeks in the mountains than he could have known her in two years in the city. He understood her perfectly; they were made for each other. Then followed a few days of unearthly bliss, too unearthly to be described in earthly words. Only those who have lived it can understand it. Such strange,

bubbling joy and gladness Burnham never in succeeding years again experienced, for those things do not come back twice.

One afternoon Burnham had trudged to a neighbouring hotel to have a promised but deferred visit with a friend of his there who was leaving on the morrow. Most of the live portion of the hotel people, including Corinne, had gone that afternoon for a picnic, and would not be back until dark, and Burnham had promised to return then, too, if possible, in order to have a dance and the moonlit corner of the verandah.

But there was no moon that night. The evening closed in dark and early with great piles of heavy storm clouds hurrying across the sky. As Burnham stumbled along the road in the darkness, he had recourse now and then to a little electric flashlight which he sometimes carried in his pocket, and which now aided him from stumbling off the road into some boulder or other. Hearing in the darkness behind him the sound of horses' feet, he stepped off the road to allow the vehicle to pass. Suddenly, obeying some unknown impulse, as the horses slowly passed him, he flashed his light full on the occupants of the carriage. It was only for a moment, but he had seen enough. The man was known to Burnham, a wealthy and dissipated young fellow of poor reputation, and a lover of horses. His companion was driving, his head was bent close to hers, in low-toned conversation. She was smiling. The lady was Corinne Willis.

Burnham stumbled on, sick and white and angry—angry with Corinne.

"She has not even the excuse of innocence," he told himself bitterly. "She knows the man as well as I do. And such a man!"

His first hasty impulse had been to drag the man headlong from his seat, and bring the girl instantly to account; but he had checked himself, for he did not want to be the victim of mere petty jealousy, and had plunged

on in the inky darkness mile after mile, past the road he should have taken.

Then his feelings changed. He felt that he did not even wish to see this girl who had shattered, so suddenly, his happiness. In the jealousy and anger of his disillusionment he would have liked merely to have left her a note, and then quietly quitted the hotel before the possible chance of a meeting. But as he grew physically weary from his hard walk, quietness in some measure came back to him. Painful as it might be, he would at least give the girl a hearing. Even a criminal got that. Towards midnight he dragged himself wearily up the steps of the hotel and to his room, locked the door, and threw himself on his bed, miserable and exhausted. Corinne Willis looked in vain for her partner at the dance that evening.

On the following morning Robert Burnham and Corinne Willis went walking. Burnham was very silent, but this apparently was nothing extraordinary to Corinne, for silence is the language of love. So they followed a pretty path that led to a mountain rill, and Corinne flopped down daintily with the brooklet at her feet, and commenced to toss pebbles into the little stream. Grimly Burnham watched the sunlight touching into gold the auburn of her hair; but it did not attract him to-day, for he felt too bitter against her. He intended to be very quiet and very brief while he "had it out" with Corinne. So he leaned against a tree that stood near, waiting for words to begin and not finding any. The unsuspecting girl glanced at his stern face, and felt trouble.

"What's worrying you, Bob?" she asked.

The question gave Burnham his opening.

He looked directly in her face.

"I hope you enjoyed your drive yesterday," he said quietly.

Corinne Willis gave a slight start of surprise, then, noting the pale,



Drawing by Alice Des Clayes

"Together they went boating

stern face above her, she became white, then flushed a pretty pink.

Hesitatingly she replied:

"Yes, the driving was good."

"Why did you tell me you were going to that picnic yesterday afternoon?" he demanded.

"Did I tell you that?" she questioned, beginning to fence.

"If you did not tell me in so many words, you gave me to understand you were going. It is all the same thing."

"Well, haven't I the woman's privilege of changing my mind?" asked Miss Willis with her pretty smile, regaining her composure.

"Yes; but you have not the privilege of trying to deceive any one."

"Bob, dear, don't take it so seriously," said Corinne in a conciliatory tone. "It was only a fib. Fibs are nothing. Everybody tells them. It is the other person's fault if he is foolish enough to be deceived."

Burnham did not reply. He only felt the pain at his heart growing more acute.

Corinne Willis evidently thought she had the advantage, and continued after a pause.

"Surely, I am at liberty to take a drive, if I wish. Bob, don't let us spoil things by quarreling over a small matter like that."

"It depends upon the circumstances, and with whom you take it," replied Burnham grimly, ignoring the latter part of her speech.

"Well, what were the circumstances, and with whom did I take it?" demanded Corinne Willis, for she evidently wondered and was anxious to discover how much Burnham really knew.

Burnham waited a long time, and then he spoke slowly:

"I saw you driving back with Rolston Brayner, last night."

"So you were the rude man that flashed that light on us," exclaimed Corinne Willis.

"Yes, I was that rude man," agreed Burnham dryly.

"Well, Bob, if you will only stop being so horrid and looking like a funeral, I'll tell you all about it," said Miss Willis in the sweet, confidential little way she sometimes had. "You see, it was just like this. I've known Rolston Brayner for a long time, and he called at our hotel yesterday morning, and when he saw me, asked me if I would like to go driving. He knows I just love driving fast horses; both of us do. I thought the afternoon would be a good chance, for all the people were going to that horrid picnic, and you were going away and would not want me, so I just went, don't you see? Really, you shouldn't let a little thing like that bother you. Now I've been good and told you all about it; so be a good boy, and don't be cross any more. Come, let's follow this 'cute little path.'"

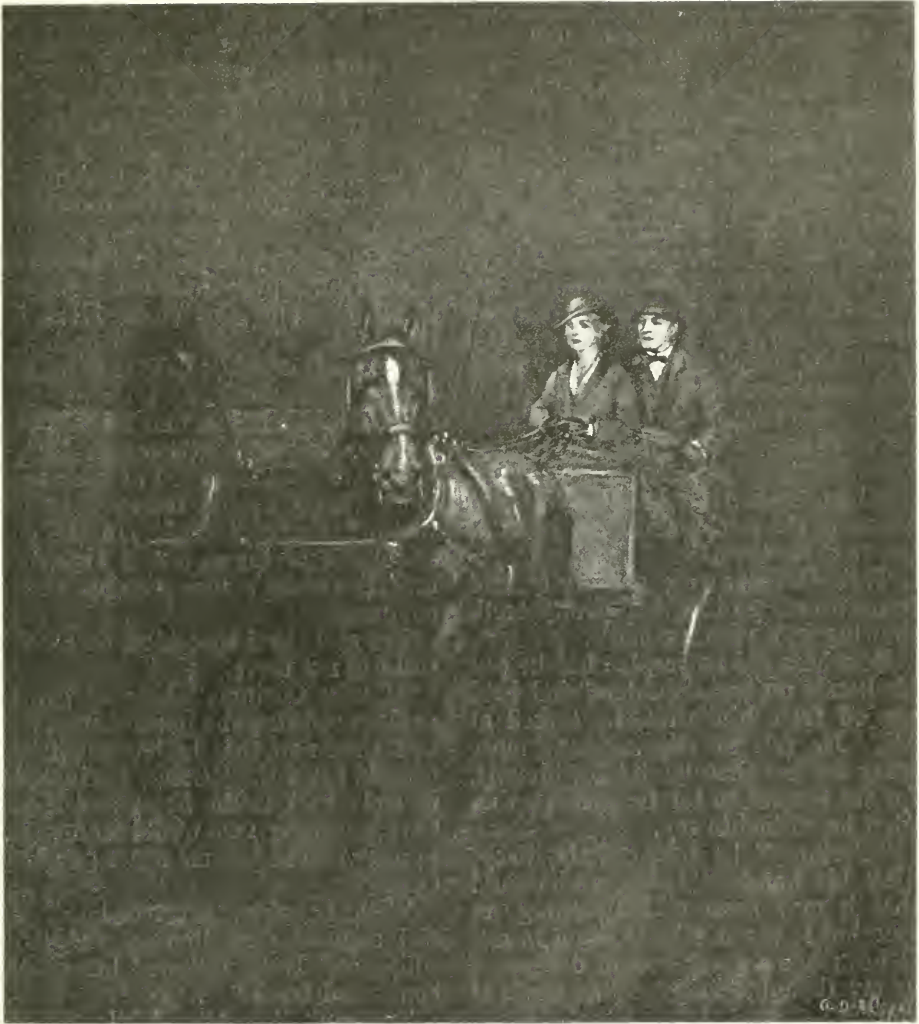
The girl made a movement as though she would rise, but Burnham ignored the pretty gesture of the outstretched hand and stood motionless against his tree. His task seemed to become more difficult, and no nearer its end. He could find no words to say what he had to say, but he looked at the pretty figure of the girl with the childish face and the beautiful copper hair, and a sort of pity swept across his heart for her. He noted for the first time a rather hard expression that he did not like about the mouth, and he wished that he could see further into the opaque depths of her dark eyes.

Presently he spoke, framing his words slowly:

"I should have thought you would not have cared to have gone out with a man like Brayner; for I guess that everyone who knows him knows something of his character."

"I don't worry about his character so long as he is decent to me," returned Miss Willis with a pretty pout. "His character is his own business. I'm not supposed to know anything about that."

"But since you did know, you might have considered it."



Drawing by Alice Des Clayes

"He flashed his light full on the occupants of the carriage"

"Well," conceded Corinne after a pause, "I suppose it was a little indiscreet, but there was no one around the hotel when we left, and we expected to be back before the other crowd, only it got dark so early that we had to drive slowly. I don't think anyone but you knows I was out with him anyway, so there's no harm done. I'll admit it was indiscreet, but don't be so cross over a little thing like that. I didn't know you could be such a

naughty, cross boy. I'm sure you need never be jealous of Rolston Brayner. It's his horses I like."

"Yes, it was indiscreet," was the only reply Burnham made, slowly and meditatively.

The pain in his heart seemed to grow more intense. She seemed to possess no more moral sense than a child.

"How was it that Rolston Brayner happened to have his arm about you?" he said quietly after a pause.

Corinne started, and a flush suffused her pretty face. So he had seen that too!

"I was driving, you know, Bob, I couldn't help it," she replied.

"The horses seemed to be finding their own way when I saw them," replied Burnham.

"Let's forget it, Bob, and finish our walk," said Corinne coaxingly. "I don't think lovers' quarrels are a bit nice, and you're a naughty man to be so cross over such a little thing. It's terrible to have to be so awfully good just 'cause one's engaged. But I'll tell you what;—supposing I promise never to go out with that horrid Rolston Brayner again, since you don't like him—even if he has the grandest horses in the world, and I am just dying to drive them!"

Then Corinne rose gracefully and tripped over to him, her pretty teeth showing in a winning smile.

Burnham did not reply; but he put his hands on her shoulders, and held her off from him while he looked at her. He felt at that moment more sorry for her than he did for himself, for she seemed so far from suspecting what he wished to say.

"Corinne," he said quietly, dropping his hands. "I can understand that it may seem a 'little thing' to you, but it is not a little thing to me. It has made a great deal of difference in my thoughts and feelings towards you."

"Aren't you going to forgive me, Bob?" asked the girl, and he fancied he saw the alarm leaping into her eyes.

"Yes, I will forgive you," he answered. "If I can't just now, I will—sometime—before long, I hope."

"What do you mean, Bob?" she asked, and then added half-playfully, "All this fuss over a mere trifle you need never have known!"

"I'm mighty glad I do know," he replied bitterly. "It has saved us both a great deal of pain and trouble later on. If it hadn't been this, it would only have been something else."

"What do you mean, Bob?" she asked. "I told you I just forgot I was engaged, and not supposed to have any more fun, and I told you—"

"You will probably forget it again," broke in Burnham bitterly. "I'm not going to spoil your fun. I am going to leave you free to have all the 'fun' you want."

"You don't mean——?" commenced Corinne, and then hesitated and stopped, while the colour left her cheeks.

"Yes; I mean just that," he said slowly and quietly. "I do not honestly think that you and I could ever be very happy together; in fact, I know we could not. For you must know that I cannot marry a woman whom I cannot trust." In the consciousness of his own self righteousness Burnham's tone became almost pompous.

The girl stood speechless and white, and did not move.

"Come, Corinne," he said gently, anxious to bring the painful interview to a close now that he had finally expressed himself. "Come, Corinne, let us walk back to the hotel, and if you have anything you would like to say to me, you can tell me as we go along. Come."

With haughty, averted head, the girl stepped past him on the path, while silently he followed her on the homeward track.

The next day Miss Willis quietly left the hotel, accompanied by her mother. Robert Burnham, with a sort of grim humour, stayed out the few days that remained to him of his vacation. His friend, George Townley, who was not aware that there had been more than a violent summer flirtation, and did not know the reason for the girl's sudden departure, twitted Burnham unmercifully, and unwittingly made the sore spot still sorer, for he noticed the glumness of Burnham, and jokingly attributed it to the absence of the girl.

"You had better slide back to the city, and get right after her as fast

as you can," he advised. "Some other chap will be after her first thing, and you'll have lost your chance."

"That is exactly contrary to the unasked advice you so kindly favoured me with when I first came up here," growled Burnham.

"Oh, this is different. The girl is dead smitten on you. Anyone can see that with half an eye. She won't turn *you* down."

"Well, I'm not going back to the city until I get ready," grunted Burnham.

"Most men would be satisfied with a handsome and loving wife," added Townley paternally, "and she's got lots of money besides. What more do you want? Most of the fellows would think you were mighty lucky."

"Cut it out! What more do I want, I'll tell you what!" growled Burnham. "I'd never marry a handsome girl. You're never sure they belong to you. You never know where you're at. You have to watch them all the time, for some fellow or other is always after them, and they like it:" and with this piece of cynicism, Burnham strode away.

"Jealous," muttered Townley, gazing in surprise after his usually good-natured friend.

Upon his return to city life, Burnham threw himself eagerly into his business, and worked feverishly and hard all winter in an effort to forget; for he found the hurt had gone deeper than he himself had known. As spring and summer came on, he would have liked to have continued at the same pace, had he not felt that he needed relaxation, for the strain was telling on him. Being extremely busy, he unconcernedly left the selection of the spot for his summer vacation to the choice of the two men with whom he expected to pass his holidays. "Whatever will suit you, will suit me, I guess," he had remarked, good-naturedly, for he was not interested as to where he went. All places had seemed the same to him during the last year. But when

he heard that his companions had chosen the Adirondacks as the goal of their vacation, he felt a certain tremor of anxiety lest they should still further select a certain popular and well-known hotel; for he had no desire to endure the discomfort of revisiting the scenes in which he had experienced the most exquisite gladness and subsequent miserable disillusionment. He was relieved, however, to find that they were not to be located in that district.

Therefore, on the night of his arrival, as he pulled the big hotel-register towards him, it was with a start of surprise that Burnham caught sight of *her* name staring at him from the page, inscribed there in her own hand-writing. She had evidently arrived a couple of days before. He thought it a strange coincidence that her signature ran along in the same line with his, but on the opposite page. There seemed a sort of irony about it, to Burnham, as he passed his hand wearily over his forehead and went slowly to his room.

Burnham had been so oppressed with callers in his office the day before he left the city that he had been obliged to pocket two or three business-friendship letters, the replies to which he had not had time to dictate to his stenographer, and which he now intended to answer himself.

With this end in view, the following morning after breakfasting, he filled his fountain-pen, took his writing folio, and started from the hotel in search of a shady nook where he would be undisturbed; for he preferred the fresh mountain air to the sober hotel writing-room with the gay, restless girls chattering in and out.

He was rewarded in his short walk rather above his expectations, for rounding a clump of low trees he came upon some pretty rustic seats surrounding a small rustic table. The ladies had evidently been making use of the little spot on the previous day, for on the little table were an empty chocolate box, and a delicate skein of

blue silk thread. Burnham immediately took possession of this small retreat, placed the candy box neatly on the extreme corner of the table, gingerly picked up the silk floss and laid it upon the box, spread out his papers, and soon became thoroughly absorbed.

A slight stir in the shrubbery near him, a light foot-fall on the pebbles, caused him to glance up. Only a few feet away stood Corinne Willis, alone, gazing, hesitating.

"I saw your name in the book this morning," she said nervously, after a moment or two, as though by way of apology for her appearance.

"Yes?" said Burnham interrogatively, but absently, for his eyes were devouring the girl. The same deep eyes with the fringe of dark lashes, the same golden hair with the sunlight enhancing its rich tints, the smooth oval cheek, and the pretty softly-rounded little chin! How dear it all had once been to him! A fierce desire came over him, almost overpowered him, to crush her in his arms, to forget all, and to love her—love her madly.

Then the remembrance of a certain night came back to him, and Burnham was master of himself.

"I came to look for my silk," said the girl in a low tone.

Burnham handed her the little blue skein in silence. Then, after a moment, as the girl stood still and hesitated, he asked with formal politeness,

"Would you care to sit down? There is a very pretty little view of the lake from here."

"No, thank you," she said, "I just came for my thread."

But she evidently wished to say something to him, and Burnham waited.

"Bob," she began, then hesitated, her eyes on the ground, and the colour suffusing her face. "Bob, I want to tell you something—Rolston Brayner, with whom I was out that night, you know—well, he's my brother; I mean, my half-brother. I hardly ever see him. He hasn't been home for years.

—He isn't very good, but he's awfully fond of me."

"Then why in the name of Heaven, didn't you tell me that before?" he demanded.

"Please don't use that awful tone of yours," pleaded Corinne gently. "I intended to tell you all about it that next morning; only you looked at me so contemptuously when we met; and right after breakfast you marched me off, as though I were a criminal and you were going to execute me, and delighted to do it, because you were so righteous. You did execute me, too," she put in parenthetically. "Well, anyway, it made me feel naughty, and wicked, and contrary, and I wouldn't tell you anything, and I acted the way I did because I thought you deserved to be teased. I let you believe what you did because you thought it of me, and I felt indignant and hurt because you should think it and didn't trust me. Then your insinuation against Rolston hurt, too—a great deal. He isn't entirely to blame. Mother was never fair to him, and my father always seemed to have a grudge against him, and treated him dreadfully; and then when he came into his father's money, he just became reckless. But he has always been the dearest boy to me, and I am fond of him."

Corinne paused, but after a few moments broke the tense silence again, while she twisted and knotted the little silk skein in her fingers.

"Of course, I never thought, that morning, that our misunderstanding would really be anything serious; but when you broke off the engagement, I felt stunned and indignant. I wouldn't explain either because I told myself that if you didn't trust me, I didn't want to marry you because I'd never be happy with a man who didn't really trust me—and then—I tried to forget and couldn't," she added with a little choke.

"I knew I was dreadfully wrong, Bob, and that I should have explained matters to you, and I wanted to write and tell you all about it—only I was

afraid—I was afraid that since I was in the wrong, you—you might take pleasure in executing me again.”

Burnham did not speak or move. He simply stared at the girl, his heart in his eyes.

Corinne waited in vain for him to reply, and then she faltered out wistfully:

“I was dreadfully wrong, Bob, and I have been so sorry—a long time. You won’t forgive me, Bob? I was

afraid you wouldn’t.”

“My poor, dear, little girl,” returned Burnham brokenly, “it is I who ask forgiveness. I have learned my lesson, Corinne,” he said, as he drew her close in his arms; “and, dear, I have paid a big price for my knowledge. I have a lot of heart-hunger to satisfy.”

“Then, Bob,” she whispered, raising a flushed face to his, “start in and satisfy it now.”

THE RECRUIT

BY LOUISE C. GLASGOW

SHE set aside his gift of flowers—
 Rich rose and violet,
 Sweet lilies, fresh as morning dew,
 And sweeter mignonette.

She listened while he spoke of love,
 And breathed a prayer for grace;
 For flashing pride and dawning power
 Were in his handsome face.

“There’s one has slept in Flanders fields
 These two long years,” she said;
 If you would take my hand in yours,
 In Flanders find his bed!

“Find there his bed and from it pluck
 The courage that he gave,
 That single blossom bring to me
 From his far, war-swept grave.

“Go bring it back as fresh and fair
 As it was borne abroad;
 Then could I lay my hand in yours
 Before my soul and God.”

The deepening mould in that grim land
 Still drinks a rich, red tide;
 And bright the flower that he bears there
 For whom another died.

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

V.—MRS. CHARLOTTE M. SCHREIBER, PAINTER



DURING the last decade of the eighteenth century, that vivacious little lady Mrs. Simcoe, wife of the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, was travelling hither and thither throughout the region of woods and rivers and sparse settlements then known as Canada. Her husband's position gave her excellent opportunity of seeing what was to be seen and everywhere she went she carried the pen and pencil which she used with such facility. Taken together her note-books and sketches are an excellent source of information concerning Canadian life in the days when the Loyalists were impressing their mark on the settlements and institutions of the country, and the historically-minded will bless her simple records and drawings when the pictures of many more pretentious artists have sunk into oblivion. Of course, Mrs. Simcoe was never a professional artist; but according to the phrase of the day had cultivated her talent for drawing as "an elegant accomplishment," and practised it partly as an amusement for her hours of leisure and partly, no doubt, because she de-

sired to possess the most valuable kind of memento of her years in Canada.

Forty years after Mrs. Simcoe left this country there arrived in the little and, to her, wofully unattractive capital of Upper Canada, an Irish lady, Mrs. Anna Jameson, who was destined to win a great reputation as a writer on artistic subjects, particularly on "Sacred and Legendary Art".

She described Toronto as "a little ill-built town on low land at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church without tower or steeple, some Government offices built of staring red brick, in the most tasteless, vulgar style imaginable; three feet of snow all around; and the gray, sullen, wintry lake and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect". She was not more flattering to the people with whom she mixed, but at this time her whole life was darkened by the misery arising from an uncongenial marriage. She wrote of the dull dinner-parties, and added "the cold, narrow minds, the confined ideas, the by-gone prejudices of the society are hardly conceivable; books there are none, nor music and as to pictures!—the Lord deliver us from such! The people don't know what a picture is."



MRS. CHARLOTTE M. SCHREIBER

A pioneer woman painter in Canada

Yet despite this harsh criticism, there was in that despised little "fifth-rate provincial town some desire for better things artistically. In 1834, about two years before Mrs. Jameson's arrival on the scene, an "Artists' Society" had been organized—the first, (as it is recorded in an article by Mr. J. W. L. Forster in "Canada: an Encyclopaedia") to be formed in Toronto. This society had held the earliest exhibition of paintings ever shown in the city, in those same old red-brick Parliament Buildings, which so disquieted Mrs. Jameson's artistic soul, and the effort was encouraged by the distinguished patronage of Sir John Colborne, then Lieutenant-Governor, and of Bishop Strachan.

After another interval of about

forty years, there was founded in Toronto, in 1872, the Ontario Society of Artists, which has just held its annual exhibition. Whilst still in its infancy, in 1874, this association admitted its first woman member, Miss Westmacott.

In the following year, Miss Charlotte Morrell, an English woman whose work as a painter and an illustrator had received most favourable notice, married her cousin, Mr. Weymouth George Schreiber (who had settled in this country in early manhood) and came out with him to Canada. Henceforth, for nearly a quarter of a century, Mrs. Schreiber was a notable figure amongst the artists of the young Dominion. Almost of course she became a member of the Ontario Society of Artists, and, when in 1876 a School

of Art and Design was opened in Toronto, Mrs. Schreiber was put on the board of management. Evidently there was a need for this school, for by 1882 no less than two-hundred-and-forty-nine students were in attendance.

Mrs. Schreiber, who was an Essex woman and the daughter of a clergyman, Rev. R. Price Morrell, was born about eighty-two years ago at Woodham-Mortimer, almost within sound of the North Sea waves. Her maternal grandfather, who had settled at Colchester, was a cousin of Canada's soldier-hero of 1812, Sir Isaac Brock. Her husband and his first wife could also claim descent from the same Guernsey family of Brocks.

In her youth, Mrs. Schreiber had had the advantage of studying art in the great metropolis of the Empire, where it was possible to become familiar with the works of many famous painters of different schools. Furthermore she had the benefit of working under the direction of a notable painter of the day, John Rogers Herbert, R.A., who hailed from her own county of Essex. Her master had won such distinction as a painter of portraits and of sacred and historical subjects, that he was amongst the artists commissioned to assist in the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, which were begun in 1840 to replace the buildings destroyed by fire in 1834, but were not completed till 1857. Herbert painted eight or nine frescoes for the Peers' Robing Room.

His pupil showed a similar bent towards figure and historical subjects. Sometimes she painted a "story-picture," or represented some scene from the common, every-day life about her, such as the London street-scene in her picture of the "Water-cress Sellers". She painted landscapes scarcely at all, but turned at times to studies of animals, particularly of chickens and kittens.

Before coming to Canada, she was engaged to illustrate several books. Amongst these, she designed wood-

cuts for Chaucer's poem of "The Red Cross Knight". She also illustrated Mrs. Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess May," which was published in 1874.

After her marriage, Mrs. Schreiber lived for a time at Deer Park in a house now occupied by Havergal Junior School. Recently the city and its suburbs have extended far beyond this locality, but forty years ago the house was far out of town, and there were occasions perhaps when its mistress was glad to accept a "lift" in some homely vehicle offered, in kindly country fashion, by a farmer bound for the stores or the market. At any rate it is told that the artist was once much amused to hear that she had been described as "that pretty Mrs. Schreiber who rides in a hay-waggon and paints!"

At first the cares and difficulties of house-keeping under the unaccustomed conditions of a new country kept Mrs. Schreiber busy, but she found a little time to devote to her special work. She had a room at the top of the house fitted up as a studio, and one of the pictures painted in that room was a charming portrait of her step-daughter, now Mrs. Quin. A red cloak is draped about the young girl's head and shoulders, setting off the clear tints of her complexion and her soft dark hair and eyes.

At a later time Mr. Schreiber built a house on the Credit River, in a spot still far from the noise and bustle of any town. They called the house Mount Woodham, in memory of her childhood's home in Essex, and here Mrs. Schreiber painted a great deal. The walls of rooms and hall and staircase were covered with her pictures.

Her work was of such quality that it "gave pleasure to many art-lovers". More than one artist, well competent to judge, has spoken of the goodness of her drawing and colouring and the delicacy of treatment in her pictures. Mrs. Schreiber belongs indeed to a school of artists, who believe in careful finish.

It may still be questioned why we have put this English artist on our list of Canadian pioneer women. The reason is not far to seek. Amongst the women artists of this country, not a few of whom have done work of acknowledged excellence, Mrs. Schreiber is the only one who has ever been privileged to write after her name the imposing letters R.C.A.

When in 1879 Mr. Lucius O'Brien, Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists, requested the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General, to become Patron of the society, as his predecessor, Lord Dufferin, had been, the Marquis expressed a hope that the Dominion, like the Motherland, might soon have its Royal Academy of Arts. He threw out the same suggestion when opening the new building of the Arts Association of Montreal, which was the only other important art society in the country.

Later in the year the Ontario Society of Artists passed a resolution cordially approving of the plan and recommending that steps should be taken to carry it out. This was followed by the drafting of definite propositions, under Lord Lorne's guidance, for submission to the Association of Montreal.

It was proposed that "Academicians be selected from gentlemen and ladies of the present Art Associations of Montreal and Toronto and who exhibit pictures or sculpture for sale; and that by agreement between the officers of these societies a list of members be drafted with power to add to the number, if it appear on inquiry that any other Art Association exists within the Dominion." As a commencement the Governor was asked to "affirm" the list of Academicians so chosen. These were to be the governing body of the Academy, and were to have power to elect new members and associate members.

Mrs. Schreiber's name was upon the list of members selected from the Ontario Society of Artists, and was duly affirmed by the Governor-Gen-

eral, but from the first, though women were expressly declared eligible for membership in the Canadian Academy, they were put at a disadvantage with regard to its male members, by the rider that they "shall not be required to attend business meetings nor will their names be placed on the list of rotation for the Council."

A number of women have been elected Associates, only artists of high attainments in their profession being eligible; but no woman has yet been elected full Academician, though it surely must have been the intention that women should enjoy its benefits equally with men or the one woman would not have been appointed at first. Associates have no voice in the management of the Academy, but they may vote in the elections for Academicians.

The first meeting of the members of the Canadian Academy (not honoured with the title "Royal" till the following June) took place in Ottawa on March 6th, 1880.

On the evening of the same day the first exhibition was opened by the Governor-General. Unfortunately his artist-wife, the Princess Louise, who had taken much interest in the project was unable to be present, as she was suffering from the effects of an accident.

The exhibition was held in the old Clarendon Hotel, which had been arranged for the purpose under the direction of the Minister of Public Works. Upon the walls, coloured a deep maroon, something more than four hundred pictures of various kinds were displayed.

Mrs. Schreiber exhibited several pictures, including her diploma picture, "The Croppy Boy," now hanging in the National Gallery at Ottawa. This painting takes its name from its chief figure, one of the Irish rebels of 1798, who, defying the custom of the time, wore their hair short and unpowdered, supposedly a token of their admiration of French revolutionary principles, hence they were dubbed

"croppies" by the fastidious English.

One who was present amongst the brilliant company that evening recalls that "Mrs. Schreiber looked very handsome in a black velvet gown". A photograph of her taken in early life shows a face full of character, with decided lines of nose and mouth and chin. A much later one, taken when her dark hair had turned to gray, is very pleasing with its kindly eyes and happy expression.

On the death of her husband in 1898 Mrs. Schreiber returned to England, and now lives at Paignton in South

Devon. From her garden is a lovely view of Tor Bay and Torquay, especially fascinating perhaps when that town is lighted up at night.

Whilst in Canada Mrs. Schreiber endeavoured in many ways and not in vain to further the cause of art in this young country, where it is necessarily a matter of struggle and difficulty. She not only gave her services freely in the Toronto Art School, but she helped many a young student by her kindness and sympathy. In fact, as one artist puts it, "she was a tremendous help and inspiration."

The next sketch of this series will be of Mrs. Letitia Youmans, the first President of the Dominion Women's Christian Temperance Union.

FLOWERS

An epitaph for a Soldier

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

'MID spring's dead summer, low among
 Forgotten flowers that bloom for passers-by
 Who long ago have trod their roads that lie
 Far, other ways, we lay him, while are wrung
 Our hearts down into the still dust of flowers.
 Here will he sleep with his worn great coat drawn
 Close, close about him. Midnight, noon and dawn.
 He will not know, nor count dead passing hours.
 But, when the stream is bright beneath this hill
 From April's lips that touched it when she bent
 To tell cold-throated frogs her ecstasy,
 When through the blue bird's note runs the old thrill,
 Ah, when bowed flowers take their first sacrament
 Of the first dew, awakened shall he be.



THE OX TEAM

From the Painting by
Ernest Lawson

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

PRIVATE JEREMIAH BINNS

By Carlton McNaught



FIRST noticed Private Jeremiah Binns one sunny morning on the parade ground, where the company was doing squad drill and rifle exercises. He was new to the "—" Battalion, having come to us with a draft from the recruiting depot intended to bring us up to strength after a weeding-out process. My attention was drawn to him more particularly because of his extreme thinness, his neat and clean appearance, and the excessive inexpertness with which he moved about and handled his rifle.

He was short and narrow-chested. His pointed features were a pasty white, and he had a pair of great ears that stood out on either side of his head like the handles on a sugar-bowl. His shoulders seemed but a continuation and slight broadening of his long, thin neck, and his legs would have suffered by comparison with those of a Louis Quatorze chair. The whole aspect of this absurd figure of a soldier was incurably youthful, despite a perfectly patent ambition to look fierce and manly.

But he had plainly lavished attentions upon his person. His boots and buttons were resplendent, his puttees were curled upon his spindly legs with meticulous regularity, there was not a wrinkle in his khaki uniform except in the region where his chest should have been. As he stood at attention he was noticeably a model as to his

dress—a sight to gladden the heart of any platoon sergeant.

When he moved, however, even the impeccability of his toilet failed to atone for his brilliant inaptitude. He handled his rifle with a sort of inspired radicalism. If three movements were prescribed for an exercise, he accomplished it unorthodoxically and with a flushed air of triumph in five—ahead of everybody else in the squad. It was not dullness. His eyes burned with passionate ambition. But he was not content to learn one movement at a time. He wished to achieve a spectacular success by short cuts.

I watched the diminishing patience of a sweating drill sergeant till a short rest period gave me opportunity for questions.

"It ain't that 'e don't try, sir," explained that pillar of the battalion. "'E tried 'ard enough, but 'e's in too much of a 'urry—wants to beat everyone helse to it. 'E ain't no more than a boy. Wonder they took 'im on at all."

The sergeant's words strengthened a suspicion that had arisen in my own mind as I watched the performance of this incongruous recruit, and when parade was over I had the phenomenon summoned to the company orderly-room. He certainly had the appearance of a mere boy as he stood very scrupulously at attention before my judicial table. There was a slightly seared look in his eyes: hitherto his dealings had been with his platoon commander, and he was evidently not

quite sure what this interview with the captain of the company might portend.

I led up to my point tactfully.

"Private Binns," I said (the attestation paper announced that the thin recruit rejoiced in the name of Jeremiah Binns)—"Private Binns, I see your occupation in civil life is given here as 'teamster'."

"Yes, sir," said Binns. There was a just perceptible tremor in his spindly legs, but his eyes were steady.

"What was your last position?"

"Hi drove a hiee wagon, sir, for the Hinternational Hiee Company," said Binns. I must confess that the idea of this pygmy struggling with huge blocks of ice at the lip of a cavernous bin caused me a momentary inward smile.

"Parents living, Binns?" I queried.

"Me mother is, sir. Me father 'e died five years ago—just after we come out to Canada."

"I see. And what is your age, Binns?"

Private Binns's legs grew a bit more uncertain. But he looked me straight in the eye, and there was just the barest note of challenge in his voice as he said:

"Eyeteen, sir."

"Did your mother make any objections to your enlisting, Binns?"

"She hobjected at first, sir, me bein' the only son, like, but—well, y' see, sir, I talked quite a bit about it, sir, hoff and bon. Y' see, I comes of a fightin' family, sir. Me father 'e was a hoffer's batman in the Bower War, and 'ad a ribbon wot 'e was very proud of, an' me gran'father 'e fought in the Crime-mea, wick accounted for 'is bein' so fond of 'is glass, as I've 'eard me mother say. So I says to me mother, 'I earn't st'y at 'ome 'eavin' blocks of hiee w'en there's fightin' to be done, mother', and me mother, she bin readin' in the pipers about these 'ere atrokities in Belgyum. So finally she says, 'Jeremiah, I s'pose ye'll 'ave to go; it's not fer me to be 'oldin' ye back w'en they're

callin' fer able-bodied men. It'd be selfish. Ye're only a boy, but ye're a fine upstandin' lad as'll be a good fighter, an' if ye're hold enough to henlist, then it's not fer me to say no.' So—I jines hon, sir."

Private Binns stopped, rather blown by this lengthy exposition of patriotism. I gave him time to get his breath, then learned by further questioning that Mrs. Binns kept an infinitesimally small stationery store on an insignificant street; that since he left school five years ago young Binns's earnings had been a necessary factor to their continued existence; and that Private Binns was now assigning to his mother the larger portion of his pay in addition to the separation allowance which Mrs. Binns received in consideration of her son's dedicating himself to his country's service.

"Well, Binns," I said as severely as I could, "you will have to go before the medical officer at once. I am afraid your physical development is slightly below par. You do not look strong, Binns."

At this Private Binns's face fell, and the tremor in his legs showed traces of excitement.

"I aint never bin wot you'd call sick, sir," he protested. "I kin 'eave blocks of hiee, an' —"

"Ever done any soldiering, Binns?" I interrupted sharply.

"No, sir, I aint never done no soldierin', but I kin learn. I've got the sperrit. I comes of a fightin' family, sir, an' —"

"Very well, Binns, we will see what the medical officer says. And Binns—you had better bring me a birth certificate."

This last was of course my touchstone, my bolt from the blue, the climax to which I had been leading up in the hope of cornering young Binns. You see, I was convinced that he had lied to me when he said his age was eighteen. And I was more than doubtful of the sacrificial fervour attributed to Mrs. Binns by

her "fine upstandin'" son, whose report of the conversation with his mother seemed rather coloured. Canada had not become so drained of eligible men that sons who were the sole support of widowed mothers could lightly be taken from them. Binns *might* be seventeen. As for eighteen—well, let him produce the birth certificate.

But although young Binns's legs were having a hard time to maintain the rigidity proper to a soldier before his captain, he murmured "Yes, sir" in a steady voice, saluted with punctilious finish, and marched off.

The next day the M.O. came to me.

"I have finished examining the draft from the Depot," he said. "There's a boy named Binns in your company, isn't there?"

"There is," said I. "Did you pass him?"

"He is barely over five foot six. Chest thirty-two, and there are slight signs of mal-nutrition. His heart seems sound, and it may be possible to make something of him with a good course of P. T. He seems a keen little beggar and got very much excited when he thought I was going to turn him down. He says he's eighteen."

"I have asked him for a birth certificate," I said.

"Well, you can try him out. He'd better go easy on route marches for a while."

I determined to stake Binns's destiny on the birth certificate.

And that afternoon Private Binns appeared before me with the certificate. It stated that Jeremiah Binns had been born on August 12th, 1897, in the town of Greenham, Biffshire, England, and was signed by an English registrar whose signature was convincingly illegible.

I was surprised to find that this document gave me considerable pleasure. It became evident to me that already, despite his absurd figure and his initial display of unmilitary scorn for tradition, I had begun to rather like Private Binns.

So the ex-heaver of ice and scion of a warlike family went back to his platoon rejoicing, for further attentions from Sergeant Spick.

I fear that worthy veteran found Private Binns a rather severe strain on an already overburdened temper. Private Binns's previous innocence of military usages became the more painfully evident as his passion for knowledge increased. He stripped his rifle so thoroughly (against orders) in his efforts to master its interior economy that it took the armourer sergeant a whole morning to re-assemble its entangled parts. He invented more evolutions in squad drill in the course of an hour than the authors of "Infantry Training" devised in a generation. His enthusiasm over "physical jerks" was so great that he placed a platoon mate *hors de combat* with his foot while doing the "on the hands down" exercise and sprained his own ankle while doing "on the toes up"—all in the same morning. Nothing dampened his zeal nor abated his assiduity. I saw him one evening after parade standing outside his tent in the fading light gravely going through the motions of "Present Arms" under the combined coaching of five of his companions.

That was one of the most surprising things about Private Binns. I soon discovered. Everybody seemed willing to help him along. He seemed to escape the ironic attentions which the ordinary raw recruit inevitably draws down on his head. It was significant that already his platoon mates had taken to calling him Jerry. His efforts to excel were aided and abetted after hours by many advisers, whose humorous suggestions were at least devoid of sting. Strangest of all, this popularity appeared to extend to other platoons than his own, even to other companies. I put it down to Private Binns's general cheerfulness of demeanor. He *did* have an infectious sort of grin, and his mistakes never disgruntled him. He only

strove the harder to excel, and was unruffled under the occasional jibe.

But one evening, in the fading glory of a summer sunset, I stumbled upon another clue to the popularity of Private Binns. I was strolling through the company lines on an informal inspection. The tents were practically deserted, but at the end of the serried rows I came upon a considerable gathering. The men were grouped in a circle on the ground, intent upon one of their number who occupied the centre of the circle. He was strutting about in exaggerated attitudes, performing emphatic gestures with his arms, and emitting weird sounds which seemed to hold his hearers enthralled.

I drew nearer in the shadows of the tents and saw that the performer was Private Binns. He was reciting "Gunga Dinn". His whole being was absorbed in this artistic endeavour. His body vibrated with emotion, his hands made passionate appeals to the heavens, and his face!—his face was transformed with the light of an inner conflagration (there is no other word). He came to the end of a verse as I listened. His audience sat rapt. Then he plunged into the final stanza, and you could see those men following him with their mouths as he worked up to the climax:

"So I'll meet 'im later hon
At the plice w'ere 'e is gone—
W'ere it's always double drill and no
canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in 'ell from—Gunga
Dinn!
"Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Dinn!
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than Ii am—Gunga
Dinn!"

The climax came with a most affecting sob from private Binns, and I could see some of the men on the edge of the circle swallowing hard. Your Tommy is a sentimental creature, after all. Followed a moment of tense silence; then there burst

from the auditors a wild clamour of applause. They clapped, they whistled, they yelled. And Private Binns, relaxing from the galvanic tensivity of the final dramatic moment, bowed and was visibly puffed up.

"Give us 'The Light Brigade,' Jerry old boy," called a voice. And there was an audible demand for "The Light Brigade" which a less responsive soul than Jerry's would have had difficulty in resisting.

"Well then, I gives 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' by special request of Dick Smithers," said Private Binns. "This 'ere's somethin' that I can never recite without thinkin' of the boys overseas, mites. It's like wot we'll be in ourselves some d'y soon, in a manner o' speakin', mites, and 'oo 'ere don't long fer that d'y? I tell ye, it'll be somethin' worth speakin' of to get at these 'ere bloody 'Uns at last. I comes of a fightin' family meself, and I tikes a back seat to no one w'en the hold Hemptire's hout to teach a lesson. We're hall a fightin' bunch, the hold Humpty-Humphth. We'll give it 'em, mites,—w'en these 'ere Brass 'Ats gives us a chancet, stead of keepin' us 'angin round 'ere." There was a buzz of approval among the auditors. In the ardent breasts of every battalion there burns a conviction that the "authorities", represented by certain dapper gentlemen with red bands in their hats, are leagued in a crafty conspiracy to keep that particular battalion from getting to the front.

Private Binns cleared his throat, a silence fell on the smoke-wreathed circle, and with a dramatic gesture the diminutive but intensely war-like Binns plunged into his *piece de resistance*:

"Alf a league—'alf a league,
'Alf a league honward,
Hall in the valley of Death
Rode the six 'undred.
'Forrerd the Light Brigade,
Charge fer the guns!' he sayed;
Hinto the valley of Death
Rode the six 'underd'".

I did not wait to hear the conclu-

sion of Private Binns's elocutionary masterpiece. It was absurdly melodramatic and stilted. It would have aroused a superior smile in any of the polite drawing-rooms where Art with a capital A is worshipped in the proper fashion over tea and cigarettes. But there was no mistaking its appeal to Private Binns's auditors. And I knew that I had discovered one of the underlying secrets of the general affection for the new recruit. I perceived that in addition to being a burning Imperialist he was something even more fundamental. He was an artist.

In time, by dint of much effort towards self-restraint and the gratuitous cooing of his fellows after parade, Private Binns won his way out of the recruit class and rushed into the mysterious realm of musketry, bayonet fighting, and "infantry in the attack". His face lost its pasty whiteness in the sun, his khaki jacket began to sag a shade less in the region of his abortive chest, and his spindly legs attained a slight contour. With his growing attainments his airs became immense. He swanked without restraint, but without offense. One could tell just by looking at him that he "came of a fighting family".

I imagine that the day he was warned for quarter guard was one of the red-letter days in Private Binns's career. I happened to be present at guard mounting the next morning, and there could be no question that Private Binns was the smartest soldier on parade, just as there could be no question that he was the proudest. His dress was faultless, his bayonet shone like silver, his eyes snapped with alertness. I caught myself drawing a breath of relief when he got his bayonet fixed. He must have been rehearsing that simple exercise, one of the commonest stumbling blocks of the new hand, for half the night.

Now, it is the practice to select the smartest soldier at guard mounting

as "waiting man". The office of this functionary is to act as orderly to the C.O. during the guard's tour of duty. He is thus relieved of the irksome round of sentry-go, and as the work of an orderly is not very strenuous he has rather a soft time of it. It is a plum worth striving for, and hence by the great law of competition has a beneficial effect on the smartness of guards. On this particular morning I saw the adjutant's eye, after scanning the rigid files, come to rest on Private Binns. He spoke to the sergeant-major, and that worthy indicated Binns as the winner of the coveted privilege. But I saw Jeremiah, far from looking pleased, hesitate and by confused movements make known his wish to speak to the sergeant-major.

"Private Binns says he would prefer to go on sentry duty if he may, sir," explained the sergeant-major to the adjutant. That usually imperturbable officer failed for once to conceal his surprise. He was visibly nonplussed. I heard him say (under his breath): "Well, I'll be damned!"

But I thought that I saw the point of Private Binns's extraordinary conduct. After yearning for weeks in the secret places of his heart to rise to the responsibility and glory of sentry-go, of marching up and down on the edge of the lines in the full public gaze, charged with the stern duty of keeping out all unauthorized persons, with the safety and decorum of the battalion reposed in his keeping (to the extent of fifty yards), he was not going to relinquish this first chance for the realization of a dream without a struggle. No leisurely and unheroic "orderly" job for him! What if the scorching sun did blaze down unrelenting upon his head or the cold night air chill his bones? The glory of it, the thrill, the exalting sense of a solemn trust, made these as nothing.

Once that day I passed Private Binns as he proudly paced his beat, and he pivoted smartly to his front

and saluted like a Guardsman. It was a salute that any officer would have been proud to acknowledge. It was thrilling in its self-conscious correctness. The right hand smacked the rifle butt with a report that could have been heard at the other end of the lines. I said to myself, "Private Binns is becoming a credit to the battalion".

The next morning I ran into Teddy Patterson on the way to mess. He was in the midst of a chuckling fit, and I perceived that he had a joke to impart.

"I've got the best one yet," he bubbled. "Heard it?"

I intimated that I had not yet joined the elect.

"Last night just before 'Retreat' I was passing the west corner of the lines. There was a big car coming down the road at quite a clip, and I saw the sentry on No. 1 post presenting arms at it. And whom do you think he was saluting?"

I confessed ignorance.

"A Salvation Army officer!"

Now the sentry on No. 1 post at that hour was Private Binns. I had myself seen him just before 'Retreat.' And I grieved for Binns. I perceived that once more he had been the victim of his over-eagerness to excel. I saw it at once. It was not that Private Binns had formerly belonged to the Salvation Army, and had taken this means of doing honour to that worthy organization. No. He had merely been warned by a conscientious sergeant to be on the lookout for staff officers, who wear a band of red in their caps, and—he had been too eagerly on the lookout.

I thought when I saw Private Binns on parade that afternoon that he wore a slightly less grandiose air than usual. The story had evidently got abroad—and it was too good to die a slow death. I thought that at last his irrepressible "sperrit" had suffered a temporary eclipse.

But as I passed one of the mess tents that evening I heard a voice

vibrating with exaltation issuing therefrom—and these were the words:

"Hit's honly a hold bit o' buntin',
Hit's honly a hold coloured rag,
But thousands 'ave died fer hit's honour,
An' spilled their best blood fer—The
Flag!"

"That's the sperrit, mites!" shrilled the voice after the tumult of applause had subsided. "The 'Uns can't appreciate that sperrit! But they *will* afore this 'ere war's hover. There's plenty o' good men spilled their blood a'ready, and we're a-comin', mites! We'll show the Kaiser! We'll show these 'ere sausage-eaters wot it means to trifle with the British Hempire! An' they thought as 'ow Canada would st'y be'ind, sayin' as 'ow it were none o' 'er business. But no! 'Ere we are, witin' to give 'em a go—'en they lets us!" (Exultant and thunderous cheers.)

It appeared that in still other directions Private Binns's enthusiasm had been continuing to get the better of him. The military instincts derived from a martial ancestry led him into continual trouble, instead of aiding his attainment, and drew down upon his head the wrath of Lieutenant Bobbie Sparks, his platoon commander. Within the week Bobbie came to me with pained annoyance in his eye, to know if something could not be done with Binns.

"You can't make a soldier out of an individual who's so anxious to shine that he steps on his own feet and gets in his own light. He's perpetually falling all over himself trying to do something quite simple that would be as easy as falling off a log if only he wouldn't set out to beat everyone else at it the first time. I've tried to cool him down but it's too big a job for me. He's undersized and under age too, or I'll eat my hat. Can't you give him something to do that will keep his enthusiasm from boiling over on himself? Put him in the Water Detail, or in the Machine Gun Section, or —"

Here the machine gun officer, who happened to be in the orderly room, intervened, and for the next few minutes all my diplomatic gifts were directed to restoring the peace. If there is one officer in the battalion who insists on flawless perfection in the men of his sub-unit, it is that haughty specialist the machine gun officer.

Now, it so happened that at this time I was in need of a man for the company stores. The position of storeman had been rendered vacant by reason of the former incumbent's unregulated fondness for strong beverages. Private Jeremiah Binns might not be able to restrain his "sperrit" sufficiently to master the science of warfare in the field, but his conduct sheet was free from any indictments for insobriety. I could at least try him out as storeman. So I called him before me.

"Binns," said I mendaciously, "I have had good reports of you"—whereat Private Binns became incandescent with gratification.

"I have a post of some responsibility, Binns," I continued, "which requires a man of steadiness and intelligence to fill. Now I am going to give you a chance to make good in that position."

"Yes, sir," said Binns.

"Very good. Report to Quartermaster-Sergeant Hill and he will show you what you have to do."

Binns's face fell at mention of the quartermaster-sergeant. But I flattered myself that I had settled the problem. Reports that reached me from time to time favoured this impression. It is true that at the start he showed a misguided enthusiasm in the unchecked issue of Government boots and shirts to the men of the company (Tommy is not inspired with any spirit of economy or conservation when it is the Government who is paying). But this was seen to be a matter of misunderstanding, an unfamiliarity with the reason for "issue vouchers," and not a deliberate

attempt on the part of Private Binns to "get ahead of the Government".

We had reached the bleak October days, full of drizzling rains and chill gray skies, that sometimes come hard on the heels of Indian summer. We were now in barracks in an Ontario town, hoping against hope that we would not be there all winter, but presently on our way to the front. It became impossible to do much outdoor training. Physical drill, indoor musketry and lectures, in monotonous alternation, kept the battalion busy but uninterested. Platoon commanders laboured to keep their men from "going stale," but daily the strain became more marked. "Regulars", used to barrack life in peace time, look on these things differently. But men who have just recently beaten their ploughshares into rifles and their pruning knives into bayonets, and who are straining to get into the real activities for which they are being prepared, cannot be regarded in the same light as "regulars" of pre-war times. You cannot keep such men penned up in a barn-like barrack for long without something happening. And yet it was a choice between wet through in a soaking rain and a chill wind, and the irksome stuffiness of indoor training. A spirit of restlessness was slowly creeping into the battalion. They had enlisted to go to France and fight the German, not to toil over these petty exercises that had grown so stale and unprofitable. Why were they not sent overseas? This was how their minds were running.

And one night these feelings came to a head. A demon of reckless devilment got into the breasts of a few of the less balanced, and scattered seeds of dissension. When I passed through the bunk-room at half past seven, there were ominous signs of a coming storm. Several of the men had been drinking—it was the night of pay day—and the noise had a nasty note in it. Unobserved I paused on the stairway that led up to the company

offices, and sought to size up the situation. Some action might have to be taken, and it would be as well to see how things were shaping up. Some one had evidently just been making a speech from the top of one of the bunks, and the clamour of approbation had not died down. A swaying form emerged from a tangle of men clustered on the top of a bunk-tier, and a thicker drunken voice bawled out:

"T'ell with the' off'shers! Why don' shey take'sh overseas? Huh? W'y don' shey? Boysh! We 'nlished to fight sh' Shermans—can' figh' sh' Shermans—we'll fight sh' town! Figh' anybody! Anybody 'tall! Boysh! Le'sh clean—hie—clean up sh'—town!"

This looked bad. This was mutiny and incitement to mutiny. I made a sudden resolve. It would be a difficult situation to deal with unless taken in time. The battalion was seething with restlessness from having been weatherbound and from postponed hopes of a move overseas. It is true the speaker was drunk, not in his sober senses, but it was by no means certain how far his suddenly released feelings were shared by the majority, and how far the insane spirit of devilment to which the spark was being touched might go. Suppose some of the wilder spirits *did* lose hold of their better reason and proceed to go out and "clean up the town"? If it went that far, forcible means to check it would have to be taken. The civil authorities would be dragged in. Property would be broken, perhaps heads, before the saner element got the upper hand. Many would join in with the spirit of fun, and things might go too far before they realized the seriousness of it. Soldiers are after all no better than college students, and high spirits, without legitimate outlet, are apt to take embarrassing courses.

It was clearly my duty to inform the C.O., who was within reach by telephone, of the turn things were taking. Then, if a climax threatened,

I would have to act promptly as judgment dictated. I turned to go back to the telephone, when a voice rising above the confused clamour, made me pause.

"Mites!" it shrilled, from some elevated perch, cutting steadily across the babble, "Mites! I 'as a word to s'y. Will ye listen w'ile I says it?"

It was unmistakably the voice of Private Jeremiah Binns. I looked out, and saw him standing, a slight but cocky figure, on top of a pile of trestles. The hubub settled as he went on, with the dramatic gestures which always accompanied his public utterances.

"This 'ere proposition of Private Larrigan's don't appeal to me. Fer two reasons. First, it's too everlasting wet outside. Secondly, we can 'ave a better time 'ere. Besides, I b'lieve we're goin' overseas at no distant dite. Somethin' I over'eard in the quar'master's stores to-d'y. An' it wouldn' do to leave a bad himpression be'ind us, mites! They been blasted good to us in this 'ere li'l town, an' fer to go an' clean hit hup would be a shime."

A sort of half-humorous assent greeted Private Binns's deliverance. By his dramatic gestures he focused attention on himself and provided a kind of humorous relief—for he was an odd figure of a soldier, as I have said. "Go it, Jerry old boy!" came in a bantering tone from several quarters.

"These 'ere clean hups allus ends in someone gettin' 'urt, and someone helse gettin' put in the clink—w'ich aint a nice plice fer a 'ealthy man. Sort o' reminds me, after a manner o' speakin', o' Dan McGrew. J'ever 'ear o' Dan McGrew?"

It was plain that many had heard of Dan McGrew, and wanted to hear about him again. And before they had time to vacillate, Private Binns struck an impressive pose and began Robert Service's rhymed tale of primal passions in a voice that was magnetic. Even the "drunks" were

subdued and attentive under the spell of the artist. The tide had turned. I slipped away and 'phoned the C.O., for I was by no means sure how long Private Binns's magic would last. But when I came back, he was still at it, and the C.O. had an easy time of it when he arrived with the authorization from Headquarters to announce that the Umpty-Umpth would be the very next battalion to go overseas, and that "at no distant dite", as Private Binns had said. I did not tell him it was really Private Binns who had averted a calamity. But my heart was very grateful to Binns.

So when he appeared at my judicial table after orderly room next morning, chaperoned by the Q.M.S., I was inclined to regard him favourably, though I was at a loss to guess his errand.

"Private Binns, sir," said the Q.M.S. "Wished to be paraded to you, sir."

"Well, Binns?" I said.

"Sir," said that worthy, drawing himself up to his full five foot six, "I want to go back to duty with my platoon."

"Why is that, Binns?" I asked. "Don't you like the work in the stores?"

"It's very nice, but it ain't soldierin', sir. It's very good of you, I'm sure, sir, to place me in a position of responsibility, an' I happeciates it, sir. But it aint soldierin'. I jined up to go an' fight the Germans, an' I wants to go back to me platoon, sir. I wants to do me duty, sir, but this 'ere job don't give a chap no chance. I'm a fightin' man by nature, sir, and comes of a fightin' family. Me father 'e was a hoffer's batman in the Bower War, an' me gran'father 'e—"

"Yes, yes, Binns," I interrupted hurriedly. I perceived that despite his role of peace-maker on the previous evening Private Binns's warlike spirit was undimmed, and he had been brooding. He had been placed in a non-combatant position—this had gradually dawned on him—and the

soul of the warrior and the artist had turned. Well. . .

"Very good; I will send you back to your platoon," I said. How could I do otherwise? Perhaps, after all, another chance might prove him capable of the necessary restraint. His rueful countenance expanded.

"Thank you, sir," he chirped, and his salute had all the snap of a man conscious of being a combatant once more. And so he went back to his platoon, and the company got a new storeman.

That morning came the official warning that the "—" Battalion would be "prepared to proceed overseas on further orders". When the C.O. with a face ill-concealing his elation announced it in the drizzling rain at afternoon parade, a great cheer went up from the ranks—a cheer whose irregularity from the standpoint of military etiquette was wisely ignored by the C.O. And no one cheered harder than Private Jeremiah Binns. I distinctly saw him commit the further crime of throwing his cap into the air and catching it when it came down. However, this was also ignored by the C.O.

Next day, in the midst of the renewed activity engendered by the splendid news, I saw Private Binns proudly marching up and down on No. 1 sentry post in the drizzling rain and the bitter east wind, his would-be chest making prodigious efforts to swell and his eyes burning with sanguinary aspirations. I wondered to what novel feat of eloquence his fellows would be treated after he came off guard. But in the morning I noticed the name of Private Binns on the sick report, and learned on inquiry from the M.O. that the eloquent Jeremiah had been ordered to his bunk with a bad cold.

The days that follow a warning for overseas are always days of spirited activity for a battalion, and the more so if a spell of enforced quietness has preceded it. Orderly rooms and quartermasters' stores buzz with in-

dustry. There are nominal rolls, attestation papers, medical history sheets, casualty forms, and an assorted collection of like documents to be checked. Men must be medically, dentally and otherwise examined—until one might imagine that like an old book, they would be too much thumb-ed for further circulation. There is clothing to be issued and equipment to be fitted on. Orders are given and countermanded and re-issued with lightning rapidity. For soon there will be visits from highly critical staff officers, perhaps from the G.O.C. himself, and nothing must be at loose ends. The role of company commander at such times combines the functions of a department store manager, a railway magnate and foundry foreman, with a touch of the political party whip and the ringmaster of a circus thrown in. So I rather lost track of Private Binns for the next few days. When he did come to my notice again, it was through the agency of another sick report, which stated that he had been transferred from his bunk to hospital, with pneumonia.

When I spoke to the M.O. about him in the intervals of a medical inspection of B Company, that preoccupied officer declared that Private Binns was "pretty bad". It seemed that sentry-go in the cold rain had not agreed with the eloquent Binns, and in his efforts to inflate that receding chest of his he had inhaled more of the raw east wind than was good for his constitution. I resolved to go up myself and make sure that the hospital authorities were giving Private Binns the attention due an artist.

That afternoon, almost simultaneously with the receipt of the momentous order that the "—" would leave its present station "to proceed overseas" four days thence, came a message from the hospital that Private Binns had asked very urgently to see me.

When I approached his cot, I think that Binns, despite his weakness,

would have got out of bed and tried to stand at attention had I not ordered him peremptorily to lie still. It annoyed me to see that his face had lost all that the sun and fresh air had done for it.

"Y' see, sir, the doctor 'e tells me I'll 'ave to st'y be'ind w'en the battalion goes," said he in a thin, eager voice. "But I wanted to tell ye, sir, that I'm gettin' better an'—an'—ye *won't* leave me be'ind, will ye, sir?"

I told him of course we would not leave him behind. As I went away the nurse informed me that he could not last out the night.

He died quietly at three in the morning, and just before the end, when he knew he was going to die, he pulled himself together to give the nurse a message for me. It was only that the birth certificate he had presented on my demand was a false document, which he had obtained by a subterfuge, filled out himself and signed with an imaginary signature. His real age was just under seventeen. And for this act, whose legal consequences is penal servitude, he presumed to ask my forgiveness.

On the day before the battalion left its training station to proceed to the port of embarkation, all that was mortal of Private Jeremiah Binns was buried "with full military honours" in the little cemetery on the hill. A gun carriage furnished by the 'Steenth Battery bore the flag-covered coffin from the hospital to the grave. The band of the Battalion, its drums muffled with crepe, and a firing party of twelve men, headed the cortege. Mrs. Binns, swollen-eyed and in black, was "chief mourner". The whole of B Company followed, to the slow and impressive strains of the Dead March. At the barracks, the rest of the battalion were feverishly engaged in the final preparations for departure. And when the firing party had discharged its three rounds of "blank" over the little open grave and the last quavering note of "Last Post" had died away on the chill November

breeze, the funeral party returned to work to the lilt of a cheerful air. You see, after all, despite its solemn pomp, a military funeral is just an incident in a busy day. The motto of the army is "Carry on!" But as I threaded the littel of packing-boxes and the dismantled furniture in the bare and denuded bunk room, I

caught these words, which spoke louder than the Dead March or the three rounds of "blank":

"He was a damn poor soldier, but he was *some* boy!"

And I think that the soul of Private Jeremiah Binns still goes marching on with the rest of his beloved Battalion.

THE CHANGELING

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

LENNAVAN MO¹, how came she there,
The tall, strange woman, with floating hair?
I heard no finger unlatch the door,
And never a footstep crossed the floor;
Yet she stood by your cradle, bending low,
And kissed your cheek, O *lennavan mo*.

Lennavan mo, was I aught to blame?
Each night I knelt and I named the Name;
No may-bough crossed the threshold o'er,
And the holy iron was hung on the door;
And I gave no gift to the *lennan shee*²,
Yet she stole the heart of my heart from me.

Lennavan mo, you were strong and fair—
The thing that wails in the cradle there
Is little, and twisted, and old, and white,
And its eyes are full of unholy light;
With blessed water its brow I crossed,
And it shrieked at the touch like a soul that's lost.

Lennavan mo, where'er you be,
In some dim land of the *daoine shee*³,
Do you dream of your mother's enfolding arm,
And the little cot, and the fireside warm?
Do you cry, in that country where all is bright,
For the one who loves you day and night?

O, People of Twilight, come and bring
The changeling back to the Fairy Ring;
For it will not drink from a mortal breast,
And in mortal arms it will not rest;
And it wails and wails till my heart is sore;
O bring my *lennavan* home once more.

¹ *Lennavan mo*—My child.

² *Lennan shee*—Woman of the fairies.

³ *Daoine shee*—Fairy people.

Skin Deep

BY VIOLET M. METHLEY



If there's a despicable thing it's jealousy!" Garnet Ormond flung herself back amongst the red silk cushions with a movement of impatient anger.

"That's quite true," her companion agreed coolly.

"I shouldn't have expected you to think so!"

"Meaning that I'm jealous? You are mistaken; I'm not."

"Then you haven't that excuse! It is sheer malice which makes you seize every opportunity to abuse the man I—am going to marry."

"I'm glad you didn't say 'the man I love—'"

"It would have been true!"

"Oh, no, it wouldn't."

For a moment the girl stared at Richard Penavon speechlessly. She was furious; there was no doubt of that. Anger lit her big, dark eyes, moulded every line of her vivid face and tense, perfect body. She looked a very flame of fury, swaying forward, her white fists clenched.

"How dare you?" she cried. "You are insolent—oh, it is unbearable!"

"For you to marry Austin Railton will be far more unbearable . . . No, let me speak; you shall hear me! You are altogether wrong in thinking this is jealousy. Nothing would induce me to marry you, unless you loved me—and I've no hope of that. But—I'll go to any extremes short of murder—and I'm not sure that I should stop there—to prevent you from marrying

that fellow. He's rotten!—no, I will speak! His love—his so-called love!—it's only skin deep; he's incapable of understanding what you really are. And that's why I say that you're laying up a hell for yourself if you marry him, and that's why I'd give my very soul to prevent it!"

Garnet rose slowly, dragging her soft red silk robe about her. Her face was white now; the flame of her anger seemed to have died down to cold, gray ashes.

"Perhaps, if you have quite finished, you will go," she said. "And understand this—I will never speak to you again—never!"

For a moment man and girl faced each other in silence; then Richard Penavon spoke, quietly and evenly.

"Probably after to-night, you will never even see me again. I am leaving the stage—like you. My contract—and yours—expires to-morrow, and I am hoping to get straight to the front, in the Flying Corps. But, in the meantime, even now, at the very eleventh hour, I warn you that I shall do everything in my power to prevent your marriage to-morrow."

He turned on his heel abruptly; the door closed behind him. The girl was left alone in her lovely dressing-room, that dressing-room which Austin Railton had decorated and furnished as an engagement gift.

It was all white and the clear, pure flame red of her name-stones, a fitting setting to Garnet's dark loveliness. The deepest note of colour was struck by the beaten copper frame of a huge

mirror, which reflected the girl from head to foot.

For a few moments after Penavon had gone, Garnet remained standing, her arms hanging straight at her sides, her whole body tense. It was one of those curiously statuesque attitudes which were both natural and acquired with her.

The first great success of the young actress had been won just a year before, when she conquered the London public in that fantastic and beautiful play without words, which centred round a bronze nymph in an old Greek garden.

Garnet Ormond's first appearance as the statue, with exquisite brazen arms upraised, her slim form silhouetted against the blue of an Attic sea had drawn a little gasp of delighted admiration from the audience. When later the nymph had moved—danced—it had seemed a thing miraculous.

The girl's success had been almost unprecedented. Her portrait in every imaginable statuesque pose appeared periodically in all the magazines and journals; she received fabulous offers of engagements from New York managers when her contract at the Palaceum should have expired.

But through it all, Garnet remained wonderfully level-headed.

"After all, it isn't me; it's the paint," she said.

And there was truth in the laughing words. Much of her success was due to that wonderful paint which transmuted her smooth limbs and daintily-featured face to the exact semblance of purest bronze. It was believed, in fact, to be a hitherto unknown preparation of the liquid metal itself, invented by an extraordinarily skilful foreign chemist. It had required considerable pluck to be the first to use it; that was why Garnet Ormond, an almost unknown actress, had obtained the part in the beginning, when others, more famous, held back.

But the experiment had succeeded to a marvel, and brought the girl

fame, fortune, and love into the bargain.

Rather slowly and wearily, Garnet summoned her dresser, and prepared for the nightly process of making-up. It was necessary to cover her arms neck and shoulders with the preparation, as well as her shapely feet and legs to the knees. Her head was tightly covered by a bronze wig, and her draperies were soaked each night in the solution so that they hung in heavy folds, exactly simulating bronze.

The girl stood ready at last before the copper-framed mirror, the exact replica of some exquisite bronze statue from buried Herculaneum, with the smooth polish of metal on her skin, the precise black-green tint of perfect bronze.

At that moment a tall man entered the dressing-room, a man extremely good-looking and extremely well dressed. He came in as one privileged, which was indeed the case. For this was Austin Railton, whom Garnet was to marry on the morrow.

The New York millionaire, unused to opposition and contradiction—above all, where women were concerned—had, as it were, carried the girl by storm with his masterful wooing. Her contract at the Palaceum terminated to-night; by next evening they would be on board the mighty liner, on the way to America and a fabulously magnificent honeymoon dwelling at Newport. For business demanded Railton's presence in the United States within a week, and business, in his case, shared the honours of his heart with love. He came close to the girl, laying his hands lightly on her shoulders.

"I can't kiss you in that make-up my dear," he said. "Besides—I don't care to."

"Can't you remember that it's just me underneath?" There was a shade of wistfulness beneath Garnet's laughing tones.

"It needs too much imagination, child—you're such a delicious flower of a thing in real life. But I came

to tell you that I've just made the final arrangements at St. Decuman's, Garnet—" he threw himself down into her red-cushioned chair. "It will be the wedding of the year, this affair of ours—and you're the bride! Everything is perfect; they've got the flowers there—all red and white in great copper jars—and Sir Jaques Bois is arranging the music himself—everybody's coming, including royalty—my darling, your wedding will be the best advertisement you've ever had—and the most expensive!—it'll run to columns in every paper."

"Yes, but—oh Austin, I'd much rather have been married without all this fuss and parade, at some little country church—just you and I, and a few who really cared for us—"

For a moment Austin Railton frowned; then his brow relaxed and he laughed lightly.

"You're a bit nervous and overwrought to-night, dear little girl—and no wonder! Fancy marrying you in such a hole-and-corner way as that! Why, I want all the world to see my luck and envy it; I want to show you off, my precious, although no flowers, no jewels, no lace can be one half as lovely as the bride herself! It's all to make a setting for you, dearest—a setting just a tiny bit worthy."

Garnet smiled back at him, sweetly, lovingly, but still at the back of her eyes there lurked that tiny shade of wistfulness.

The broken voice of the call-boy summoned the girl; she wrapped herself in a long red cloak, and ran off, kissing the tips of her fingers.

In the wings she passed Richard Penavon, tall and fair in his gold and cream classic dress. His bare arms were folded over his chest; there was something about him determined, gladiatorial. But for all the sign that Garnet made, the young man might not have existed, as she went on to take her place upon the stone pedestal in the midst of the lovely garden scene. And Penavon, as he watched her go, smiled faintly.

The stalls whispered one to another concerning Garnet's acting that night.

"Of course, she can't be expected to kiss Richard Penavon naturally when Mr. Railton is looking on from the stage box—yes, they are to be married to-morrow—a simply gorgeous affair, I hear—yes, at St. Decuman's—and the Bishop is to officiate—"

So, taking everything into consideration, the actress was held excused, even when she deliberately turned away her face from the kiss which, in the play, awoke her to life and the knowledge of her Grecian lover.

The play over and the long series of recalls which followed, Garnet returned to her dressing-room, feeling tired and depressed in spite of her enthusiastic reception at this farewell performance.

The air of the room was heavy with the scent of multitudinous bouquets and baskets of flowers, and the girl lay back wearily, with closed eyes, after the dresser had removed her tunic and wig, and slipped on her long white wrapper.

She scarcely noticed the little woman fidgeting about the dressing-room, until finally she spoke in a worried voice.

"'Ave you put the green bottle anywhere, Miss?"

"No, of course not!" Garnet opened her eyes. "It was there when I was dressing."

"Well, it ain't here now, Miss."

Garnet rose and crossed to the shelf crowded with bottles, boxes and pots innumerable. At the end, next to the great jar of bronzing mixture, there was a gap. This was the place where a certain huge green bottle, full of colourless liquid, had always been kept.

"Somebody must have taken it away by mistake, Gregson," Garnet frowned in perplexed impatience. "Ask at all the other dressing-rooms—quick! I want to get home to bed."

The girl paced up and down restlessly for nearly twenty minutes before the little woman returned, with a

pale and horrified face, a bulky something concealed beneath her check apron.

"Please, Miss——" she began. "Please—it wasn't no carelessness of mine—I don't know anythink about it——"

"What's the matter, Gregson?" Garnet asked. "Have you found it?"

Slowly the dresser drew from under her apron a dust pan, piled with shattered fragments of emerald green glass.

"I found it down in the courtyard, Miss—looks as if someone 'ad let the bottle drop out of a winder—an' not a single drop of the stuff's left in it."

The girl gave a dismayed exclamation.

"Gregson! Whoever can have done it! What a frightful nuisance!"

"What's that, darling?" Austin Railton strolled up to the dressing-room door, and Garnet turned to him eagerly.

"It's such a bother! This bottle has been broken, and it's every drop I had of the stuff to take off the bronze. You see, nothing else touches it at all—it's made up of some chemical which dissolves the metal—I really don't quite understand, but, anyhow, the same man invented the bronzing and the stuff to remove it. He has a place down in the city, but of course it will be shut now——"

Austin disposed of the business out of hand, with ready cheerfulness.

"Don't worry, dearest—just give me the fellow's address, and I'll go and fetch the stuff early in the morning. You shall have it before breakfast for certain. Now run off and get to bed, little girl, or you won't be fit to be married to-morrow!"

Garnet was up very early next day, waiting for Austin in the tiny sitting-room of her flat.

She sprang to her feet, as he opened the door and stood expectantly, a strangely bizarre figure in the yellowish London light, in her simple white dress, with deep bronze face and hands.

"You—you've got the stuff, Austin?" she said unsteadily.

"No," he answered brusquely.

"Austin! But—why?"

"I couldn't find the man, because he is a German of military age, because at the outbreak of war he left England to rejoin his regiment—he couldn't be much more inaccessible—unless he was dead!"

Garnet stood motionless, her eyes wide and horrified. Railton, glancing at her, broke into a rather harsh laugh.

"Don't for Heaven's sake stand there, like a graven image of woe!" he cried. "Come and sit down and think of a way out of this nasty fix."

"There isn't any way out," the girl said slowly.

"Nonsense! Haven't you got the receipt for the stuff—the prescription—whatever you call it?"

"No. It's a secret, like the bronzing; nobody knows—except that German. He wouldn't tell a soul——" She gave a queer, unmirthful little laugh. "I shall have to stay like this until he comes back—but perhaps he'll be killed."

"What confounded nonsense you are talking, Garnet!" Railton broke out impatiently. "There must be some other way to get the stuff off."

"There isn't. The man warned me that all the ordinary things were dangerous—that they'd turn the bronze into some sort of acid that would eat into the skin."

"I expect it was all humbug—just to make you dependent on him!"

"Perhaps, but—oh, Austin, I dare not risk it!" She looked at him piteously, but there was more anger than sympathy on his frowning face.

"It's simply absurd," he declared.

"You are utterly hysterical and unreasonable, Garnet. Why—hang it all, Don't be such a little fool! You can't be married like that!"

The words sounded the harsher for the anger in his voice, and the girl gave a little shiver. This was a new man to her.

She sat down slowly, stiffly.

"Then—I can't be married," she said tonelessly. "Unless—" she raised her eyes to his simply. "Unless you loved me enough to take me as I am."

Beneath that look the man flushed and moved uneasily.

"There's no question of that—it's ridiculous!" he said. "Don't make a tragedy of it, for goodness' sake!"

The girl did not answer. Railton rose with an assumption of business-like briskness.

"We mustn't waste any more time," he said. "I'll go to Clarkson and all those Johnnies—they'll tell you of something."

"It's no good, Austin," Garnet shook her head hopelessly. "It's just waste of time. I know it."

"Then, what's to be done—good heavens, don't give way so absurdly! D'you know that within a couple of hours we ought to be at St. Decuman's?"

"Yes—but I can't be married this morning," the girl said.

"You must!"

"Like this?"

"Confound it all—no! But I must be in New York next week—Garnet, what's to be done? It'll be a most confounded nuisance—make an awful fool of me, but I suppose the wedding must be put off. I can't marry you like this—you wouldn't wish it—would you?"

"No—I shouldn't wish it—now."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I can't marry you—now."

"Not now—in a month or two, I hope."

"Never."

"Garnet, this is madness! You do not know what you are saying!"

"Oh, yes, I do. But—you don't love me, Austin. I'm glad we found it out—beforehand."

"I swear I love you—"

"Just a little, perhaps, but not enough. Your love is skin deep."

It was not until Railton had slammed the door of her flat behind him for the last time that Garnet broke down. She had remained calm but very resolute throughout that stormy interview. And she never swerved from her decision.

But afterwards—ah, then she gave way, lay with face buried amongst the sofa cushions, sobbing pitifully from sheer loneliness. And so Richard Penavon found her, walking straight into the room unannounced, by favour of the servant.

"Garnet," he said softly.

She sprang up, faced him, a piteous grotesque little figure.

"You!" she said, and there was bitter soreness in her voice. "You've come to mock me, I suppose! You'll laugh when you know everything—when you hear that Austin Railton and I have parted for ever!"

"Thank God!" he spoke under his breath. "I have succeeded, then—"

"What do you mean?"

"I said that I would somehow prevent you from marrying Railton. Well—I've done it."

For a moment they stared at each other. His eyes were strangely alight; hers inscrutable.

"Then—it was you who broke the bottle?" she spoke at last under her breath and nodded silently. "Well!" there was defiance in the eyes she raised to his. "Was it worth it?"

"Yes," he answered quietly. "Even though you are hating me for it—" He drew a parcel from his pocket, and laid it upon the table. "Here is the stuff," he said. "I only destroyed the bottle, not its contents. And now I'm going; it is—very unlikely that we shall meet again. And for that reason—let me just tell you this. I love you so much, Garnet, that I would far rather you hated me all your life long than that you should be unhappy—that's all."

His hand was on the door as she spoke, softly, breathlessly.

"Not quite all—Dick, dear."



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

VICTORY

"Why could'nt she submit? She would have been wel paid"

THE PIPES AT THE FRONT

By H.K. Gordon



PIPE-MAJOR of the Royal Scots led this battalion forward to an old Scottish tune, and during the attack stood out alone in No Man's Land, playing until he fell wounded.

The Censor draws his pen through all news, individual or general, deemed likely to help the enemy. But from time to time he passes stories of gallantry, of generosity to friend or foe, which shine as clear lights on the dark waters of war's brutality. Among them not the least glorious are of the pipers of the Scottish battalions, telling of brave deeds carried through with a steadfast and quiet courage.

As in other and different times, in the far-off and misty clan battles, in America, the Crimea, the Mutiny, at Dargai, and in South Africa, the wail of Highland pipes leads our men into battle. It is said the hum of them is as well known to-day in the northward leading roads of France as in Aberdeen and Inverness. The hot sands of Mesopotamia know the neighing chanters and dark tartans of the Black Watch. Gallipoli and Serbia know the Royal Scots, while in far-off India and wherever go her dark warriors they swing grimly into battle to the airs that led Prince Charlie's clans southward to England.

The pibroch, with its slow, sobbing rhythm quickening into the tumult of the onset sent the Gaels of old into

the fight with the stern resolve to carry their claymores through the struggle with honour or remain upon the field. Here lay the impetuosity of the Highland charge. Clan and kindred and ancient grief spoke through that high music till pent-up feeling burst into action before which, as the rocks of the shore are whelmed by a wave, musket and bayonet were swept away and the smoking cannon overthrown.

The pibroch no longer wails when the regiments form for the attack, but the men of Scotland, Highland and Lowland, face the hail of rifle and machine-gun bullets no less sternly and fearlessly to the lively swinging rhythm of march and quickstep. The fields of France and Flanders bear witness that the Scottish regiments, whether raised at home or overseas, have faced and overcome grimmer trials than their kindred of old could have imagined. Ypres and Loos and Festubert and the tattered banks of the Somme are ground where the tartan has waved and shall not be forgotten.

In a far-off time at Inverlochy one of the great piping family of Mac-Crimmon composed a pibroch in the midst of battle, and to his music John of the Isles routed the forces of the king. Nearly four centuries later, marching in the night to Quatres Bras, the Black Watch played that same pibroch of hard-won victory. The next link in this chain of war tradition and contrast comes from

France, 1915. The story is told by a chaplain* but newly returned from the front, and it is well to let him speak in his own clear, fine words.

"About the middle of June a draft of about a hundred and twenty men arrived in camp for the 1st Gordons—the finest draft the commanding officer declared he had ever seen. On the 18th, they were ordered to the front. I found they had a piper with them, and immediately laid hold on him to play the men down to the station. I brought him up to my tent and provided him with a set of pipes which I reserved for my own particular work. As he played over to me some practice tunes, I very soon discovered that I had stumbled upon no ordinary performer. But I found something more interesting than that. His great-grandfather had been a piper in the regiment in the days of the Napoleonic war, and at the Battle of Waterloo he stood within the square and played the ancient Highland challenge-march, 'Cogadh neo Sith,' as the French cuirassiers hurled themselves upon the immovable ranks in vain.

"'John,' I said, 'this is the anniversary of Waterloo, and you will lead the men out to that very tune which your great-grandfather played on that great day.' I told the Colonel, and his eyes gleamed as he said to me, 'Ah! padre we'll do better than that. You will tell the men about it, and I will call them to attention, and your piper will play his tune in memory of the men of Waterloo.'

"And so it was done, and a thrilling incident it was, as the men stood rigid and silent in full marching order, and the piper strode proudly along the ranks sounding the wild, defiant challenge that stirred the regiment a hundred years before."

This is a tale that stirs the blood and assures us yet once more that our men are holding fast to the high deeds of our fathers.

Here is, however, the climax to this quaintly connected scale in the personal account of a man who served on a tank. "We had our first run with the Gordon Highlanders, and it was men of that battalion who christened us first the 'Highland Laddie' and the 'Gay Gordons'. The day we set out on our first Fritz-frightening jaunt there was a lot of fuss made. The pipers played us right up to the point where we got our first baptism of fire." It stirs one to strange wonder, laughter, and above all to a sense of the poetry of even this war to imagine the vast iron-clad war engine plodding forward majestically and grotesquely with what pantings and snortings we can but imagine, accompanied by its proudly stepping escort and the wailing defiant music of old and simpler times. Perhaps the air for complete whimsicality was the regimental and clan "Cock o' the North". Surely tradition and reality, the old and the new, meet today in France as never before.

A Scottish chaplain home on leave, —the same, I suspect, as the one just quoted—writes that when the army machine ran at first over time, there were no pipers and, of course, no bands with the British troops in France. The troops carried on through the winter of 1914-15, without music, save what they themselves could supply from mouthorgans and trumpets. Finally he wrote home to a friend, asking him to send, by hook or crook, a set of pipes. At last, he tells us with a quiet pleasure, they arrived, and the chaplain, a padre indeed, found somewhere a piper. We are not told of the secret practising and preparation, nor of the final tuning, but we can imagine the delight of this Scotsman, who, with his fellows in a "far countrie," has little to remind him of home, when he finds that which will content their hearts. Troops are marching down the road, tired and dusty under the hot sun of

*A. M. Maclean, "With the Gordons at Ypres."

the French spring, and chaplain and piper stand by the wayside as they pass. At last in the long line appear the broad bonnets and glancing badges of his own regiment. When they are nearly abreast word is given, the piper slaps and fills the bag and breaks into a ringing march, perhaps, like the Piper of Loos, into "All the Blue Bonnets are Over the Border". As the thrill of the first, shrill, broken wail runs down the line heads go up and shoulders straighten, weariness is forgotten, and the battalion swings by with lighter tread and brighter eyes. And never after that did the battalion march out without its piper.

But this is far back from the firing line. Farther north and east the combat deepens and here is found the piper also, for he upholds to-day, as of old, the long tradition for coolness and bravery that is his heritage. "The Huns were particularly lively, and a glittering spray of shrapnel was playing against a dark band of cloud in the north. Slowly, with an indescribable dignity, the company moved down into the darkening valley, right into the zone of fire, with the pipers playing the Athol Breadalbane march. Then I knew for the first time why the pipes are the one incomparable instrument of war. Many a time since then have I listened to the saucy lilt of the Royal Scots and the rhythm of the Gordons playing the same tune, but expressing the individual spirit of the different battalions, and felt glad to think that I too was a Scot." This is the piper's honour. He is the only musician to enter the firing line. Bands may cheer the soldier in his rest towns, but to the piper remains the glory of sharing with him privation, wounds, and death, of cheering him through the long days of idleness and suspense, and on the weary road to and from his billets.

To a piper in action comes the supreme test of steady, active courage. The vehement action in defence and

offence is not his, but in the battle he goes forward unprotected till a bullet or victory crowns his trial. One thinks here instinctively of Piper Findlater of Dargai who, though shot twice, played not only till the day was won, but after that to cheer the other wounded. I am told by a Pipe-Major of the South African War that of sixteen pipers he left behind him nine upon the veld. In the ordered warfare of this more awful struggle, though hampered by new conditions, the piper is still with fighting troops.

"Then wild and high the Cameron's gathering rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes,
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath that fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring that instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears."

And wild and high the pipes have sounded on a day of grimmer loss than even that of Waterloo. On September 25th, 1915, at the battle of Loos, the new British armies were brought to the trial and found not wanting. In the region of Hill 70, where the 7th Service Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers held the line, we had released gas in preparation for an attack, and through the storm of the enemy's shells and small-arm fire the regiment awaited in suspense the shrill whistle which would send them over the parapet. Then at the moment of crisis, when nerves were strung high with excitement and the crash of the bombardment, the wind changed and, like an embodied calanity, the clouds of gas swept back on the already shaken Borderers. Yet now, when the panic of combat drew near to each man's heart, they achieved triumph. Lieu-

tenant Young,* seeing Laidlaw with his pipes, cried to him, "For God's sake pipe them together, Laidlaw!" "With an absolute disregard of danger," says the official report, "Laidlaw stepped over the parapet. Amid the bursting shells, flying bullets and the peril of the back-sweeping gas-wreaths, he filled his bag and, marching before the trench, played 'All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border'. It needed but this. Lieutenant Young, followed by the men, leapt from the trench and, with Laidlaw playing at their head, charged over the No Man's Land. The fire thinned and broke their line, but the remainder swept on with the high piping ever leading them. An explosion drove a piece of barbed wire into Laidlaw's foot, but he kept on. Then a shell burst near, killed Lieutenant Young, struck Laidlaw unconscious, while the charge swept on alone. He was carried back to the hospital and while there he received the Empire's highest recognition for gallant action, the V.C., 'For Valour'. Whether this charge succeeded or if the Borderers retired to their trench, again to hold the foe, the accounts do not state, but the single, unflinching deed stands out clearly through the rolling clouds of gas and the driven smoke and débris of the shell explosions on that day of mingled disaster and victory and of never-failing courage and honour.

"For God's sake pipe them together"; there may be desperation in it, but there is also a fine confidence. It rings with the sure knowledge of that undying courage which though sorely tried needed but the flying notes and eager rhythm to awaken a confidence in piper and in men. The ranks of the pipers have been woefully thinned, and now from over the sea comes the rumour that no more pipers may go to the front, because—honour and gallantry speak

in the words—because they care not for their lives enough. In the old days those in command, knowing what the cry of the pipes holds for the men of the naked knee, forbade the playing of "Lochaber no more" to such Highland troops as were across the water. Let us sincerely pray that their successors will be as wise in their generation and will not take from the Scots, who have eagerly and unflinchingly taken up the miseries of war, the instrument of their content and inspiration.

The Lowland regiments have vindicated well the protest that, be they ever so gallant, they are praised as Highlanders or not at all. Piper Laidlaw of the King's Own Scottish Borderers won the V.C.; Pipe-Major Anderson of the 1st Edinburgh Battalion Royal Scots, chosen from the whole of his division, has been awarded the Croix de Guerre. "I did not like to think of the boys going into action without the pipes, so I offered to lead them out," said Anderson in hospital of the 1st of July, 1916. His regiment was going out to attack on the Somme, and when the whistle blew and they leapt from the trench he led them forward with a "battlefield march". Over that desolation of desolations, No Man's Land, midst the winged and crashing death, they went on with piping before them. Anderson, to his own vast astonishment, remained untouched, and within charging distance of the German line broke into the regiment's march "Dumbarton's Drums". This was the beginning of the work. The first line was reached, and, with Anderson playing on the parapet, the Royal Scots cleared it with bayonet and bomb. Playing with the fire of battle, the very breath and being of the pipes, he led them over the second and over the third line. Then, before he could reach the fourth, he was struck in the side. One wonders whe-

*Lieutenant Young, it is interesting to note, was formerly a Toronto boy, and a student at the University.

ther it was the mere chance of rapid fire or whether some calm, shrewd thinking Prussian thus singled out the solitary piper from the host of fighting men. Anderson was forced to sit to ease the wound, but he again tried to blow his pipes. He had to give over the attempt, however. "And," he says, "I was right sorry." He would doubtless fain have suffered a wound in both feet like Findlater, of Dargai, if, like him, he might have, sitting, played the troops to victory. As it was he waved his pipes above his head and cheered to those advancing past and beyond him. While waiting there he received yet another wound, in the leg, and lay all that day in the midst of the German preliminary bombardment. It was less than pleasant, and he refused to speak of it, but to crown his trouble when he was brought in he lost his pipes. "And," he said, "they were grand pipes." They were indeed pipes to cherish, for they had been in strange and eerie places, and had gone with Scott to the Antaretic to cheer the months-long night and wake new echoes from the fields of ice. In France, however, they have found no mean resting place. Anderson has been healed of his wounds and is now ready, and has perhaps been sent by a cautious but not uninspired war office to renew the fire in the hearts of the quiet men of the windy city on the Forth.

Readers of *The Illustrated London News* will not have forgotten the picture of two pipers of the Black Watch leading their company into action. They piped and fell at Richebourg in the battle of Festubert, but whether they died I do not know. The pipers of that battalion, originally the first of the old regiment, fulfilled all high tradition in that day of grim sacrifice. Not one of them at night-fall could carry on, and the battalion itself was sorely crippled. The *News* artist has caught the glory and the horror of it. Over the broken ground before the battered German

parapet sweep the tumultuous Highland ranks in the full intoxication of the charge, and at their head stride the two pipers. On them had fallen a detached and absorbing dignity of high purpose as though, like MacCrimmon of old, they composed to the storm of the charge a pibroch of battle. Unconscious alike of the eager death around them, or the tide of surging men behind, they step forward on the verge of the trench, heeding only the cry of their wild march music. The long line of swaying tartans stretches to the distance, and above the tossing bonnets appear the drones and waving ribbons borne by two other pipers. Irresistible and glorious they seem, yet again and again was the tide of heroism beaten back, broken and crippled, and many were the twisted bodies, stirred no more by the love of home and kindred, that were left behind with their proud tartans tumbled and stained.

Here in the fire of action wounds are taken and passed by, but later comes the trial of the rally, with broken ranks, empty places where comrades stood, and burning flesh where the bullet or bayonet cut its way. The battalion gathered at last for the final charge, shattered but unbeaten. All its pipers were gone save one, a boy of nineteen, barely more than a laddie at the school. He was wounded twice already, with one hand shot through and useless, but he took his place at their head, and, playing "Highland Laddie," led them forward again to the charge. We need not inquire how the proud lilting quick-step wailed brokenly from the chanter. It was to them, thrilling with the deep pride of race and scorn of hurt that turn defeat to success and death to victory, a prouder march than their seventeen pipers, with kilts unveiled by khaki and full plaids swinging, had ever played on the hilly ways of home. This time the wearied ranks faced no defeat, but swept forward unchecked to hold their objective. Piper Wish-

art, however, wounded for the third time, was among those who fell. He lay missing for four days and nights and suffered what agonies of thirst and misery the unfound wounded alone know. He was at last discovered and brought safely back to hospital. From thence, though we need as never before such unshrinking courage, we may hope our gratitude has given him his discharge.

Four months later, on September 25th, the stainless tragedy of victory in defeat was repeated at Ypres. Wire entanglements unexpectedly barred the way, and the Gordons, charging to the attack, died as they struggled in its barbed meshes. When those that were left marched back on Sunday morning five hundred were missing from their ranks, and of twenty-five officers only six returned. "And so I went to meet the Gordons returning," says their chaplain. "Grim and stern and silent they marched in, but still they held their heads high as became the Gay Gordons!" They were shattered—and undaunted, and on the evening of the next day they returned to the trenches with only four officers to lead them, but they marched with a swinging step, as is their wont, and the pipes flung the high defiant spirit of their race to all the winds of Flanders."

"Speak, though it be of overthrow
It cannot be disgrace,"

and not even of fear, we well believe.

Another piper, nameless in the single account I find of him, except as the "little piper chap," was rejected fourteen times as unfit for "service," according to the official interpretation of the word. In the end he was accepted as a piper and went at last to France with the Black Watch. Finally the day of attack came and, with the gayety and the contempt of death that tempts one to smile with much pride for our men, they went forward dribbling a football before them. "It's a glorious way to charge!" says the narrator.

A wrecked village was to be taken, and the regiments, Seaforths and the Watch, poured in among its bullet-spitting ruins. "In the midst of the uproar," the teller of the tale "suddenly heard the sound of pipes." Up and down the street with the fallen houses on either side, and through the flame-hearted smoke clouds, strode the Little Piper. Swaying proudly to the rhythm he marched, and the wild, taunting music sent the men with new defiance into the turmoil. "When he played Macgregor's Gathering we charged one fortress five times over without pause."

Through the explosions of bombs and the spirits of rifle and machine-gun fire he kept the proud neighing of his piping unbroken, and over the battle echoed the old traditional challenge of the hills. At last, however, they saw him stagger in his gait, but though wounded in his side he played unflinching still. Then the eddy of war swept him from sight, and our witness was too much engaged with the enemy to keep him in sight. Fate overtook the piper in that moment. An explosion or the sweep of a machine-gun carried away a leg and struck him broken to the earth. Yet fate did not break the whole of him. Propped against a building he refilled his pipes and sounded again the music of battle.

In the end the village was cleared and the Highlanders held the ruins in victory. Then the piper's music changed. The flying taunting notes ceased, and there rose from the indomitable player the proud, stern, heart-gripping lament for the fallen. "The Land of the Leal," the sorrow of ancient and broken peoples, wailed for the fallen of the Dark Soldiers, but it was scarcely played ere the little piper let fall his pipes and joined again those others of his friends among the leal.

Behind the lines the pipes have also place. On the weary roads back from the trenches, when the troops return worn from watching and the strain

of danger, the proudly ringing chanter lead them to their billets of rest. After the battle of Ypres in May, 1915, when the Canadian Scottish turned sorely battered from their first and bitterest ordeal, they were met and played back by the pipers of the 1st Gordons as an escort of honour to their overseas brothers who had blocked the road to Calais.

In barn, farmhouse, and inn when the troops are finally at rest, in the long afternoons the drones are shouldered and the rafters dirl to the blither, provocative music of reel and strathspey. Idle feet swiftly catch the leaping exultant rhythm, hands are raised and kilts fly to the interchanging steps. It is passionate music, this dance music of the Gael, and wild and quick though it be, there is in it still the wail of but half-forgotten sorrow. It is fit music for men who have faced and out-stared death, who have seen their comrades and their kin swept away in the current of war and have turned away but to take up the struggle again on the morrow.

The Graphic of July 15th, 1916, had a most interesting photo. of members of the Scots Guards dancing in the Fête National. One wonders what may be the thoughts of the bright Parisian crowd who watch the strange, vigorous dance. At the back of the dancing-space stand the two stately pipers marking time heel and toe, while the four dancers turn and interchange before them. One at least finds in the incident matter to stir his contrast-loving Scots humour, while another dances with the admirable dignity of that race of grave exteriors.

There is another field—very far behind the lines—where the pipes are a coveted luxury. From Germany comes a letter from a piper, one of a little band of the Gordons, who has lost his pipes, and, in exile among alien and unkindly people, writes wistfully of his instrument. Yet though the hollow of his arm misses

the "bag of wind" and his fingers the holes of the chanter, it is a very humble petition. It seems not to occur to him that he has a claim on the folk at home, or if it does he will not make it. They are hard put to it for money in Aberdeen, and pipes, even poor ones, are not cheap. If they could send them, however, he is sure their kindness would not be abused, and "he would take good care of them". One need not doubt it, having seen a piper with his pipes.

It would be worth much to be with the enduring little party in their desolate enclosure of gaunt huts, when the long box will arrive, and later, after the reeds have been carefully fixed and the long drones and the chanter placed in their sockets, to be one of the cluster of lighting faces as they hear the first wail when the bag is filled and thrill of the broken scraps of tune as the piper screws his pipes. There is ever in the tuning a high excitement of expectation. One knows not when the short run of the fingers on the chanter may be the prelude to the full proud rhythm of the march.

But march and quickstep on the road and in battle and the blither tunes in camp and billet are not the only airs the piper plays. When the long grave is dug behind the lines, the men who have said farewell forever to the kind hearths of home are laid to rest to the slow sob of the lament. The Flowers of the Forest are indeed "a' weid awa'" in many a hamlet, and as the lament wails after the conflict for those who shall return to Lochaber no more there are many sore hearts at home. The pibroch has indeed sounded "from John o' Groats to Isle of Skye," and from Edinburgh to Glasgow too. Not Flodden itself wrought such havoc among the strong youth of Highlands and Lowlands, and the glory that hangs about the deeds of the brave lads who fell dims before the sorrow round the broken inglenooks over all the hills of Scotland.

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

CHAPTER XII

IT was a wild fight, the day the Germans broke through at Givenchy; and the Germans were wilder still when, finding themselves in the town, they were in considerable doubt what to do with it. Of course, it would have been perfectly all right if the rest of their corps had followed on and backed up the intrepid stormers. But the enemy had reckoned without their host, and the British Tommy decided that such visitors should be given a warm reception. In fact, they went so far in their efforts at hospitality that they entirely surrounded their guests and closed the breach behind them, in order that they might receive no "draft" from the rear.

Having thus graciously encompassed them, Tommy proceeded to kill them with kindness, rifles, bayonets and hand grenades. The Germans, greatly bewildered by this flattering reception, would fain have rested on the laurels already won. Tommy, however, insisted on entertaining them still further and at last, despairing of ever satisfying such a busy host, the visitors threw down their arms and capitulated.

When we opened the doors of the ambulance train at Etaples and, instead of the customary khaki, saw the drab coats and the red-banded skull caps, we were almost as surprised as the Germans had been the day before.

They were a sorry looking lot. Dazed and bewildered by their astonishing defeat, they looked like men still under the influence of a narcotic. As they got slowly down from the coaches, their heads or arms in bandages, they looked sick, very sick indeed, but it was not so much with an illness of the body as an illness of the mind. They stood together, silent and sullen, seeming to expect ill-treatment at our hands.

There is so little of the true "sport" in the German composition that they cannot understand why to the British war is still a game and why, when the contest is over, ill-feeling ceases. We bore no more enmity towards these hapless victims of a malevolent militarism than as if they had been helpless waifs cast upon our charity. This is not a matter for self-praise; it is the inevitable result of a wholesome and broad-minded upbringing. God knows these defeated men looked sufficiently depressed and mean without

our adding to their brimming cup of sorrow!

Waiving prejudice for the moment and looking at them with an impartial eye, what did we see? Stripped of their accoutrements of war, they looked quiet and inoffensive enough, but the closely-shaven heads gave them the appearance of criminals. In spite of this handicap some looked to be decent, reliable chaps, not so very different from our own men. Some were dark and short of stature; some very tall, broad-shouldered and strong. Some had the fair hair and blue eyes which we always associate with the Saxon. But there were those, too, whose low brows, irregular features and cruel eyes indicated an unmistakable moral degeneracy which boded no one good.

One, a corporal, who spoke English and acted as interpreter for his fellows, presented a countenance of such striking malignancy and low cunning that the mere contemplation of his ugly features, the long nose, receding forehead and sneaky gray eyes, impressed one with an uneasy feeling that no dastardly deed would be beneath him. Upon request he herded his companions into the ambulances, and as they were, with a few exceptions, but slightly wounded, a strong guard was sent to the hospital with them to see that they should do no mischief nor attempt to escape upon the way.

When they arrived at the hospital and were drawn up in line in the admittance hall, it was perhaps a pardonable curiosity which prompted the orderlies to crowd around and get a glimpse of the first German prisoners they had ever seen. The corporal took his stand beside the registrar's desk and called out, in English, the names, numbers and regiments of each of the prisoners. Amongst them were Prussians, Bavarians, and German Poles. It is difficult to say how this medley of nationalities came to be together.

Sergeant Honk was in the forefront among the orderlies, and perhaps that

was the reason he was drawn still further into the limelight. For suddenly a prisoner, putting his hand into the pocket of his coat, drew forth a hand grenade and thrust it at him. Honk was startled, and jerking his half-extended hand away with great expedition, backed hastily from the evil-looking bomb.

"'Ere you!" he gasped excitedly, "wot the devil are ye h'up to now?"

"Ein 'souvenir' fur Ihnen," said the German, astonished at Honk's precipitate retreat. Honk understood only the one word, but that was enough.

"I down't want any damu dangerous souvenir like that," he returned wrathfully. "Put it h'on the tible!"

The German, gathering his meaning from his actions rather than Honk's words, did as he was bidden and stepped back into line.

"The bleedin' fool might a blowed h'up the 'ole 'ospital," he declaimed peevishly to his companions, "whippin' out 'is blimed h'infernal machine like that; blessed if I wouldn't a put 'im in the clink fer h'it."

Burnham now ordered our men to get about their business and proceeded with the allotment of beds for the prisoners. A slight difficulty as to their disposal arose at this point. The colonel had decided to put them all in one ward; but, as we had no armed guard, I thought they would be safer if distributed in the several rooms. A number of them were so slightly wounded that, if segregated in one room, they might easily concoct schemes for escape or even offence. At the same time, by decentralizing them, they would not only be under surveillance by the ward orderlies, but by the British Tommies as well, and there would be little opportunity for collusion. This plan was finally adopted. The Prussians fell to Reggy's lot, the Bavarians to mine, and the rest were divided amongst the different wards.

The next morning Reggy, who had studied in Berlin and spoke excellent

German, when making his rounds approached the bed of a tall, fair-haired prisoner, whose steely blue eyes contained no hint of welcome, and who, in spite of his good treatment, was still openly suspicious of us.

After bidding him *guten morgen* and dressing his wound—which was in the place we would have liked to see all Germans “get it,” viz., the neck, Reggy inquired:

“What do you think of the war? Do you still think you are going to win?”

The Prussian looked up with a half smile and the suspicion of a sneer curled his lip.

“Is there any doubt about it?” he returned.

“There should be considerable doubt in your minds,” Reggy answered warmly.

“We shall win,” the prisoner said, with imperturbable coolness and assurance, “the war has only commenced, as far as we are concerned.”

“But you will be starved out, if you’re not beaten otherwise,” Reggy continued.

The shortage of food in Germany was one of our early delusions about the war. The Prussian laughed amusedly—not by any means a pleasant laugh.

“If we do not grow a grain,” he replied scornfully, “we have sufficient food stored away to last us for three years. For the past ten years every city in Germany has kept a three-year supply stored, and only the oldest crop has been used annually.”

“An illuminating confession!”

“But you will run short of men,” Reggy persisted.

The patient smiled again at his innocence. “We have ten million trained soldiers in reserve, who have not yet been called up,” he answered calmly.

We were not prepared at the time to dispute the veracity of these statements, although later events seem to have corroborated them.

There was a grim heroism about this

cold-blooded man, for when he was placed upon the operating table, although he must have suffered greatly while the deeply-embedded bullet was being extracted under cocaine, he permitted no groan or complaint to escape his lips. However much we may hate the Prussians, or loathe their materialistic and unsentimental attitude toward their fellow human beings, if this man was a sample, they are as well prepared to suffer as to inflict pain. Proud, disdainful and bitter, one could not help but feel that he hated us so thoroughly that should the opportunity have occurred, he would have killed his attendants without a qualm of conscience.

The contrast between this prisoner’s mental attitude and that of one of my Bavarian patients was striking. The latter had had his left arm cruelly shattered, and on dressing it I discovered a large ragged wound above the elbow. He spoke no English, so that I was obliged to use my indifferent German.

“*Wie geht es dieser morgen?*” I asked him.

“*Ganz gut,*” he replied as he looked up with a grateful smile at hearing his native tongue. He continued in German: “The nurses have been very good to me, but my arm pains greatly.”

We carried on a more or less desultory conversation while the dressing was proceeding, but, by dint of getting him to speak slowly, we managed to understand one another fairly well. Wishing to estimate his frame of mind as compared with the Prussian, I remarked:

“I presume you feel badly over being taken prisoner?”

“No,” he replied slowly, “I am glad. To us Germans this war means a fight to the death, there are only two ways of escape: being crippled for life—or this. You will wonder at my confessing that I am glad, but I have left behind me all that I love best on earth—my wife and two little children——” His voice choked and

tears came into his eyes, but after a moment he sighed: "God knows whether I shall ever see them again—for me the war is over—it is just as well."

Do you blame one for forgetting that this man was an enemy? "One touch of sympathy," in spite of the horrors of war, "still makes the whole world kin." We may hate the Germans *en masse*, but heart cannot help going out to heart, and in the weeks that followed, I confess without apology, I learned to look upon this man as a friend.

It was about four o'clock the following afternoon that Wilson approached me, and pulling himself up to attention, said:

"Th' nurse on Saskatchewan ward, zur, ses as that German corporal ain't had any feed to-day."

"Why not?" I asked him.

"Dunno, zur, but he ain't, an' she's ast me to bring th' orderly officer to see him."

We had laid it down as a principle that German patients, in every instance, were to be treated the same as our own Tommies, so that it was annoying to hear that one of our men had been guilty of Hun tactics. Although I despised this corporal more than any of the others, neglect, even of him, couldn't be countenanced in a hospital. I hastened up the stairs to investigate. The nurse corroborated Wilson's statement. The German had complained to her that he had had only a light breakfast and no dinner, although the other men in his room had received theirs.

I called the ward orderly. "Why did you not give this man his dinner?" I asked him sternly.

"The meat was all gone when I went for it, sir," he replied without looking me in the eye, "but I gave him a dish of custard."

Evidently the orderly had made up his mind to punish the German, and, while I sympathized secretly with his antipathy to the individual, I couldn't condone his disobedience.

"Come with me," I commanded, "and I'll ask him myself."

We entered a room which contained only three beds. In the farthest was a burly giant of a Highlander, in the middle the wretched German corporal, and nearest to us was a Munsterite of prodigious muscle and who was but slightly wounded in the leg.

I asked the German in English, which I well knew he understood, whether he had received his dinner or not. He affected to not understand me, and answered in German. As my German is not as fluent as my French, and I knew that he also spoke this language and might have some secret reason for not wishing to speak English, I tried him in French. He pretended not to understand this either. My opinion of him sank even lower. I tried him then in German, and he replied quite readily in his own tongue.

"I did not have any meat, but I was given a dish of pudding."

"Did you eat it?" I asked him.

"I had no chance to do so," he answered.

"Why not?" I inquired.

He turned his head slowly and looked first at the big Highlander and then at the equally big Munsterite, and shook his head as he replied: "I don't know."

There was some mystery here, and not such a deep one that it couldn't be unravelled. I asked the Munsterite:

"Did you eat this man's pudding?"

"No, sir," he answered readily, but with a queer smile. The Highlander also answered in the negative. There was still a mystery.

"Do you *know* this German?" I asked the man from Munster, whose bed was nearest.

"Do I know him, sir," he replied with an oath directed at his enemy; "I've seen that damn swine several times. He's a sniper and used to go about with another tall swine who wore glasses. We never could kill the devil, but he picked off three of our

officers and wounded a fourth. Do I know him, sir? My eye!"

Under the circumstances I couldn't reproach him. I felt morally certain he had stolen the German's pudding, as he could easily have reached it from his bed. I didn't care to probe the matter further, but warned him that such a breach of discipline must not occur again. After reprimanding the orderly also for his negligence—more from a sense of duty than desire, I admit—I ordered that some food be brought up at once, and saw that it reached its destination.

We could not have punished this German blighter worse than to leave him in that room. One could easily understand why he pretended not to understand English, for I am sure the remarks which passed across his bed in the days he was there made his ears tingle and his miserable flesh creep.

After I had retired that night, Tim came up as usual to see that I was comfortable. Sometimes, when I was in the humour, I told him a story; not so much with the idea of enlightening him as to hear his comments as I proceeded and from which I gained much amusement.

"Did you ever hear of the mammoth whose carcass they found in Siberia, Tim?" I asked him.

"Wots a mammoth, Maje?" he queried, as he seated himself upon my box and crossing his legs prepared to listen.

"A mammoth, Tim," I replied, "is an extinct animal, similar to the elephant, but which grew to tremendous size."

"How big?" he inquired tentatively—his head on one side as usual.

"Oh, taller than this house, Tim; often much taller. His teeth were nearly as big as a hat box, and his leg bones almost as big around as your waist."

"Go on, go on, I'm a listenin'," he growled dubiously.

"Well, this mammoth had tumbled over a cliff in the mountains of Si-

beria, thousands of years ago, and falling upon a glacier was frozen solidly in the ice and, as it never melted, his body didn't decay. A few years ago they discovered it, and dug it out practically intact."

Tim's eyes were wide, and his mouth had fallen open during this description.

"Wot's more?" he demanded quizzically.

"Only this," I continued, "that everything had been so well preserved by the ice that even the wisp of hay was still in his mouth."

"Dat'll do—dat'll do," he cried, as he rose abruptly to his feet. "Don' tell me no more. I sits here like a big gawk listenin' to dat story wit me mout open an takin' it all in like a damn fool. An' I stood fer it all too," he continued with remorseful irritability, "till ye comed to dat wisp o' hay business—dat wos de las' straw."

"Hay, Tim," I corrected.

"Hay or straw, it's all de same to dis gent. Gees! you is de worse liar wot I ever heard."

Tim's humiliation at being taken in was so comical that I had to laugh. He turned hastily for the door and as he passed out cried:

"Good night, sir. Don' have no more nightmares like dat."

The first faint light of day was stealing into the room as I felt myself tugged gently by the toe. I opened my eyes and dimly saw Tim's dishevelled head at the foot of my bed.

"What is it, Tim?" I asked in some surprise.

"Lok'ee here," he said huskily, "tell me some more about this yere biffalo." And with a soft chuckle he tip-toed out of the room.

When the time came to send the German prisoners to England little Sergeant Mack was detailed to guard them. After a comfortable stay for two weeks in hospital, it was hardly likely they would attempt violence or brave the dangers of escape. But Mack, seated in the ambulance with a

dozen healthy looking Germans, who could easily have eaten him alive had they been so disposed, clutched in his coat pocket a little revolver which Reggy had lent him. He seemed to appreciate the possibility of a catastrophe, and judging by the uneasy expression on his good-natured face, he had little relish for his precarious duty.

Even the ill-famed corporal looked his disappointment at leaving us, and the others seemed to feel that they would rather stay with captors whom they knew, than fly to captors whom they knew not of.

The Pole had, remarkable to relate, learned to speak English with a fair degree of success during his two weeks stay, and quite openly expressed his regret at leaving. The others were merely silent and glum. Perhaps they felt that now that their wounds were healed, like well-fed cattle they were to be taken out and killed. The ambulance driver and Sergeant Honk were seated in front, but little Mack was alone inside, and they had twenty miles to go.

Nothing of moment happened until the ambulance, threading its way between the railroad tracks at Boulogne, pulled up upon the quay. Here unexpected trouble arose. No German prisoners could be taken upon the hospital ship: the embarkation officer refused to let them aboard. He said they must be taken back to the Canadian hospital until a proper boat was ready for them.

During this discussion, it got whispered about amongst the populace that there were Germans in the ambulance, and in an incredibly short space of time it was surrounded by an angry mob who shook their fists and swore savagely at the occupants.

Apparently they only needed a leader to urge them on, and the Germans would have been torn from their seats. The prisoners remained quiet, but the pallor of their faces showed that they realized the seriousness of their position.

Sergeant Mack drew his little revolver and shouted to the driver to make haste and get away. The driver needed no further urging: the danger was too obvious. The car started with a jerk and cleared the crowd before they were aware of Mack's intentions, but they shouted wrathful oaths after it as it sped up the quay.

"Blimey if them French ayn't got a bit uv temper too!" Honk ejaculated, as he wiped the sweat from his excited brow; "five minutes more'n they'd 'ave 'ad them blighters inside by the scruff uv their bleedin' necks."

Imagine the surprise and dismay of the nurses as they saw the crowd of broadly smiling Germans coming up the hospital steps. The nurses, who had for two weeks repressed their natural antipathy to these men and had given them good care, felt considerably put out by their return. But the prisoners, like mangy dogs who had found a good home, were so glad to return to us that it was pitiful to see their pleased faces, and we took them in again with the best grace we could assume. The few hours they had had together in the ambulance had given them a chance to compare experiences. They were content. All we could hope was that our own boys under similar circumstances in Germany would be treated as well.

Three weeks afterward they all left for England, and even the Prussian was almost reconciled to us, for he said in parting,

"Auf Wiedersehen!"

(To be continued.)

THE RUSSIAN NOVEL

By Florence Deacon Black



PUSHKIN, Lermontoff, Gogol, Turgueneff, Tolstoi, Gonteharoff, Dostoievski, Nekrasoff, Ostrovsky, Gorky, Tchehoff—these are the great names in Russian literature. In Canada only Tolstoi is generally known, and in literary circles, chiefly Turgueneff and Dostoievski. At present translations of representative works of six of these writers may be found by searching among Toronto bookstores. One store reports that Tchehoff's works are asked for more than any other. Tchehoff, who died only in 1904, is in Russia the most popular of later writers except Tolstoi. He is the Russian Guy de Maupassant, a master of the short story and small novel, but he is also a very great dramatist. Tolstoi remarked of him that he is one whose novels are willingly read more than once.

The history, contemporary life, ideals, thought movements of any country can be learned most readily through its novels. In Russia this is peculiarly so, for, there being such a rigorous censorship and no political liberty, the aspirations of the best minds among the people have been expressed through the medium of art—poetry, novels, literary criticism. Of these the novel chiefly is available for foreigners, through lack or inadequacy of translations of other works. Pushkin, a poet of great genius, in-

troduced into the Russian literary language the simplicity and realism which later became so characteristic of it, using in his wonderfully musical verses none of the pseudo-classic artificial phrases and forms with which all previous written language had been permeated, but only speech that was in common use. So popular did his tales in verse become that people memorized whole pages of them, his novel in verse, "Evgheniy Onyég-hin" being made into an opera with striking success by the musician Tchaykovsky. To Pushkin and Lermontoff, another great poet of the early nineteenth century, the Russian novel owes the creation of a refined, strong type of woman, of an honest, unexaggerated expression of feeling, and a melodious, cameo-like simplicity of language.

This honesty and simplicity explain largely the fascination of the Russian novel, and the reader is fortunate who begins his study of Russian literature with Turgueneff's books, preferably his greatest, "Fathers and Children," a wonderful example of this style.

Russia, ever since Peter the Great introduced western civilization, built an army and a fleet and restored her to her place among European nations, has been the scene of tremendous social changes, none greater than in the period from 1845 to 1876, which saw the liberation of the serfs and the

rise of police tyranny. It is this period that Turgueneff's six great novels cover and they are full of historical types. Turgueneff wished them to be read in the following order: "Dmitri Rudin," "A House of Gentlefolk," "On the Eve," "Fathers and Children," "Smoke," and "Virgin Soil."

Bazarov in "Fathers and Children" (Mrs. Constance Garnett's translation is thoroughly sympathetic and satisfying) is the most dominant character of all these books. He is a great, strong, heroic figure, a tireless worker, a man who will accept nothing without proof and who takes therefore a negative attitude towards art, love, and most of the established institutions. He is rough, unmannerly, harsh towards his loving old parents, yet underneath this manner was a great object, an ideal of truth, duty and solidarity, and great power in working towards this ideal. Bazarov is one of the "children" as opposed to the more conservative, sentimental "fathers" and the younger generation never forgave Turgueneff for putting their new, realistic philosophy into so uncultured a form.

The background of the story of "Fathers and Children" is nature. The reader thrills to the soft airs of the long white summer nights, to the stillness and vastness of the steppes, to the life of the peasants, which passes back at last as did Bazarov's to the great protecting earth. Turgueneff is an artist and if his works share the melancholy of his personality they are also not without his hope and brightness.

The casual reader of Russian novels gets the idea that they are gloomy and depressing, but that is probably because he has read only some of Dostoevsky's neurasthenic works (after Tolstoi, in most common circulation in this country) or Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina," a masterpiece of art but a repelling tragedy, or such a book as Maxim Gorky's "Foma Gordyeeff," beginning with bright expectations but becoming more and more discourag-

ing as the hero, seeking an answer to the eternal why, becomes degraded step by step, finally sinking into idiocy. The sound mind does not like such stories.

But though there is a tinge of sadness about much of Russian literature, there is abundant strong diversified intellectual food, and also humour. Gogol's dramas and his novels from Little Russian life have innumerable comic types. Gogol (1809-1853) developed from his comic vein a true humour of which Pushkin said, referring to his novel, "The Cloak," that "behind his laughter you feel the unseen tears".

Gogol was born in Little Russia, the district of the Border Marches in the southwest, with Kiev as its centre. It has a language of its own, though Gogol wrote in Great Russian, the language of literature. One of the finest of his novels is "Taras Bulba" based upon the wild warring life of this district in the fifteenth century. It gives pleasure through its ethnographical, poetical qualities, though it follows too much the romantic manner to meet modern requirements. His main work was "Dead Souls," which contained life-pictures of typical landlords and their relations to their serfs, and was the forerunner of a great literary movement against serfdom as well as the first work of art to introduce social criticism. Gogol was intensely a realist, after Pushkin the creator of Realism, and by realism it is not meant that sort understood through Zola's works. Realism in Russia means the honest presentation of all kinds of life with the ideal behind it of arousing a desire for better, greater things. The realism that Zola instituted in his first writings and about which there was so much discussion a few years ago depicted the lowest aspects of life.

Russians do not believe in art for art's sake, but in art that is in the service of society, art that will teach men how to live. All the greatest

Russian literary critics have held this view, and it is Tolstoi's conviction expressed in his "What is Art?"

Tolstoi's opinions have had an estimable influence in Russia. For many years after he wrote "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," he forsook art for religious, educational and social work. His educational ideas based on the principle of adapting teaching to the individual tastes and capacities of the child will without doubt constitute a future reform in school education. Indeed Dr. Montessori's system is founded on similar ideas. But at that time the Russian government put a violent end to the educational experiments Tolstoi was making.

His greatest novel is "War and Peace". It is a powerful plea for peace, an indictment against war, by a man who had been through all the horrors of the Crimean War, having been one of the besieged in Sebastopol from November, 1854, till August, 1855. The three long volumes lose some of their temptation in these days when everyone wants even such works of art made brief. This, however, is not true in Russia. Prince Kropotkin in his delightful book "Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature" remarks:

"I don't know what a Frenchman, an Englishman, or a German feels when he reads 'War and Peace'—I have heard educated Englishmen telling me that they found it dull—but I know that for educated Russians the reading of nearly every scene in 'War and Peace' is a source of indescribable æsthetic pleasure. Having like so many Russians, read the work many times, I could not, if I were asked, name the scenes which delight me most: the romances among the children, the mass-effects in the war scenes, the regimental life, the inimitable scenes from the life of the Court, aristocracy, the tiny details concerning Napoleon or Kutuzoff, or the life of the Rostoffs—the dinner,

the hunt, the departure from Moscow, and so on."

Russians are great readers. The number of translated books on their market is greater than in any other country in the world. Even the smallest town has its bookshop. Also, the books are cheap. The names of characters in their great novels become a part of ordinary conversation. An example of this is Gontcharoff's great novel "Oblomoff". The hero Oblomoff has been so trained in indolence from his childhood by his admiring relatives and retainers that he has learned to do nothing for himself and, when a mature man, spends most of his time in bed. When his faithful servant remarks that he might do as other men, he asks indignantly, "Am I like other men? Do I run about? Do I work? I have never put on my own socks since I was born, thank God. . . ." Oblomoff and a girl of most beautiful character, Olga, fall in love with each other. At first Olga rouses him from his lethargy, but as the marriage approaches he becomes frightened at the prospect of activity and sinks back into indolence. Their parting is described with exquisite simplicity and truth. "Oblomoff" created a sensation on its appearance in 1859 and it is as popular to-day. There is too much "Oblomovism" about human nature and too much consummate art in the telling of the story for it to lose its interest.

Opinions change. Dostoevsky was once ranked with Tolstoi and Turgueneff, but it is no longer so. He has power and, in "The House of the Dead," art as well. But his other books treating of problems in psychopathy are too vague and dismal to be attractive, especially to foreigners.

These are the great names in Russian literature—but before them and after them are many others only a little less conspicuous whose works rise at times almost to the greatness of the masters.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemackers

THE MASSACRE OF AERSCHOT

Exhumation of the Martyrs of Aerschot



The arch enemy of the little Gray Gourmand

The Little Gray Gourmand

BY HAMILTON M. LAING

THEY are queer little wild-woods people, these grouchy gray brothers of the ground, that share my camp in the Manitoba elm-clump.

Franklin ground squirrels, the books call them, and perhaps they are well enough named; for though they are gray of coat and bushy-tailed like their relatives, the gray squirrels of the eastern woods, these more lowly little fellows are dwellers in earthen burrows and climb trees only when there is great need. What is more, they are wire-haired and beady-eyed; they do not skip and hop lightly, but run and walk and waddle around like pot-bellied little pigs; and some of my visitors have maintained that in spite of their fluffy tails, they are too rat-like to be good company.

Yet I have found them good comrades, and dull indeed would be the summer camp without them. For four years ago Bobby—so named from his abbreviated tail—pioneered his way into my tent and my affections; and though last summer his clan about the fire-place sometimes numbered nine or ten, I have yet to receive hurt at their hands, and have enjoyed them greatly. And that is fairly good recommendation for neighbours.

Always they are in camp when first I come; but such is the ingratitude of the little beggars whose hearts are in their stomachs, that usually for a day they are shy and act as if they have

no recollection of me. But they always celebrate my coming by a free-for-all fight. The team that draws out the camp stuff never succeeds in getting all the oats that are fed upon the sod, and these leavings are a mighty bone of contention. What a feasting and fighting is there, what grunting and growling and scurrings about, and shrill whistles of defiance, what desperate appearing assaults, the attacker with blood in his greedy eye! What precipitous retreats, the vanquished with his mouth full of oats! What altogether riotous carrying on! After which they seem to realize that their man friend and provider has returned, and they soon come boldly into the tent and share his bounty. Before long the best spot in camp is his knee at meal-time.

Stomach worshippers, disciples of Epicurus, are these little chaps, every single one of them. Much as it hurts me to malign my friends, I feel sure that their only interest in me is a gastronomical one. In fact their only aim and object of existence seems to be to fill their little bellies. When they are not eating they are sleeping; they have simplified life's problems most wondrously. And up to the present I have discovered nothing edible that they will not eat. Fish, flesh or fowl, raw, cooked, tinned or preserved, it is all the same to them. There was a time when I thought that the only things tabooed were onions and soap, but more recent experiences have

taught me that they have acquired the onion taste. In addition to the things that I bring to camp for my own use, I have seen them stowing away fish-bones and game-bones, dead mouse brains, toadstools—a mushy, slimy variety that springs up in dense clusters at the foot of the big elm—wild fruits, grasshoppers, green caterpillars and fuzzy ones too, and “dusty millers”.

But it must not be construed that they are a pest in camp, seeking what they may devour. Far from it; a closed cupboard has always been used and they have been unable to glut their desires by plundering me. Strangely enough too they have ever refused to gnaw to reach the eatables. The only time they ever really got ahead of the cook was on the morning after the night storm that blew down the cupboard. There had been a box on top of it containing two dozen fresh eggs. Five or six squirrels were out before I was that morning—and the tale is told.

May and June are the lean-rib days with these fellows; the seasonal crop of fruits or nuts is not yet matured and green stuff constitutes their food. Within two or three days after they come to share my living I note them fattening daily. Well might they show their keep. The quantity that they can hold is almost beyond belief, and indigestion evidently is not in their catalogue of troubles. Once my Scout friend and I tried to fill one—a skinny little female with a family—we judged—somewhere in a den in the cherry thicket. We came very near doing it too, but not quite. She took the first several courses upon my knee; then her little “tummy” bulged so that she could climb that distance and she had to eat upon the ground. When she balked at one course we tried another, and she always found room for it. Yet when we thought that we had beaten the little gourmand, we found that she still had cubic capacity for more fresh wild strawberries than we cared to spare.

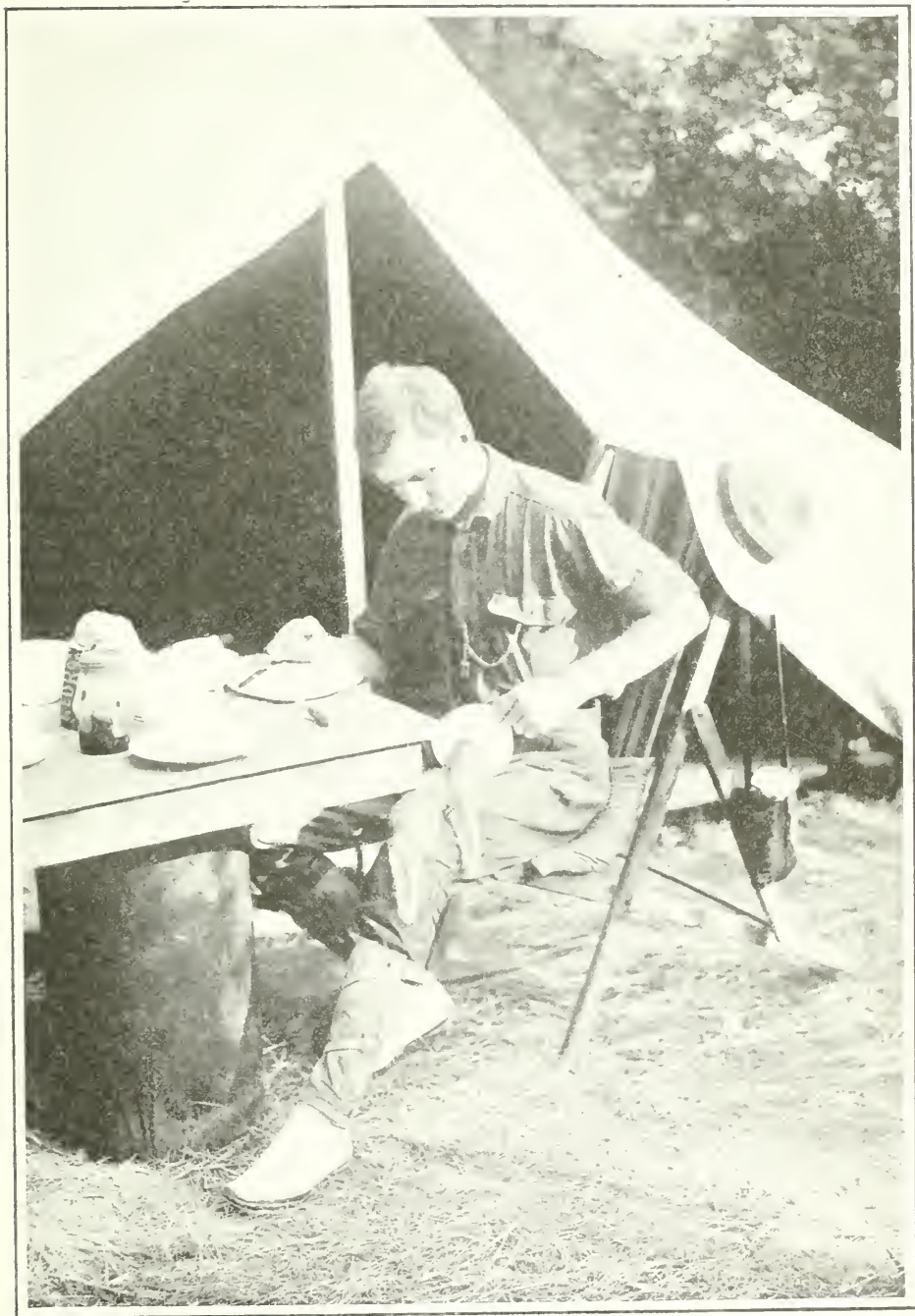
She won, but we did not see her again till very late the next day!

Best of all eatables I think they love a bacon-rind, the salt and fat doubtless being a double treat. To see Bobby dispose of one of these crisp delicacies is to see real art. He sits up with the rind in his hands—I simply cannot think of his front members as feet—pokes it endwise into his mouth, and before the snipping of his quivering jaws, the thing melts and disappears endwise. So quickly and deftly does he change his hand-hold, that just when I feel that his fingers must be snipped off in this self-feeding chopper—they are half an inch out of danger again. When I treat him to a luscious green caterpillar he feeds it into his maw in the same way.

The fondness of these fellows for bacon-fat has led to many a little scene in camp at breakfast time. Many have been the surreptitious attempts of the rascals to get into my frying-pan and to make away with the toast, and many little paws have been nipped sharply. The fact that my frying-pan hangs beside the fire-place keeps them in hot water all summer. The dripping-anointed sapling is too smooth to be climbed by these corpulent rascals, and the drop or two they secure from time to time merely increases their heart-burnings.

They never quit nor give up where there are eatables at stake. They simply rest between trials and attempts. I have seen a fat rascal spend half an hour of hard effort to win the first eighteen inches of this greased pole; and when he reached the first little limb, he swung on his arms like a gymnast and worked desperately to elevate his fat belly, and failed. Yet one day—when visitors were in camp, too—another one climbed all the way up and licked the pan to his heart's content. They seldom accept or admit defeat.

At another time the Scout placed a titbit on the lid of the flat tin kettle, and Bobby determined to get it. When he reached for it of course he put his



"The best spot in camp is on his knee at meal-times"

paws on the hot kettle. He darted away two or three feet, shook his fingers, looked back angrily, said naughty things in squirrel talk, then turned around and made for it again. This time he tried another side and he only retreated a foot. Then he went at it in earnest and he kept at it till the kettle cooled or his fingers became accustomed to the heat, and he secured the bait.

Because of their pertinacity these squirrel chaps are the cream of subjects for the practical jokers among the boys. Give Bobby the out-of-sight mouse-trap with cheese on the treadle and he will walk right to his fate. Snip! The spring bangs his nose but glances off his rounded head and he dodges back and winks hard with the air of one who says "There! That hanged thing again!" Then he goes at the cheese. Set it for him and he will fall again about as readily as before. He will do the same a third or fourth time. To catch one of these Simple Simons it is necessary merely to elevate a little box at one end on a peg, attach a string to the peg, place some food under the box and wait for one to enter. No matter how often the thing is pulled down upon them there is always a willing victim at hand—while the bait lasts. They have no objection to being the goat at any sort of game where there are eatables at stake.

One sunny morning I was daubing my tramping shoes with leather dressing—the neatsfoot oil-bichromate of potash-logwood, etc., concoction of the harness shops)—and two or three gray neighbours were running about nearby. Presently one of them came close to my anointed shoe, sniffed a moment, then approached and began to lick the unctuous coating. A friend who was an interested spectator insisted that I give the poor thing some, so I poured out in a tin a quantity of the oily black mixture. The victim of this vile joke went at it and lapped it down with exceeding gusto, then went off and wiped his moustaches clean by

rubbing them in the dry dust, first one side and then the other.

On several occasions these gray lovers of good eating have provided light entertainment that would put a good deal of vaudeville talent quite out of the race. One day the Scout gave a hen's egg to a particularly big male squirrel that was nosing about our feet. The instant his beady eye caught it he made attack. He seized it tightly in his arms, hugging it against his belly and bit hard, but the only result was that it rolled under him. His tail gave a mighty flourish and twirl as he righted himself, and he got up quite worried. Then he did a wonderful thing—one of those unforeseen turns of which when some folks read of it, they cry "Fudge!" For my squirrel backed away from the egg, dug with his front paws quickly in the soft earth till he had a hollow, an egg-cup, then he pulled the hen-fruit into it, and held it solidly while he crunched the end off and began to suck the contents.

I was somewhat dumbfounded by such a display of animal cunning, but I was not through with him. Later in the day I gave him another egg and rigged up the camera. Again he dug his egg-cup, pulled the egg into it and bit hard; but the shell was tougher or the egg larger and he ended the attempt by rolling over on his back with the egg clasped tightly against his belly. Then he tried again and again with no better success; each time he landed on his back and he got up angry. But a squirrel is never beaten, and he repeated the process. He was very angry now, but determined. At about the twentieth time he paused for breath: his fat front was beating out and in as he panted from his exertions.

At the end of half an hour he had dug up all the earth on three sides of the fire-place, but his onslaught had not slackened a whit. I had now exposed several plates—every one of them a failure I am sorry to have to admit—and becoming tired of the perform-



"Malice in his greedy, black eyes"

ance I left him to fight it out. An hour or so later I returned to find that he had gone; so had the egg. Carefully I scouted around over the ground—for I knew that he could not carry it—and soon I found his trail. He had dug and backed up and repeated it till he had excavated a little trench running from the fire-place into the shrubbery. It was thirty feet or more in length—exclusive of the square yards he had disturbed before he started—and ended in the cherry thicket where lay an empty shell and some yellow yolk as evidence that he had won. How he had finally broken it I could not determine.

At another time Bobby gave a little bit of action that was worthy of a crowded house. It was all over a tin of sardines. Some picnicker had left one of these unctuous aggravations with me, and in a moment of aberration I pried off the top, extracted the contents and tossed the odoriferous tin down to Bobby. He had scented

the battle from afar, and with an "I-just-know-I-am-going-to-like-it" expression in his whiskers fell upon the new thing. He licked off some of the oil on the outside then tackled the inside with a gusto that indicated that he was far from disappointed in it.

To get inside the tin he put his paws on the edge and instantly the thing flipped up and banged his greasy nose. He went out of there as though he had been shot at, but after licking his lips a moment he returned, and when he had cleaned all the oil from the outside he again ventured within. He had the trick of it now and succeeded in holding the tin down while he polished the bit of bottom exposed. Then he tried to get his nose in under the sloping lid. His blunt head wedged and he jerked it back instantly, as though terrified at his own daring in sticking it into such a place. Again he licked the bottom: but that piece of real fish under the lid stayed insistent in his nose: he just would have it, and again



"A clear case of temporary amnesia"

he poked in his head. Had the spot been red-hot he could not have withdrawn more quickly.

Next he went over the outside till it shone, then did the same with the bottom; but still that bit of fish remained and he had to try again. Result as before. He now twisted around and put his tongue in every corner and under the rim and got the last lick and smell; but now that delectable bit was a hundred-fold more insistent than before and again he rammed his head under the sloping lid. Out again, in again, bump, bump, he went at it in earnest; he had only been shamming before! He was going to get it now. When the tin bobbed and turned over he righted it deftly and continued the onslaught. Net result of the vigorous campaign: Bobby's face was very mussed, but the

piece of fish was in its place. Then he lost his temper utterly. He went around it; he turned it over; he rooted under it; he bunted under the lid some more; he mauled it generally; then he went around to the spot where he knew that morsel reposed, and taking a mouthful of the tin bit hard two or three times. Then he left it and went off and polished his face in the earth.

One can never be sure just what these little neighbours are going to do, and especially is this true of the newcomers. On the day of the sardine-tin episode I came in dripping from a swim and discovered a new arrival. He was a scrawny little fellow, greedy-eyed and hungry-appearing, and strangely enough quite without fear of me. When I went into the tent he followed, and before I was aware of



"Bobby" at the entrance to his abode

his designs he nibbled my big toe. I withdrew the endangered member rather hastily and shooed him away; but the next moment when I had a clinging wet garment over my head, the scamp took advantage of me and had hold of another toe in a twinkling. I kicked spasmodically and freed my head in time to see him going over and over endwise; but little daunted he came right back again. Those ten pink toes were too much for him. He was going to have one willy-nilly, and there was nothing for me but to put on my shoes and get some food for the little fellow.

I have indicated sufficiently the varied tastes of these little stomach worshippers; their table manners are in keeping. A meal with three or four of them is a round of gobble and get. The first fellow finds the food and if

a portion of it is detachable he sits up and begins to stow it away. Squirrel No. 2 sees what is going on, approaches in short starts and stops, malice written in his greedy black eyes, and suddenly with a savage little growl hurls himself on the eater. The latter flashes off like lightning and yields his place. About the time that No. 2 has begun to digest, squirrel No. 3 repeats the attack upon No. 2, while the latter makes his dodging exit. By the time that No. 3 is comfortably settled, No. 4 or perhaps No. 1 arrives, and the greedy whirl goes along merrily. It is this habit that causes such a prolonged riot when they get their first feed of oats as mentioned previously. Rarely do two of them eat together; when they do it is a clear case of temporary amnesia.

There is no tolerance here; every

one of them is a bully; the bigger the squirrel the more obnoxious to his fellows, and neither age nor sex counts. Once I took a hand in the game. A little female was at the tent door accepting supper donations as usual when a big buck came along, bowled her over and took the crust. When I interfered he popped below the floor with his booty. Again I fed the female; but in a moment the big fellow launched himself like a torpedo, knocked her over and again retreated. The next time he tried it I threw a shoe at him but he was an artful dodger and took to cover, quite master of the situation. Then I cut a switch, trimmed it neatly and waited for him. I think he got the surprise of his life; for I swept it wickedly along the ground and cut him two or three times before he got away. Whereupon he went below the log behind the fireplace and whistled defiantly at me.

It is always difficult to distinguish individuals among wild animals, and with my squirrels five or six is about my limit. During the past season one was small and lean, another similar one had a scar between her ears, a third was bob-tailed, a fourth had a crooked tail-tip, a fifth was marked with green canoe paint, a sixth had lost an eye, and so on. Next spring when they emerge with new coats, they will all be strangers again except the deformed ones.

On certain hot bright days in July or August I always spend interesting hours watching my gray friends making their beds. Rather I should say gathering the bedding; the real making is denied me. To get the soft dry grass that is considered the correct thing for beds they go out to the meadow a few feet beyond the trees. With hands and teeth they go at it, scooping up the dead stuff and wadding it in behind the strong front teeth until each has such a bushy bundle that he scarce can see in front of him at all. Up and down they go, a root and scrape and pop up to reconnoitre alternating until no more can

be held; then off they charge in a hurried nervous drive for their holes. They always choose the right sort of a day for their hay-making and make no mistakes about it, for these are to be their winter beds.

There is much excuse for their nervous popping up and down when they are outside the shelter of the timber, for here prowls their deadliest foe, the marsh hawk. Of the foxes, coyotes, owls, badgers, hawks, weasels, mink and others that love to pick their bones, this hawk is the most feared; for he eats ground squirrels out of their skins at every opportunity and is abroad all day long on tireless wing seeking opportunity. The foe next in dread about my camp is the big, long-tailed, tawny weasel. Probably these lithe hunters single-handed can kill the largest of the squirrels if they can catch them out of their burrows.

What a strange, short life is theirs: five months of gourmandizing activity and seven months of sleep. The well-grown youngsters come into camp about the first week in July; during the last week in August they all begin to leave me. It is a gradual leave-taking; the aldermanic fellows retire first, and the less fortunate ones now get opportunity to make up for lost time. During a wet or cold spell now they keep out of sight, and on coming out again, I have seen them stretch and yawn like men. Doubtless their first winter sleeps are of three or four days' duration and after this it is a short step to their one prolonged stupor of many months. By September fifth or sixth, be it ever so warm, they are gone, though why they should go so early is a mystery; and as the loaf of bread at the tent-door lies untasted through the pleasant September days, I miss them much and wonder often. Sometimes, too, in the winter when I think of the elm-clump where the snow now sweeps across the frozen lake and piles to the topmost twigs of the cherry thicket, I find myself hoping that Bobby and his gray kin, down so far below, sleep comfortably.

Blue Blood

BY J. J. BELL

I.



EALLY, Mamma," said the Lady Ambrosia pettishly, "I wish you would talk of something else that is not tiresome and uninteresting."

"But, my dearest Brosie, how can I talk of anything else when I can think of nothing else. The Duchess of Dishwater dropped her lorgnette, took up the muffin she had chosen with its aid from the gold epergne, and looked wistfully over it at her only daughter.

They were seated in the buff drawing-room: the time was tea; the season spring. For some seconds there was silence broken only by the disintegrating muffin.

"To think," sighed the Duchess, selecting another, "to think that only half an hour ago, in this very apartment, on this very carpet, you spurned Sir Augustus Sopeleigh!"

"You have already made that remark seventeen times," said the Lady Ambrosia pettishly, extracting from her chatelaine a banana.

"Well, I simply can't get over it," the Duchess huskily replied. "I'm sure I don't know what your poor dear father would say if he were alive. Such a splendid match!" She paused once more to refresh herself from the epergne. "What on earth made you spurn him? It is true that the colour of his blood leaves something to be desired, and I grant you that he has more ear and less nose than the least high-toned of our ancestors; but think

of his wealth, think how his garden adjoins ours! . . . Oh, how could you spurn him?"

Her daughter rose. "Once and for all, Mamma," she said pettishly, as she gracefully plunked the skin into a china ornament on the mantelpiece, "once and for all I must tell you that I can never marry a man with baggy knees."

II.

Several hours had rolled away. In the dining-room of Highjinks Hall the cloth had been removed, Sir Augustus Sopeleigh and his guest, the Honourable St. John St. James, a young man whose noble lineage went back several decades, were sitting over their wine.

"This is capital claret," remarked St. James, setting down the empty bottle, after noting the price on the label. "Devilish moderate at a shilling per bot. Does your merchant allow any reduction on a dozen?"

"No," replied the baronet wearily; "but he allows a few pence on the empties when returned in good condition."

"I must take a note of the brand," said the other, bringing out a combination fountain pen and toothpick richly jewelled, and slipping off his left cuff. "What do you call it? Can't read to-night."

"Chapeau Bellevue, extra sec, vintage 1927."

"Good!" said the other. Having made the necessary jotting, he returned the cuff to its place. "I see you're still drinking port," he remarked.

"Alas, yes," was the weary reply, "But I fear it is of no avail. I had another sample of my blood examined the other day, and it is still as red as ever. My nose had led me to hope, but I found it had led me on a false scent after all."

"Cheer up! Don't despair! Keep on imbibing!" St. John St. James said kindly. "And now tell me, how speeds the wooing of the fair Ambrosia?"

At these words a groan burst from the compressed lips of the unhappy host. "Ask me not, my dear friend!" he cried. "Ask me not! Ask me not! Ask me—"

"All right; I won't," said the Honourable St. John, helping himself to a clove.

"Then I will tell you. This very afternoon," said Sopeleigh, stirring uneasily in his chair, "she spurned me."

"Not really?"

"Fact! And I know why!"

"You do?" The guest deliberately lit a Flor de Cabbajo. "Why?"

"Because—because my blood is not blue!" With a sob that rent the buttons from his waistcoat the Baronet threw up his hands, and sank beneath the table.

III.

Scarcely a moment passed ere his guest joined him.

"Did she tell you that with her own voice?" asked St. John St. James cautiously.

"Of course not," was the weary reply. "Ambrosia would never be so familiar."

"Then you are labouring under a miserable delusion. Would you like to know her real reason for spurning you?"

"No! Never! Yes!"

"It is because you have baggy knees."

The baronet put his hand to his head. "Worse and worse!" he exclaimed. "My case is indeed hopeless. For nothing I can do will keep my trousers from bagging at the knees.

For years my tailors and valets have wrestled with the problem, but still they bag. Leave me, my friend, I am about to break down."

"Not at all," came the prompt reply. "All is not lost. I can show you the way to victory!"

"Show me!"

"I can tell you in two words."

"Tell me!"

St. John St. James took up a piece of bread that had been dropped during dinner and absorbed it thoughtfully. "By the way," he said at last, "can you lend me a couple of thousand, old cock? I'm a trifle tight at present."

"Certainly, certainly," cried Sir Augustus in an agony of suspense. "Lend me your pen." Snatching forth his cheque book he rapidly wrote a cheque for £2,000.

"Thanks," said the other, pocketing it. "Wear kilts."

"My preserver."

"Wear them at the Duchess's ball on the 13th prox."

"I will!" cried the baronet, his countenance illuminated with joy, and fell back in a swoon. But for the presence of a boiled potato he might have got concussion of the brain.

An evil, sneering smile divided the countenance of the guest. "Won't Ambrosia laugh!" he muttered.

Presently he arose and, having emptied a couple of syphons on his unconscionable host, rang for his goloshes.

IV.

It is the eve of the ball.

That's all.

V.

We are in the boudoir of the baronet.

"Finch," says our hero, who is slowly revolving in front of a mirror, "would it not be better if the tails of my coat came a little lower than the edge of my k-kilt?"

"Oh, no, sir. The tails and kilt must end simultaneously. That is

quite de rigger, I can assure you, sir."

"Ah, well," comes the weary sigh, "so let it be." Suddenly he halts. "Finch, are my knees identical as to colour?"

"They are, sir. But at the moment one of them is blushing a little."

"I see. Then you think I shall do?"

"I think, sir," says the honest fellow, with ill-concealed emotion, "that you will be the feature of the ball. But stay!—one moment, sir. It occurs to me that the left calf could do with a little more inflation. What do you say, sir?"

"Pump away," is the weary reply. To himself the baronet says: "Oh, Brosie, Brosie, if only you knew what I have suffered to win your smile!"

VI

We are in the boudoir of the Lady Ambrosia.

"What hair will my lady be pleased to wear this evening?" the maid respectfully inquires in French.

"Oh, don't ask me. Something to go with my gloves," Ambrosia answers pettishly, burying her head in a bouquet of calceolarias that has just arrived. There is no card with it, and the invoice tells her nothing save the price, but in her heart of hearts she knows the consigner. "Oh," she sighs to the fragrant blooms, "if only he had not baggy knees! Alas, alas! Why am I so proud? Why must I respect before I can love? Why—"

The Duchess has entered the room. She wears a plum-coloured dressing gown, and is white to the tip.

"Brosie, a terrible thing has happened!"

Pale as the vegetation in her hand, her daughter stares at her. "Mother! Is he dead?"

"They've not sent the muffins!"

VII.

The band was playing a dreamy two-step when Sir Augustus Sopeleigh, who had been delayed owing to a misunderstanding with the cabby, entered the ball-room.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed St. John St. James in the Lady Ambrosia's blushing ear. "What price baggy knees now?"

"Ninny!" she said pettishly, administering a biff with her fan to his patrician proboscis, whereupon he turned away with a malignant sniff.

The sight of the calceolarias was as wine to the fainting soul of Sopeleigh. His legs, which had hitherto well-nigh failed him, now carried him swiftly to her side. And there her soft "te-hee" of greeting rejoiced his heart, and set it beating furiously.

"May I have a polka-mazurka?" he asked boldly, yet respectfully.

With a divine blush she consulted her card. I'm afraid it's not on the menu," she said sweetly, "but I—I'm not engaged for the Centipede Crawl or the Hippo Hop, Sir Augustus."

"I claim them both," he said with a new dignity that sat well upon him, and made way for other and importunate cavaliers.

He was admiring the decorations, especially the banner emblazoned with the ancient family's motto of "HIC, HAEC, HOC," and wondering how many of the old dukes had passed away with at least the first of these words on their lips, when he felt a slight pressure on the back of his right leg. Ere he could turn a sharp report rang out. St. John St. James, closing his toothpick, mingled with the crowd.

"Punctured!" muttered the unhappy baronet, clutching his beaded brow.

VIII.

But fate was on his side. Ere much attention could fall upon him, the Duchess's voice was heard proclaiming—

"The muffins have arrived, after all!"

Amid the huzzas of the excited company Sir Augustus escaped to the gents' cloakroom.

"May heaven reward my faithful, thoughtful valet," he soliloquized, as

he prepared to make good the damage, "for I never can, unless I raise his wages."

From his sporran (a sort of vanity bag worn by Highlanders) he brought a cyclist's repairing outfit. Then having located and sealed up the puncture, he drew his dirk (dagger) which was really a miniature pump.

Within an hour he returned to the ball-room, humming "I fear no foe," to the air of "The camels are coming".

"What is that grating noise?" asked several fair ones of their cavaliers.

"Something for supper," was the general reply.

As a matter of fact, it was St. John St. James's teeth.

IX.

The villain had enticed our heroine to the darkest part of the conservatory.

"You love another!" he hissed.

"You forget yourself, sir," she said pettishly.

"But you shall never wed him!"

"Be good enough to take me back to Mamma!"

"I don't think! Hear me! I swear you shall never celebrate your nuptials with another—not a blooming nuptial!" He bent closer. "Listen, Brosie!"

"How dare you breathe on me!"

"Listen, Brosie! His calves are false!"

The Lady Ambrosia rose to her full height, and pointing to the left said: "I care not! For I know that his heart is true—true as yonder star!"

"That's not a star. That's somebody's cigar. But enough! Your hour has come!" Grasping her slender neck, he began to drag her across the floor.

"Where are you conveying me?" she demanded pettishly.

"To the tank!"

She screamed aloud. (There were

seventeen couples in the conservatory then, but though several panes cracked, they heard nothing.)

"In you go! You can't float—saw you once at the seaside."

Plump!

The villain turned to depart, only to find his nose grasped as in a vice. Our hero, searching for his partner for the Centipede Crawl, had arrived in the nick. He forced the traitor first to his knees and then to his back. Then using the wretch's diaphragm as a spring-board he plunged feetlong into the tank. The depth of water there was usually about four feet, but Ambrosia's presence reduced it by twelve inches. She was more bruised than drowned. Aided by his pneumatic accessories our hero, supporting her finger tips, was able to keep treading water until help arrived in the person of the butler, the family corkscrew.

X.

Thanks to the Hippo Hop they soon got dry, and were none the worse for their thrilling experience, save for slight colds in their heads. Their engagement was announced at supper, and the congratulations were numerous, while many promises of valuable presents were obtained.

Left to himself in the conservatory, St. John St. James sought to end a misspent life by climbing to the top of the family tree and plunging downwards, head foremost. On finding that he had injured nothing but a couple of cacti, he decided to live on. And he has been living on (his friends) ever since. Ambrosia forgave him, and accepted his wedding gift of a silver-plated egg-boiler on the instalment system, now so justly popular even among the better classes of the community. Ambrosia has already received the first instalment—an egg. She is seldom pettish now, and permits Augustus to wear trousers on Sundays.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

MY SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR.

BY FREDERICK PALMER. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild, and Stewart.



READERS will recall the great reception that was given to Mr. Palmer's first book of this series—"My Year of the Great War." This second volume of what now must be regarded as a series will receive even a greater reception. In describing the battles of the Somme this capable American author has a subject fit for his pen. The result is an unusually attractive narrative, illuminative, instructive, entertaining. In the chapter entitled "The Ever Mighty Guns" Mr. Palmer gives the following account of the results of some big guns in action:

"The improvement in shell fire is revolutionary enough of itself. Steadily the power of the guns has increased. What they may accomplish is well illustrated by the account of a German battalion on the Somme. When it was ten miles from the front a fifteen-inch shell struck in its billets just before it was ordered forward. On the way luck was against it at every stage of progress, and it suffered in turn from nine-inch, eight-inch, and six-inch shells, not to mention bombs from an aviator flying low, and afterward from eighteen-pounders. When it reached the trenches a preliminary bombardment was the stroke of fate that led to the prompt capitulation of some two hundred survivors to a British charge. The remainder of the thousand men was practically all casualties from shell-

bursts, which, granting some exaggeration in a prisoner's tale, illustrates what killing the guns may wreck if the target is under their projectiles."

In the chapter entitled "Canada is Stubborn," he gives credit to the Kaiser for bringing together the people of a land of great distances. He observes, also, that no country wanted war less than Canada, but that when war came its flame made Canada molten with Canadian patriotism.

"This is certain," he says farther on, "that the Canadians took their share of the buffets in the mud, not through any staff calculation but partly through German favouritism and the workings of German psychology. Consider that the first volunteer troops to be put in the battle line in France, weeks before any of Kitchen-er's army, was the first Canadian division, in answer to its own request for action, which is sufficient soldierly tribute of a commander to Canadian valour! That proud first division, after it had been well mud-soaked and had its hand in, was caught in the gas attack. It refused to yield when it was only human to yield, and stood resolute in the fumes between the Germans and success, and even counter-attacked. Moreover, it was Canadians who introduced the trench road."

*

THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS

BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS is the first volume of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's history of the war. It deals mostly with the events

of the year 1914 as they affected the British forces on what is named the "Western Front". There is at the outset, however, an interesting chapter on the breaking of the peace, which is followed by a chapter on the opening of the war. These two chapters, quite properly, are mostly political; but they are necessary to a proper understanding of what follows, and they have the added advantage of being written by one who is an acute observer well versed in current European affairs. Then follow careful descriptions of the important battles of the year—Mons, Le Cateau, Marne, Aisne, La Bassée, Ypres. The author is not convinced that it is impossible to bring out at the present time any accurate history of the war. "No doubt this is true," he writes, referring to statements that it is impossible, "so far as some points of the larger strategy are concerned, for the motives at the back of them have not yet been cleared up. It is true also as regards many incidents which have exercised the minds of statesmen and of many possibilities which have worried the soldiers. But so far as the actual early events of our own campaign upon the Continent are concerned, there is no reason why the approximate truth should not now be collected and set forth. I believe that the narrative in this volume will in the main stand the test of time, and that the changes of the future will consist of additions rather than of alterations or subtractions". Sir Sir Arthur promises a second volume, dealing with 1915, and a third, dealing with 1916. No doubt by this time he sees that his work will run into several more volumes.

*

SIANTINIKETAN

By W. W. PEARSON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE *vogue* of Rabindranath Tagore increases rather than diminishes, and as his *vogue* increases so do the

number of his books. This volume, however, is not one of his; it is an account of the work and progress of Tagore's school at Bolpur, India, which is described as one of the most remarkable educational institutions in the world. In addition there is an introduction by Sir Rabindranath, which tells that Tagore as a youth had considered deeply the system of teaching practised by early masters in India, who betook themselves to some forest abode and there gathered about them their families and pupils and contemplated the divine revelations of nature. "Then came to me," Sir Rabindranath continues, "a vision of the fulness of the inner man which was attained in India in the solemn seclusion of her forests when the rest of the world was hardly awake. The truth became clear to me that India had cut her path and broadened it for ages, the path that leads to a life beyond death, rising high above the idealization of the political selfishness and insatiable lust for accumulation of materials. The voice came to me in the Vedic tongue from the *ashrams*, the forest sanctuaries of the past, with the call—"Come to me as the rivers to the sea, as the days and nights to the completion of their annual cycle. Let our taking and imparting truth be full of the radiance of light. Let us never come into conflict with one another. Let our minds speed towards their supreme good". The volume is illustrated with reproductions of photographs and of drawings by a pupil at the school.

*

STRAY BIRDS

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS volume by the Hindu mystic Tagore is made up of 326 aphorisms and platitudes. One of the aphorisms is the following: "He has made his weapons his gods. When his weapons win he is defeated himself". Here

is another: "What you are you do not see; what you see is your shadow." One of the platitudes follows: "The bird wishes it were a cloud. The cloud wishes it were a bird." Here is another: "I have suffered and despaired and known death, and I am glad that I am in this great world." But with all its platitudes, the book should be interesting to those who like that kind of thing.

*

CANADA IN FLANDERS

By LORD BEAVERBROOK. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE first volume of this official account of the operations of the Canadian Expeditionary Force was by Sir Max Aitkin, the special eye-witness of the Canadian Government. Since its publication the author has been raised to the peerage, so that we have now the interesting circumstance of two books of a series by one author appearing with two different names as authors. The first volume had an unusually large sale, which it deserved, for it was an exceedingly well written narrative. The present volume, no doubt, will be even more successful. It gives an account of the additions to the Canadian overseas military forces actually in the field, and describes in great detail their operations from the time of the action at Festubert to the Battle of the Somme. The narrative treats of two important engagements as far as Canadians were concerned, that of St. Eloi in April, 1916, and of Sanctuary Wood in the following June. It was at Sanctuary Wood that the Canadians, at the point of the bayonet, drove out the Germans from the portion of the British line that they had captured between Hoge and Mount Sorrell. The accounts are founded on official reports and on the observations of the Canadian Government's staff of eye-witnesses. At the end there is a chapter foreshadowing, as a result of the war, some closer form of con-

stitutional union between Canada and Great Britain.

*

LILLA: A PART OF HER LIFE

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

DURING a time when commonplace novels are the rule, this unusual tale, made possible by the war, will be read as a refreshing draught. It is an ominous tale, ominous even from the beginning, when the man and woman (Lilla) meet at midnight on a train that has been darkened for military reasons. But the climax is dramatic and tragic, only an episode, some might say, but still an important episode in life of a hero. The author displays a keen appreciation of human nature, a fine sense of balance and adjustment.

*

PETER SIMMONS AT SIWASH

By GEORGE FITCH. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is a book of typical American humour, humour that is based on the episodes of the average college youth—fraternity initiations, football, coaching and gridiron contests, faculty disinterest in athletics, the peculiar pigheadedness of the local police, and other forms of distraction dear to the boys at college. The book is spirited, and vivacious, and will be read with thorough enjoyment by the "fan" of every description.

*

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

By ISABEL PATERSON. Toronto: S. E. Gundy.

THE heroine of this interesting story, Hope Fielding, is one of those attractive persons who act on impulse; in other words, persons who are ruled by the heart rather than by the head. There is about persons of this type that devil-me-careness that

lets to-morrow look after itself so long as they are amused or rendered content for the present. But if Hope Fielding is one of this type, she is not lacking in other qualities, one of which is courage. The setting is in the Canadian northwest, which was also the scene of Mrs. Paterson's first novel, "The Shadow Riders," which was pronounced generally as an excellent bit of fiction. The present novel should increase the author's reputation, because the character of Hope Fielding is bound to be liked.

*

VERSES

BY JOHN EDWARD LOGAN ("Barry Dane"). Montreal: The Pen and Pencil Club.

OWING to the devotion of some members of the Pen and Pencil Club, of Montreal, of which the lamented author of this volume was a member from its inception, the public of Canada have an opportunity of reading in collected form the work of a poet who had during his lifetime a restricted but staunch band of admirers. John Edward Logan wrote verse of no mean order. He liked the lyric, but the volume contains as well a number of carefully wrought sonnets,

excellent dialect ballads, and a fine poem in blank verse entitled "A Cry from the Saskatchewan," which if not new in theme is spirited and lofty in treatment. We quote one of the shorter poems:

AT THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

Fly, fly, O little bird, and tell me truly,
Where wandereth my love, this dawn of day;
Wing thine airy flight, and may no blast unruly,
Swerve thy pinions from the ever pleasant way:
And the butterfly, O chase not,
And the shining dragon, race not,
Lest you miss my love this dawning of the day.

Why fly you not, O little bird, but slyly
Twinkle merry eyes above the leafy spray?
Ah, a lover too hast thou, and sitting shyly,
Thou art waiting as he wings to thee his way:
Waiting for thy love to bring thee
A new song of love, to sing thee,
At this the happy dawning of the day.

Then tell me, little bird, is my love waiting
By the brooklet in the meadows far away,
For a lazy but true lover thus debating
With a bird that swings and sings upon a spray?
Then, farewell, I go to meet her,
Whose red lips are ever sweeter
Than rosebuds at the dawning of the day.







From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

ROSES AND HOLLYHOCKS

The simplest cottage oftentimes becomes an object of great beauty owing to the abundance of flowers surrounding it. This cottage at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, is typical of many others that add greatly to the interest of a visit to the Maritime Provinces.



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIX

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No. 2

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S PATRIOTIC WOMEN *By Mabel Durham*

IT is generally conceded that there is no province in the Dominion which has made a more prompt response to the call for an army of 500,000 men than British Columbia, where one in every ten of the entire population is wearing khaki. And, furthermore, it is perhaps not so well known that while the men have been quick to answer the call the women have not been behind them in manifesting a patriotic spirit.

There is a stage in human suffering when there are not longer any degrees of comparison, but if it were possible to compare the weight of anxiety which bears upon the hearts of women who in every part of the British Empire are waiting for news from that

vague, mysterious Front, somewhere in France, or Mesopotamia, or Egypt, it would seem as if the burden of those who are waiting on the other side of the world from where their men are facing death might be a little heavier than that of those who have at least the sense of nearness to comfort them. In the homes of British Columbia the wives and sweethearts and mothers and sisters of nearly 40,000 men are waiting thus, and their patriotic fervour has not been the only motive power in the work they have done, but they have also been driven by the need of a task, concentration on which might help them in some measure to endure this terrible strain of waiting, six thousand miles away, for news which travels so slowly across



THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE
EMPIRE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

In Session at Government House, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor in Victoria

the sea and then across the continent.

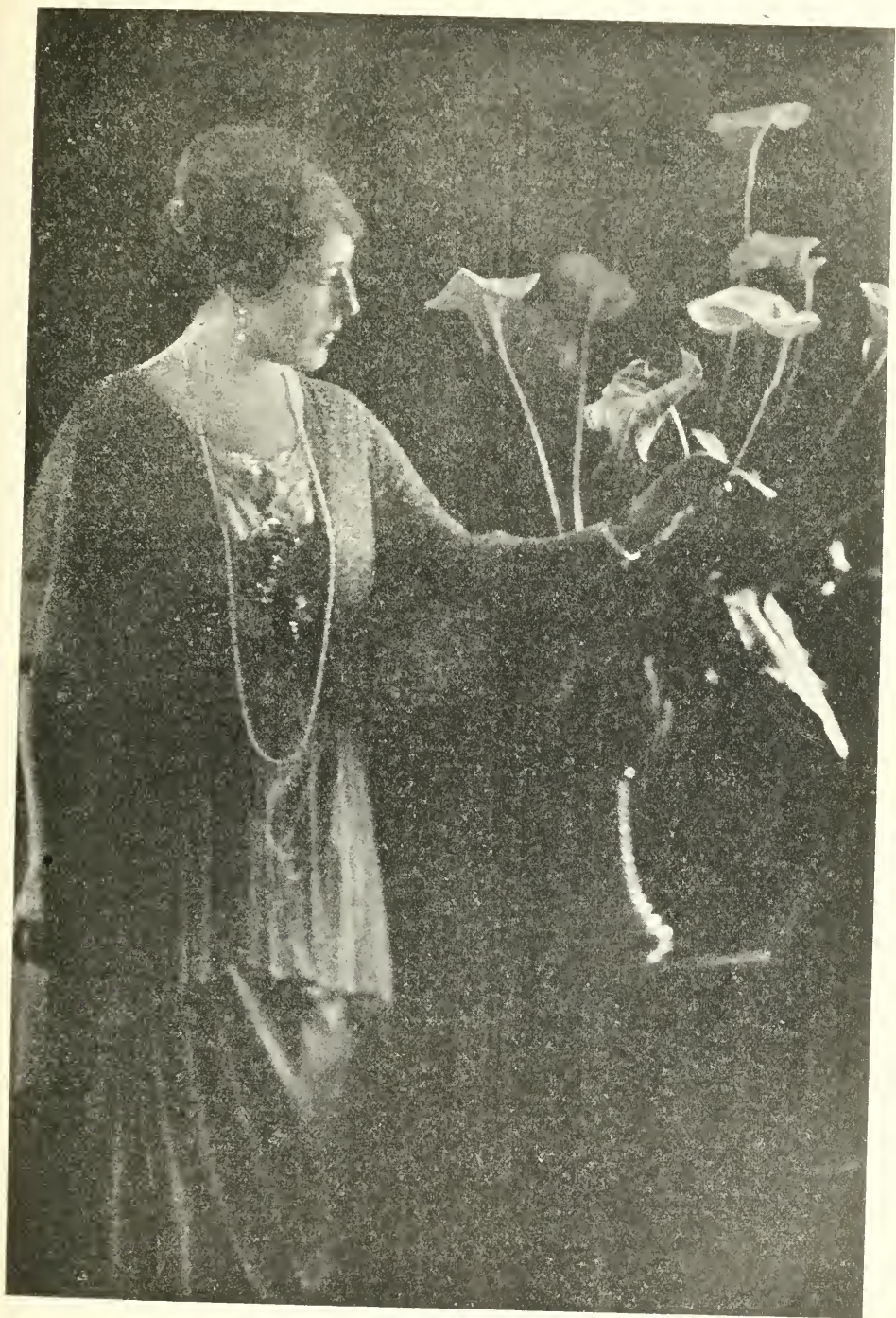
Not only in the cities and towns and the populous districts have the women rallied for work, although it was in these centres that the first organized movement took place, but on the lonely ranches of the interior, in the fishing villages of the coast, in the lumber camps in the heart of the great forests and in the remote mining settlements in the mountains the women have gathered in little groups and cheered one another in their efforts.

The first organized movement among the women after the outbreak of the war was made by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, a society which many people of a practical turn of mind had come to regard as rather more ornamental than useful, from the fact that it had been merely marking time during the years since the South African war, which called it into being. Many of its own members had ceased to have a very definite idea of what its mission really was and some of its chapters had wandered far afield from the original line marked out for it and

were engaging in philanthropic, educational or missionary activities.

But when the war beacons blazed with such appalling suddenness it was not long before the public was forced to recognize the value of a great national patriotic organization which, even if not active at the time, had all its machinery ready to be set in motion at a moment's notice. The first call to the women of British Columbia came from the national headquarters of the Order in Toronto, when \$10,000 was asked as their share toward the hospital ship which it was proposed should be presented by the women of Canada to the British Admiralty. So swift was the response of the Pacific coast members that in less than a week after war had been declared they had forwarded more than \$18,000 for this fund through the headquarters of the provincial organization in Victoria.

When this had been accomplished the leaders of the Order lost no time in learning from the officers commanding Canadian troops what articles were most likely to be needed, and at once supply depots and receive-



MRS. BARNARD

Wife of the Honourable F. S. Barnard, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. She is Honourary President of the Provincial Organization of the Daughters of the Empire.



MRS. EDWARD S. HASSELL

Provincial Secretary of the Daughters of the
Empire in British Columbia



MRS. ALBERT E. GRIFFITHS

Head of the Daughters of the Empire for the
City of Victoria

ing stations were opened. Within a week or two hundreds of women in the cities and towns were making shirts and socks. The women of the West were not expert in the use of knitting needles as those of the East have always been; indeed the homely craft was almost unknown on the Pacific slope until the sudden demand created by the war revived it. But the optimism, one might almost say heroism, with which women who had never had a knitting needle in their hands set out to learn to make socks, and succeeded, was one of the many surprises which the war has developed.

Not far behind the women of the towns were those of the farming communities, the work there being at first directed through the agency of the Women's Institutes. In places where there was no existing society ready for organized effort it was not long until patriotic leagues were formed through the medium of which those who were anxious to help might find an outlet

for their zeal, and the spirit spread to still more sparsely populated districts until it reached remote valleys and lonely mountain trails and women all over the Province were finally busy and striving through the activity of their hands to subdue that of their minds.

Even the native Indian women were eager to have a share in the work of making comforts for the troops, and before the second contingent left several cases of garments designed for the British Columbia men were sent to a depot in Victoria through the missionary of one of the villages on Vancouver Island. Since then the women of the reservations on both the Island and the Mainland have sent regular contributions of socks made from wool spun and carded by themselves, into many of which they have woven their tribal names and the totems of their families. As some of these go to overseas hospitals where men of all the allied nations are cared for, one won-



MRS. JULIA W. HENSHAW, F.R.G.S.

A Vice-President of the National Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire



MRS. HENRY CROFT

President of the Provincial Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire in British Columbia

ders what significance these curious symbols may have for the Russian or French soldier, or even for the English Tommy, for whom, by chance, these pathetic offerings of the sad remnant of a passing race may be destined.

The first object of the workers was the outfitting of the men of the local regiments, but as more and more women were drawn into the organizations, and as the work became more systematized and the output steadily increased, it was inevitable that their patriotic endeavour should become broader in its scope. The appeal of the Red Cross was not unanswered; when the sufferings of the Belgians touched the sympathies of the civilized world during the early months of the war not only a large sum of money but an enormous quantity of clothing went from the women of the Last West to those of the martyred nation. There have been innumerable "tag

days", when the women of Victoria and Vancouver have stood upon the street corners for long hours collecting contributions for the French Red Cross, the Italian Red Cross, the Jewish sufferers in Poland, the stricken Serbians, and for the many funds which have been launched. In the city of Vancouver alone the women have raised more than \$75,000 for the prisoners of war.

No organization has been second to the Red Cross Society in the extent and magnitude of the work done, and since its formation many new societies have come into existence with the object of promoting special lines of patriotic endeavour. But the Daughters of the Empire have the honour of being first in the field in British Columbia and it was their privilege, which they owed to the perfection of their organization, to inaugurate war work for women, and to make the people realize from the outset that it was not



MRS. C. D. NEROUTSOS

Organizing Secretary of the Daughters of the Empire for the Province of British Columbia



MRS. W. J. BOWSER

A member of the Executive Committee of the Provincial Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire.

enough to send their men to the front but that their needs must be supplied by those at home.

Very soon after August, 1914, many new chapters of the Order were formed throughout the Province, and the membership was doubled. As the war has progressed, the increase in the number of workers and in their enthusiasm has steadily continued. So energetic have the members been that since the beginning of the war they have raised more than \$150,000, as well as having collected enormous quantities of field comforts and hospital supplies. In one day the branch in Victoria collected 4,500 pairs of socks. The organization in Vancouver sent forward in one special shipment two hundred cases amounting to fifteen tons of hospital supplies, this being the result of a "linen day" collection. From time to time campaigns have been inaugurated in behalf of specific objects such as the sending of

a huge consignment of home-made jam for men in the hospitals as was done last summer, but these have never been allowed to interfere with the routine work which has always gone on without interruption, the regular weekly shipments being made with the same unfailing punctuality.

The headquarters of the provincial organization of the Order are in Victoria, the capital city, and the Honourary President is Mrs. Barnard, wife of the Honourable F. S. Barnard, Lieutenant-Governor. Mrs. Barnard is a native daughter of British Columbia, and before her husband was called to fill its highest office she was not only a leader in social circles in the capital but was always an enthusiastic patron of philanthropic enterprises and those having for their object the advancement of the artistic and intellectual life of the city. Since she has been chatelaine of Government House, a position which has made it



MRS. BELSON

Vice-President of the Provincial Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire in British Columbia. She is the wife of Major Belson, now serving in Mesopotamia, and a sister of Sir Percy Lake.



LADY TUPPER

Vice-President of the Provincial Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, of British Columbia, and Regent of the Municipal Chapter of Vancouver. Recently she was made a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

possible for her to give more effective support to undertakings in behalf of public welfare, she has not failed to make the most of her increased opportunities for service.

Government House, which before the war was the scene of much social gaiety, has since been a rallying point for patriotic endeavour, and almost the only festive gatherings which take place there now are those which are planned for the purpose of raising money for the various funds which the war has made necessary. One of the first of these was a great "linen shower" for the Queen's Canadian Hospital at Shorncliffe, when the public was invited to see the donations which were displayed in the big ball-room. Since then this apartment has been the scene of many concerts and other entertainments arranged by the Daughters of the Empire and the drawing-rooms have also on many oc-

casions been given up to their use as work-rooms.

The Honourary Vice-President is Lady McBride, wife of Sir Richard McBride, a former Premier, who is now Commissioner for the Province in London. The President is Mrs. Henry Croft, who is also a native British Columbian, a daughter of the Honourable Robert Dunsmuir, the famous pioneer of Vancouver Island. She is a woman of unusual attainments and of a highly altruistic spirit who has spent much of her life in well-directed efforts in behalf of her native Province and in the promotion of an Imperial sentiment, in recognition of which she was recently made a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. She has had an able supporter in the Secretary, Mrs. Hassell, another public-spirited woman who since the beginning of the war has devoted herself to patriotic work.



VICTORIA DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

At work in one of the Drawing-rooms at Government House

The executive committee also includes the Vice-Presidents, one of whom is Lady Tupper, wife of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, and daughter-in-law of the late Sir Charles Tupper, both of whom have played a prominent part in the political history of Canada. Lady Tupper, who is also Regent of the Municipal Chapter of the Order in Vancouver, shares with Mrs. Croft the honour of being a Lady of Grace, they being the only women in British Columbia who have received this decoration. The other Vice-President is Mrs. Belson, wife of Major Belson, now serving in Mesopotamia, and a sister of Sir Percy Lake. The Organizing Secretary is

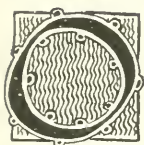
Mrs. Neroutsos, a woman of marked executive ability, and another member of the executive is Mrs. Bowser, wife of a former Premier of the Province. The Municipal Regent in Victoria is Mrs. Albert E. Griffiths.

After nearly three years of work these Pacific coast Daughters of the Empire show no sign of relaxation in their efforts. On the contrary, as fresh drafts of men have gone overseas and the needs have become greater, the supplies have been forthcoming in proportion, and there is no doubt that whatever demand the future may make in sacrifice or labour the women of the Last West may be counted on to do their share in meeting it.

UP THE GREAT LAKES

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERTHE DES CLAYES



F the four Great Lakes, Huron and Superior are pre-eminently the greatest. Superior, the greater of these two, is four hundred miles long, and in maximum width 160 miles. Lake Huron is two hundred and eighty miles long, and its greatest width is 105 miles. Both touch the Province of Ontario on the north side and the States of Michigan and Wisconsin on the south, and they lie almost midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific. From time immemorial their giant bosoms have been the natural highway of the red man and, later, of the white, and to-day the tonnage of their shipping which passes through the connecting canals at Sault Ste. Marie is recorded as being greater even than the tonnage of the Suez.

"Up the Lakes" has been for two generations a common expression in Ontario and the neighbouring States of the Republic, and yet how few persons have a proper appreciation of what it means! We take a trip to Atlantic City, to the Adirondacks, to the Maine Coast: a journey to California, to Florida, to Mexico; a voyage to Bermuda, to Jamaica, or perhaps farther abroad. And yet, like the people of St. Paul's Churchyard who ignore the things that others travel hundreds of miles to see, we are prone to neglect the transcending beauties and glories that invest almost our very doorstep.

The trip up the Great Lakes is taken mostly by boat, although there is a pleasant preliminary jaunt by railway to Port McNicoll, a small town on a south-easterly inlet of Georgian Bay. Nicollet, an adventurous French-Canadian, blazed the trail by canoe just fourteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth. But what a difference between his means of travel, between his frail canoe and, for comparison, the *Keewatin*, one of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's fleet of steamers that ply between Port McNicoll and For William! Nicollet travelled in a craft scarcely more than twenty feet long. The *Keewatin* and her sister the *Assiniboia* are 350 feet long. Nicollet's canoe might have carried half a dozen men. These modern palaces of the inland waters carry three hundred passengers. Undoubtedly Nicollet slept beneath his overturned craft. On the *Keewatin* it is possible to occupy a brass double bed, with an electric reading-lamp at the head, an electric fan close at hand, and a shower or tub bath in the adjoining portion of the cabin. Even La Salle, who, like Nicollet, was searching for the westward route to China, could not have dreamed that his *Griffon*, which was built in 1679, the first sailboat to navigate those waters, would have seemed beside a vessel of the *Keewatin* type like a miniature fit only to be preserved in a glass case. But the *Griffon*, with



POINTE AUX PINES, ON ST. MARY'S RIVER

what in its day were huge billowing sails, was a vessel of much pretension, and by the Indians it was dreaded one moment and admired the next.

From Port McNicoll, where the railway train stops with only a few yards of green sward between it and the wharf, the steamship moves majestically out into Georgian Bay, a wonderful body of water supposed to contain ten thousand islands. Most of these islands are heavily wooded, and as the vessel takes her course amongst them the passengers watch the shore line in the hope of seeing deer or moose or some other creature of this habitat coming down to drink. Two hundred and eighty miles, most of the distance, however, in the unbroken water of the lake, are sailed before one enters the beautiful and historic St. Mary's River, a natural waterway unsurpassed for picturesqueness and charm.

In Canada, even within the territories that long have been settled, there are several wonderful and delightful navigable rivers. St. Mary's and the

St. Lawrence come first in importance, and no one could tell which of these two is the more interesting. The St. Lawrence, of course, carries great Atlantic liners up to the head of ocean navigation at Montreal, and seeing her magnificent shores in day time one would think that there could be no more beautiful scenery in all Canada. But St. Mary's River loses nothing by comparison. Her distant hills reveal a purple glory like the Laurentians, and her valleys display in summer fields of ripening grain and in autumn wide green spaces from which the crops have been harvested. The colour of the landscape on either side is displayed in great splashes of greens, yellows and purples. It perhaps is less pastoral than the St. Lawrence, certainly less than the St. John, and it is less confusing in detail. Both the St. Lawrence and the St. John give glimpses of prosperous farmsteads, with modern houses and capacious barns. But St. Mary's River, with notable exceptions in the form of summer cottages, sawmills, and beautiful-



ANOTHER VIEW OF POINTE AUX PINES

ly situated villages, is more primitive, the log cabin, for example, being a sight common on these shores. The heavy green of the spruce is broken on the Canadian side by the slender trunks and white, shining bark of the birch, and on the American side one sees here and there clumps of stately elms.

It is an interesting circumstance that as the steamship passes up the river the passengers are almost constantly in sight of both shores, the Canadian on the one side, the American on the other. They realize, then, that they are travelling along a great international highway, a highway that is shared amicably by two great peoples. And here the thoughts come to one, and the question arises, Is there any difference? Does the face of the land look different on the American side from the Canadian side? One has to confess that it does. But it is not greatly different in its natural aspects.

On the American side, however, more advantage has been taken of the excellent locations for summer cottages, summer hotels and summer resorts. A reason might be found in the fewer Canadian towns and cities to demand the luxury of summer time change of scene and recreation. Sault Ste. Marie, on the Canadian side, is in this respect, however, a happy exception. A few years ago the American side was larger and busier and more promising, but the Canadian "Soo" has the distinction of being the only instance of a Canadian town getting ahead of its American neighbour. As the vessel approaches this historic upper end of St. Mary's River one notices the picturesque dwellings on the Canadian side and the more imposing structures nearer the centre of the city. Of more interest to the traveller, however, are the great locks that comprise the several canals that lead from the lower water of Huron to the higher



THE CANADIAN LOCK AT SAULT STE. MARIE

water of Superior, and fortunate indeed is the boat that does not have to wait for its turn to enter.

The safe navigation of this great inland river requires an elaborate system of lighting and directing. Light-houses accentuate every prospect, standing out against the green of the land or the blue of the water like great white monuments. The cost of their maintenance, as well as of other aids to navigation, is shared by the two countries. This cost is constantly and increasingly great, for as the immense tonnage of the cargoes from Duluth and Fort William increases, increasing facilities have to be provided. The latest is a large new canal built by the United States, which will add greatly to the aggregate capacity.

The first canal at Sault Ste. Marie was built by the Nor'west Company in 1797, and was burned during the war of 1812. It had one lock, thirty-eight feet long, eight feet, nine inches wide, and the lift was nine feet. Put

that beside the lock 900 feet long built in Canada and opened in 1895. Put that in turn beside the one, 1,350 feet long, which was built later by the United States, with the fourth and largest of all about to be completed. So that what confronts the visitor by vessel at Sault Ste. Marie is four canals, any one of which he is at liberty to use when his turn comes. Canada here pays no canal toll to the United States, nor does the United States pay any to Canada. A vessel flying the Stars and Stripes at Sault Ste. Marie will enter the Canadian lock without preference if it should happen to be clear. And if it should fly the Union Jack it will enter any one of the three American locks should it prefer to do so.

The amount of tonnage that passes through these locks is enormous. It consists mostly of wheat, oats, flour, iron ore, coal, copper, manufactured iron, and lumber. This huge tonnage accounts for the scores of big black



A FREIGHTER PASSING THUNDER CAPE

freighters that salute and pass in a seemingly endless line. Sometimes they go two abreast and their waters ripple in the sunlight by day and the moonlight by night and melt into each other as they recede towards the horizon.

Having passed up through one of the canals at Sault Ste. Marie, the vessel moves out upon the deep blue surface of the greatest of all inland lakes. Superior is noted for its calm surface, its great depth, its low temperature and its glorious sunsets, which are the equal of any seen at sea. It is a fine experience to stand on the promenade deck of a vessel of the type of the *Kecwatin* and the *Assiniboia* and watch the sun slowly sink to the horizon. The vessel may be in mid-lake, and if so no land is visible, nothing can be seen on all hands but the sky above and the wonderful, deep blue water below. The beauty and solemnity of the scene can be appreciated properly from the promenade deck, which is a feature of this class of

steamship. To walk around it gives one the exercise of walking around a city block. But how different the air, how different the scene! There is nothing overhead to obstruct the view, and as the vessel speeds along one feels the exhilaration of actually riding on the air.

One of the features of Lake Superior is Thunder Cape, which rises to a height of 1,400 feet and which will be associated forever with Indian tradition. Even to-day the Sleeping Giant can be seen laid out on his couch of stone. The Cape is on the outer rim of Thunder Bay, at the head of which are located the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William, which combined make one of the largest points of shipment of grain in the world. Fort William, which is the more historic, began as a small trading post of the Nor'west Company at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River. In 1807 it received its present name in honour of William McGillivray, one of the



A FREIGHTER ROUNDING A Lighthouse ON ST. MARY'S RIVER

head men of the company. Almost all the grain produced in that vast grain-producing territory that lies between Winnipeg and the Peace River passes

through the huge elevators here at the head of inland lake navigation. There are twenty-five of these elevators—their aggregate capacity is al-



ON ST. MARY'S RIVER, NEAR SAULT STE. MARIE



THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR AT PORT ARTHUR

most 50,000,000 bushels. The grain is carried down the lake in great black freighters, one of which, for instance, is 625 feet long—the longest vessel of the kind in the world. She has carried on one trip almost 400,000 bushels of wheat. Engaged in this business of carrying grain there is a great fleet of these black monsters, and one of the sights to be remarked during a trip up these lakes is the almost continuous line of them passing down to discharge their precious cargoes at some port on the Georgian Bay. The first shipment was made in 1883, when a cargo of 10,000 bushels was loaded by means of push carts. From this small beginning the shipments quickly increased in size and number. In 1887 7,000,000 bushels were transhipped here, and last year, during what is called the "crop" year, the shipments reached the enormous total of 349,000,000 bushels.

It is an interesting experience just

to pass along the waterfront at Port Arthur and Fort William, where the Dominion Government has spent millions of dollars in improving a harbour that has a frontage thirty-two miles long. The huge grain elevators are more dramatic than the pyramids of Egypt, and, with Mount Mackay frowning above, the scene is unusually impressive. Besides the fine passenger steamship of the type described, the freighters of many kinds pass in and out during the season of navigation, which, by means of an ice-crushing service maintained by the Dominion Government, is extended about twenty days, a period at that time of year that is of immense importance.

As a change from the trip abroad, to California, to Atlantic City or the Grand Canyon, let me recommend the Great Lakes. As a change from the heat and staleness of city or town, let me urge it. As an ideal week-end trip it recommends itself.

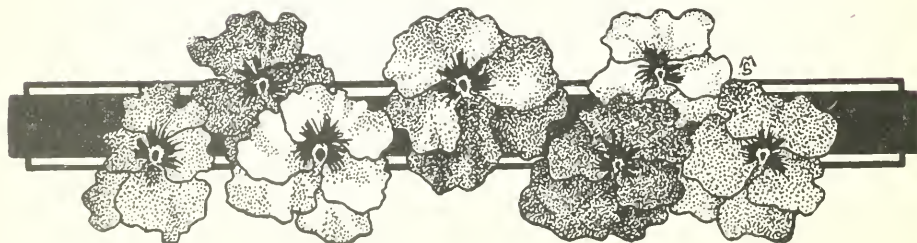
ENLISTED

BY CHRISTINE CURTIS

YOU went away with the first daffodils,
I well remember how
Their saucy yellow heads
Bobbed in the garden beds,
And how the sunlight frosted all the hills
So pale and glistening, they seemed
Coated with silver, and the birches gleamed,
Each dainty twig and bud
Dipped in the silver flood.

You went away when all the land was sweet,
In those divinest days.
The willows in the lane
Are misty-green again;
The dandelions glow beside the street,
And from the lowlands as we pass,
Floats up the fragrance of the meadow grass;
When maple fringes red
Make perfume overhead.

The skies of Easter canopied the land
With their delicious blue,
One smiling April day
You journeyed far away
Before the chestnut buds were quite unfurled.
You took the bloom from every tree,
You left no spring or summertide to me,
But only dreary hours
And heart-remembered flowers.





Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

LAKE ONTARIO STONEHOOKERS

From the Painting by
Archibald Browne

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

PART II.—THE FARMER AND THE WAR

NO one in England has been more intimately affected by the war than the farmer. No one in England will, in the long run, profit so completely.

"No doubt the State showed a lamentable indifference to the importance of agricultural industry, the very life of the nation. No civilized country spent less on agriculture, or even spent as little on it, directly or indirectly, as we did."

In that frank confession before the House on a memorable day in February, nineteen-seventeen, Lloyd George, faced by a startling shortage of food as the result of the condition he now deplored, supported by the ready assent of a people who had, for the first time in its history, been forced to weigh its allowance, sounded a nation's remorse. Ahead stared the menacing future of a struggle with a ruthless foe that was attacking in England's most vulnerable spot. Behind were generations of neglect of the only industry that could surely save her in her extremity. Ahead lay even the uncertainty of a victory that might have been assured had England not so immutably set her course by a plan whose blindness was now recognized perhaps too late. "Seventy to eighty per cent. of our wheat has been imported," groaned the Premier.

"Our food stocks are low, alarmingly low—lower than they have ever been within recollection." And a nation, paying the penalty of its own folly, grimly bent its tardy efforts to reforming the system, to remodeling its ideas of national industry and national life.

Hitherto the English farmer, in a country where man is classified largely by the work he does, moved on the lowest plane. He fulfilled no vital function of national existence. He lived on suffrance. His only recognized function was to render profitable some insignificant part of the huge tracts owned by wealthy landlords, and to keep them in shape for the latter's amusements. He was little more than a servant of the landlord from whom he rented his land—for he seldom owned it. Generation after generation his family grovelled and dug, hopelessly, almost stupidly, ground down by the system that deprived him of every incentive of ambition. His sons who were worth while left him and sailed for the Colonies, where a man might be a man and still be a farmer, where the limits of the scale, social and financial, depended only on a man's capacity.

There is another "farmer" in England, the landlord owner who never handled a hoe or stirred a spadeful of earth or harnessed a horse. His voice swells in the House of Commons, on

the public platform, in rural organizations. The other day a London newspaper displayed a letter from a "Farmer" protesting against the cry for more cultivation when labourers were unavailable owing to the demands of the Army. On his 800 acre farm, he lamented, he had but sixteen hands, and the land was idle for want of workers. But the letter was sent from one of the most exclusive and expensive clubs in London. There are thousands like him in England—men who call themselves farmers but never farm, who bewail the dearth of help but scorn to remove their own coats. That is not the farmer of whom I am going to speak.

The English farm was but a corner of a large sporting estate. Where tens of acres were tilled hundreds were left wild for the deer, the fox, the pheasant, the rabbit to multiply for the sport of the landlord. Or parks and paddocks in the best locations represented the owner's keenest concern. Deer browsed off the fields, and foxes and pheasants grew fat on the farmers' work that the lord of the manor might find his sport at his door. And the sufferer from their depredations dare not shoot them. The huntsmen galloped across his fields in pursuit of the fleeing fox; they left open his gates and controlled the heights of his fences to the capacities of their horses. And the farmer had no redress. Even after two and a half years of war, when game had multiplied through lack of hunters until the farmers' best efforts threatened to be nullified, it was only against keen opposition in the House that they were given the right to shoot the game that was assisting the enemy to cut down the nation's subsistence. A conservative country fought to the last ditch any change that favoured the farmer against the idle landlord even when the latter's food was at stake with the former's.

England was a nation of sportsmen, of financiers, of shopkeepers. What need of the farmer? Were there

not unending fleets of merchant ships to fetch the food the islands needed? Was there not the Navy to protect them against the world's attacks in their passage? Folly, England declared, to break up the fields that formed the amusement of the wealthy. England would always be mistress of the seas. The rest of the world might be the world's granary.

The result was inevitable. Smaller and smaller grew the farms, tighter and tighter the areas of tilled fields. The farmer did not develop for there was not the room. He made no experiments; he was not supposed to. Experiment was not for his class. He stuck to the beaten track of his grandfather, without a vision of better things. And his sons, disgusted, revolutionary, left him. Gradually land that had raised its average of thirty bushels of wheat passed into the interminable pasture that covers England. Five millions of acres ceased to cater to the needs of the people. For seventy miles round London there is no farming. Down in Kent there are broken acres set out with hop poles, but scarcely anywhere within that area, especially to the south and east and west, do growing fields of grain gladden the eye. No prairie was ever more unproductive. Golf links everywhere, rolling sweeps of meadow land adorned with a few sheep and cattle, rising heights of glorious parks—a dream of gentle, beautiful landscape, but useless, utterly useless to a country surrounded by water.

That was England up to 1917. Now the scene is changing. "The plough is our hope," admitted Lloyd George, with that candid note of apology that promises bright things for the future. "The war at any rate has taught us one lesson—that the preservation of our essential industries is as important a part of the national defence as the maintenance of the Army and Navy." And in that sentence rang hope to the dulled farmer, the emancipation of an industry that had been choked almost to extinction. The

Island Kingdom had awakened to the fact that no nation can repudiate the essentials of life and thrive, even under its ordinary contingencies.

Yet even to-day there are Free Trade enthusiasts—so far publicly expressing themselves only in the House of Lords—who contend that had the farmer been protected, had he been encouraged, England would not have possessed its 12,500,000 tons of shipping when the war broke out. No one has troubled to reply. The outcome of the next three months will answer—it is answering now.

The war had been in progress almost two years when Mr. Asquith, then Premier, rose in the House and assured it that there was no need for worry. The submarine peril had been overcome; England might continue to import its food stuffs with perfect confidence in its future. There might be shortages here and there in certain luxuries, but the granaries of the world were at the nation's door. It pleased England, the conservative, that it need not change. But a very few months later, while still there was no submarine ruthlessness, the Premier had risen to alter his tone. Wheat was climbing to unprecedented heights. The condition of the market was proving that, even should the country not starve, there was little profit in leaving itself in the hands of foreigners, whether the seas were free or not. But it was left to the Premier demanded by a people who had begun seriously to doubt to face the real crisis of England's policy.

Of course every industry and occupation in England considers that it has been especially selected to bear the brunt of the war. But labour and food production, the two great sources of victory, quite as vital as the Army and the Navy, can bear only a certain amount without the entire nation paying the penalty. Both responded to the early call of the recruiting officers with a zeal that spoke well for their loyalty. The farming communities were unevenly affected, as were the

towns. In certain districts the patriotism was of such an intense nature that farmers were shorn of their assistance almost to the point of stopping production. The Derby scheme took many more. One hundred and eight thousand farm-hands enlisted voluntarily.

In the early stages there was no thought of selection. England must have an Army, wherever it was obtained. Kitchener had to raise a million men almost by the stroke of the wand. Nothing else mattered but that France should have the instant support of its most powerful but most unprepared ally. Even when the pressing urgency of men grew less insistent there was no fear of the depletion of the farms. Where some sections had enlisted en masse others had not felt the call; the farmers thought that somewhere in England was labour enough. Their patriotism was more sensitive than their purses. All England was too sure of itself, too confident that history would be repeated without seriously disturbing the country's plan of life.

But when conscription ruthlessly took the fit, the loose labour market was thinned out and the farmer had nowhere to turn to make up his deficiency. So he did the thing that had for many years come so easy to him—turned his growing grain fields into grass lands. One of the difficulties was the English system of labour. Farms and private houses, factories and stores, are in ordinary times manned by an army of help that has learned to confine itself to its specified duties. A house that in Canada would be content with two servants, in England employs five. A farm that would be worked in Canada by two men, in England is shorthanded without seven or eight—probably with more intensive farming. It is an extravagance of labour from which there is much suffering now. And so many farms were devoted to fancy crops that required additional hands. Nevertheless the condition had to be taken as

it was, and while it is changing rapidly under necessity, there is loss of energy in the process.

The work of the Tribunals appointed to decide on exemptions from the Army did little to improve matters. Some ignored every plea of the farmer and took his assistant. Others refused to make the farmer organize his work that fewer helpers might do it. Thus there were farm-hands to spare in places, and land that could not be worked in others. It depended upon the direction of one's vision whether one condemned the Tribunals as careless of the Army or of the nation's food. In general it was natural that the military representatives who appeared before these official bodies should insist on the farmer as most suited by his outdoor, severe work for the harsh life of the trenches.

In the fall of 1916 the country could no longer ignore the shortage of certain food stuffs. Hitherto it had deceived itself by imagining that the rising prices came entirely from profiteering and market manipulation. To the last moment the Asquith Government had delayed official interference. Now a Food Controller was proposed, his duties being vaguely named to include production and distribution. In August, two months before, a Committee had been appointed in response to public fears to inquire into the whole food question and to propose what remedies seemed advisable. Incidentally, it made its report seven months later, after the new Government had been forced to anticipate it, without its assistance, by several weeks. And the Food Controller idea was left untouched for two months to the consideration of the people. It was a habit of the Asquith Government.

In December, when the people changed leaders, nothing practical had been done. The Food Controller had not been named. A score of proposals had gone no further. Week after week the newspapers were left to urge their own particular hobbies, to resist that

which did not meet their fancy. And day by day conditions were growing more desperate. When Lloyd George took the reins one of his first appointments was the Food Controller, his duties limited to food distribution and food consumption; and other officials followed for the great problem of production. No one man could handle all ends of the food question.

Almost before the new Premier had settled down to individual problems came the submarine menace to importations, and instantly everything else had to be dropped for the greater anxiety. Without delay he realized that in the farmer was the only hope. There might be discovered means of destroying the submarine; there might not. And the latter contingency had to be considered first. An appeal was made to the farmer to break every available acre, and power was given the authorities to commandeer for tillage idle land. Allotments were laid out all over England for the townspeople to work after hours. A large order for tractor ploughs was wired to America.

But the farmers had become disgusted with the lack of consideration shown them thus far. Their response was: "How can we break land without the help to do it"? And when most of the tractor ploughs were sunk on the way over it became more than a condition that could be met by appeal.

The Ministry of National Service, a special production of Lloyd George's brain in anticipation of such problems, went to work. It concentrated on furnishing the farmer with the help he needed. It invited every man who could handle a plough to give up his present work and spend the next six weeks on the land while yet the season's crops might be planted. It began to train women for work they had never anticipated in their wildest dreams.

The Army was combed. Eleven thousand farm-hands were lent from the units training in England.

Twenty-seven thousand were taken from the trenches and returned to the land, subject to twenty-four hours' recall. Camp commandants were ordered to let out their draft horses to the farmers at a dollar a day. Five thousand German prisoners were put at work. Of the 60,000 farm-hands whose Tribunal exemptions were up only 30,000 were asked for, and before they could respond their number was reduced to 10,610.

The Government spent two million dollars on farm machinery. In the shortage of tractor ploughs every one was commandeered and men sought to keep them at work in three shifts day and night.

The Cabinet took a peremptory hand in the disagreements between the War Office and the Board of Agriculture. "In this particular case," it said diplomatically, "we regard the production of food as more important even than sending men to the Army." That was the last word. And to back up its decision it formulated conditions to control the relationship of farmer and helper, of farmer and the public.

In establishing terms that would induce the utmost extension of land cultivation the Government was faced by two problems—the "plough-fright" of the farmer, and the reluctance of the labourer. To a Canadian it may seem strange that concessions should be necessary to prevail upon the farmer to break all the land he could work, but peculiar English conditions had made it seem more profitable for him to let his land go to grass. Back in the early eighties and nineties he had felt the keen suffering of land poverty, when the inadequacy of prices for grain made his work a loss. And now the unknown future was further blackened by an uncertainty of labour to enable him to profit from the capacity of the land put under cultivation. Unless he could be assured reasonable returns from his labour for a certain course of years, he would not be likely to invite a repetition of his insolvency of thirty years ago. Next, the protec-

tion of the farmer would be of little avail if conditions were made insufficiently attractive to draw the labour to him in steady supply.

Therefore the Government attempted in one stroke to overcome both obstacles. It established minimum prices for six years for wheat and oats, and minimum wages for the worker. Wheat, at the time this announcement was made, had reached \$2.25 a bushel, and working roughly from this basis and considering the cost of production, the minimum price for 1917 was set at \$1.78 per bushel, ranging down to \$1.34 during the last three years of the period. Oats were to bring not less than 65 cents this year and 45 for the last years affected.

It must be remembered that the prices were *minimum* only. That is, there was nothing to prevent the farmer accepting whatever the market would give him above the scale. As I write wheat is quoted at \$2.75 in England, and should the submarines continue, even as at the present, the price will advance much higher before the year is finished. At first glance it might seem an unwarranted protection, an unjustified drain on the country during its struggle for reconstruction and a world's markets in the early period of peace. But there is no more theoretical right to the Government to force the farmer to raise wheat than a tool maker to make shells. The latter has been forced, or practically forced, but common equity demanded that the country take the risk. And the nation must have wheat whatever the cost.

The matter of wages was equally important. No one in England with ambition went into farming before the war unless that was what he had been brought up to. The wages were only a few cents a day, and the life was miserable, as befitted the social scale to which the industry had been driven. A cowman had become the symbol of stupidity—because no one with thought would accept the pittance of reward for his labours. Un-

der the rising prices of war times the farm-hand could not purchase the necessities of existence on the old rates, and wages had to rise. The scarcity of help was another factor that forced the farmer to pay more. But when the Government saw the necessity of turning labour to the land by the hundreds of thousands it realized that something adequate in the way of wage must be assured. Accordingly the minimum wage for even the novice was set at \$6.25 a week, which is not high when it is considered that the farm-hand keeps himself. That it is not too high is proved by the lack of protest from the farmers. In fact some are offering two dollars a week more, and even higher. The farmer's outlook on life has broadened with the new conditions and with the prospect that opens up to him in the future. The war has remade him.

One of the surprises of the war is the facility with which women learned the disagreeable, arduous tasks of the farm. And the farmers, after fighting female labour on principle as contrary to common sense and destined to deprive them of the men they preferred, are ready to declare their conversion. Six months ago 140,000 women were performing men's work on the farm, and the number has doubled since. Training farms have been set aside for them now, with free keep and training. After that they are placed on farms under female supervision, and paid \$4.50 a week, without keep, uniforms found. That there is insufficient margin seems evident from the attempted justification of the Department that munition hostels have proved that their keep need cost no more than \$3.75 a week. Of course the woman may take as much as she can induce her employer to pay, and with experience she has demonstrated her ability to earn the equal of the English man. Formerly women were not paid enough on the farm to keep them, in many cases, so that their volunteering was a sacrifice even of money. Under the new condition

thousands of girls are leaving the kitchen and the factory to till the soil.

The introduction of Sunday labour is another feature of the war affecting the farmer. While England has never — at least of late years — observed the Sabbath as strictly as Canada, Sunday labour was not reeognized as either necessary or desirable. The immediate necessity of spending every moment on the land could not, however, be denied during the early months of this year. All over London allotment workers were busiest on their only free day, and even an official appeal advocated uninterrupted ploughing. And several Bishops gave it their sanction. The farmer's week has become, therefore, a full seven days of work.

The exciting market conditions that have marked the progress of the war and its effect on the supply of food stuffs have brought the English farmer into personal touch as never before with the reason and justification of price levels. It has revealed to him his inexperience in marketing and the profit accruing from a more intimate knowledge of the conditions that affect prices. That inexperience has left him thus far the prey sometimes of the middleman's smartness, sometimes of his own greed. From the first he has insisted through his organizations that he be left to reap the utmost benefit from the relationship between supply and demand, ignoring the fact that much of the fluctuation of price has been due to the manipulations of the supply house from whom all incentive to bring about higher prices would be removed if the farmer were to pocket the extra profit. Undoubtedly the farmer's demand is justified, with certain restrictions, but it would be the public who would profit, not the farmer. Should the farmer, however, have been left to take full advantage of public panic and prearranged manipulation, the conditions of living in England would have been intolerable: for he alone has the final control of the supplies.

The joint efforts of the three hands through which the farmer's productions reached the public threatened such dire things, however, that the Government was forced to establish prices. The most interesting commodity thus affected was potatoes. There was a world shortage, and it must, or should, have been known that the deficiency would centre in England, since the past season's crop had been largely ruined. England was supplying more than her share to the armies, and importation was difficult and unprofitable. Yet no attempt had been made to curtail waste or limit consumption. Thousands of tons a week were even being shipped from the country to adjacent neutrals. The extent of stocks was made public suddenly, a trick of the wholesalers and of little profit to the farmer at the moment. In two days the price leaped from two cents a pound to six. Threat of Government action sent it back again equally swiftly. But the fact was not to be ignored that England was going to be short of its favourite food. The farmer began to see his opportunity, and for weeks he was receiving as high as three and a half cents a pound. Then the Government took a firm stand. At first it was considered sufficient to limit the retail price, but the retailer and wholesaler tried to force the farmer down to such a ridiculous price as a consequence that he refused to accept it. And so the entire gamut of selling was covered by the Government order. The farmer was to receive \$45 a ton from the wholesaler, the wholesaler \$52.50 from the retailer, who received in turn \$70 from the consumer. The initial attempt to make the farmer accept \$40 was reviewed in a couple of days and the price raised a pound. But as there was nothing to prevent the farmer selling direct to the retailer, or even to the consumer, thousands of tons reached the table at the legal price with more profit to the farmer.

To meet the inadequacy of supplies appeals were sent all over the country

that the wealthy should eat substitutes and leave potatoes to the poor. Hotels began to have potatoless days, and by April 1st, when the legal price was to increase, several clubs were serving no potatoes whatever. Whether this decrease in demand will make the farmer regret having held back his stocks until the higher price was obtainable is not evident at the time of writing.

Wheat, of course, travelled steadily upwards to heights unknown since the Crimean War. And the farmer reaped the profit. Milk advanced to twelve cents a quart, the farmer following its rise more closely than his other productions, until at that price it could not be handled by the dairies. And again the Government interfered. But the result of the interference was to drive the farmers from keeping dairy herds; and now a higher price is announced for next winter's supply in order to encourage the farmer to continue his herds.

One contingency of the war painful to the farmer and working with seeming injustice was the commandeering of supplies for the Army. At first this was done with little regard to market prices, and always at a lower level than was obtained by the farmer in the open market. The ignoring of prevailing prices was stopped, but commandeering at something below market scale, even though it necessarily selects certain farms and passes others by, is an attendant of war. What sympathy might have been given by the public was killed by the orgy of profiteering that struck the farmers in the cases of potatoes and milk—although precisely the same principle is considered good business in all other branches of business.

Lament as he may, the English farmer's position has not been an unenviable one. What makes his trials more poignant to him is the inability to utilize to their fullest extent the opportunities that lie at his hand. For every idle acre now is lost money. He may not be netting the tremendous profits of the ship-owner, but neither

is he taking the risk. And he escapes both income and excess profits taxes. Indeed, he alone of the profiteers of the war is exempt from any enforced return to the country. Compared with his brothers in France he is extremely favoured. Across the channel the farmer is not exempt from military service, the work on the land being performed by women and children. The English farmer is forced to accept substitutes who do not substitute, but every bushel he produces nets him twice what it did before, and the Government has protected him against the risks of future years. No other industry has suffered so little, but no other industry was on such an unwarrantedly low level.

His new standing in England will affect more than himself. The Dominions will not profit so freely from his migration, for his opportunities will be greater and there will be mil-

lions more cultivated acres in England to justify his remaining at home. His standard of living will be raised, and his position in society will add a new dignity and self-confidence. It seems certain that the rights of landlords to idle acres will be drastically limited, and the farmer will be enabled to rise from the semi-serfdom of the renter to the independence of the owner of land on which his every effort will count to his own profit.

It can be said that the new English farmer of the future is the direct result of Mr. Asquith's procrastination in taking steps necessary to ensure reasonable production within the shores of England. Had protective measures been taken earlier the public would never have learned how dependent it was upon that which had been so long considered an unessential of English supremacy — the farmer and the farm.

Next month Mr. Amy will write about the working man and the war.

WHEN PEACE HAS COME

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

WHEN Peace has come, and I return from France,
 I know the places that I'll long to see:
 Those hunch-backed hills so full of old romance,
 Where first frail Beauty's visions dawned for me,
 And April comes, swift, dancing like a girl,
 With golden tresses flowing in the breeze,
 And where swart, autumn leaves disport and whirl,
 In maudlin dances beneath the naked trees.

And I shall see the cottage on the hill,
 With all the loveliness of summer days,
 Whose memories to me are haunted still
 By love's sweet voice, the witchery of her ways.
 And I shall climb the path and ope the gate,
 When peace has come, if peace comes not too late.

BILLY & THE BUGGY

By G. E. C. Sumner.



Of course, it's up to a fellow to treat his wife half decent," remarked the man in overalls, as he set out to monopolize the conversation. "But he needs to be careful not to overdo it and let her get full control, because if he does so she is pretty near bound to lead him into one sweet time. Up to now I have been the model husband, and the ladies round our neighbourhood have pointed me out to their husbands as being the real goods; but hereafter it's going to be the dominating brute for mine, and so I'm telling you. Listen while I tell you what the wife let me in for:

"Baby was just four weeks old and Mabel was beginning to feel pretty good and strong again when, as we were sitting together in the evening, she said:

"Of course, we will have to get one of those high English baby carriages for Billy."

"This kind of took me by surprise, as I hadn't figured on it, and I says:

"What's the matter with one of them ordinary ones that you can fold up and take on the car with you?"

"Oh, they won't do at all. I want something I can put him in and wheel him out in the garden to sleep, and if we want to go on the car you can easily carry him. Besides, Mrs. Fraser has one, and what isn't too good for her Grace isn't too good for my Billy."

"Well, that cinched it. I wasn't going to have that freckle-faced Fra-

ser put anything over me. Just because he's a clerk and doesn't have to get his hands dirty he thinks he can look down on us and I know I can buy him up any old time even if I am only a cement finisher by trade. So I says:

"All right, you're on. When ought we to get it?"

"Well, to-morrow's Saturday, and I was thinking we could go down town and get one in the afternoon."

"Well, I was going to pay something off the doctor's bill, but he will have to wait, that's all."

"Saturday afternoon, therefore, saw Mabel and me and Billy go off down town together on the street car."

"There was an old lady on the car who was awful struck with Billy and Mabel had to go and spill a whole lot of stuff to her about me not being able to stay in the house during her confinement I was that upset, and how I had walked seven miles to her Aunt Louise's, arriving there at four in the morning. And how, on her coming down in her dressing-gown, I had not been able to say a word but had burst into tears and walked home again and how her aunt had thought the worst had happened."

"I was trying to make her stop all the time, but you can't stop Mabel once she gets going. It makes me sick. I know my feelings got away from me on that occasion, but I can't see what she has to go and tell everyone about it for."

"The first store we went in there

was a buggy we both fancied, and it certainly was a beaut, but it was twenty-five dollars. So we went around two other stores and gave their stock the once-over, but they never had anything like that one we saw in the first store, and we finally decided it would be worth the price just so as we could make the Frasers green with envy and all that.

"'I cannot send it for you before Monday, madam,' says the salesman.

"'Oh,' says Mabel, 'but I must have it for to-morrow as I want to take baby into the park to listen to the band concert. We shall have to take it with us.'

"'She went off to buy a Teddy bear blanket and coverlet. In the meantime I was having a son-of-a-gun of a time holding Billy, with all these fresh salesgirls coming up and poking their fingers at him and murmuring, 'Isn't he cute?'

"'Believe me, I was mighty glad when we got outside with Billy in his new buggy. I knew my face was the colour of a tomato.

"'Suddenly an awful thought struck me with a dull thud.

"'Say,' I says, 'you can't wheel that all the way home; you ain't strong enough.

"'Well, who says I was going to, smarty? I am going home in a car with Billy.'

"'Say, for the love of Pete, you don't expect me to wheel that thron the streets by myself?' I gasped, my awful suspicions confirmed.

"'Indeed, and why not? I am going to buy a few groceries, and we can put them in the buggy, and then you can wheel it home while I go on the car. You can go by the back streets if you don't like being seen, although what you have to be ashamed of I don't know.'

"'Before I could say a word she had wheeled the buggy into a grocery store. I followed her with an awful empty sort of feeling in my stomach.

"'Say, listen, Mabel,' I began with determination——

"'I want a sack of sugar and a pound of forty cent coffee, and I will take a jar of that raspberry preserve, please,' says Mabel turning her back on me and talking to the gink behind the counter. 'And I will take them with me.'

"'But, Mabel, honest, I can't——'

"'Here, hold Billy while I put these in the buggy,' and Mabel dumped Billy into my arms, and at that moment a fat-headed old lady had to go and get herself in between me and Mabel while she gushed all over Billy.

"'Oh, what a little darling,' she says, writhing and squirming in front of me like a collie dog so as I couldn't get by. 'Is it your first, and is it a boy or a girl, and how old is it?' and about a dozen more questions all accompanied by the most awful rhapsodies.

"'I was just about to burst into speech when Mabel rushed up again.

"'Here you are,' says she. 'I've put the groceries under the blanket so they can't be seen. Give me the Baby. So long, dearie, there's my ear,' and before I could draw my breath she was out of the store and on a car. I made a rush after her, but my luck was dead out, as I collided violently with pretty near every one in the store, and when I did get out all hope was gone. As I returned to the buggy, I noticed every one grinning, and, come to think of it, I dare say I did look a bit of a fool.

"'So I seized the buggy and made for outside the store, and when I got there I saw some fellows I knew coming, so I made a bolt for round the corner. The cross street was up hill and there was a strong wind coming down it, too, so that as soon as I turned the corner my hat blew off.

"'Like a silly fathead, I let go the buggy to go and chase my lid, and the buggy coasted back across the pavement of the main street into the road.

"'Here was a chance for some grandstand play, and there was a fellow standing right on the spot all ready to pull it off.

"Dashing madly in amongst the traffic, he seized the buggy and with a hurculean effort (as they say in the dime novels) he swung it out of harm's way and brought it safely back to the pavement amidst the admiration of all.

"Say," he says to me, as I came up, having got my hat back, 'you've no business to be allowed out in charge of this baby. The poor child was nearly killed. What-d'yer-mean letting go the buggy?'

"Oh, talk sense," I says, 'whoever says there was a child in the buggy?'

"What-d'yer-mean, no child?" says he, turning back the coverlet and revealing the sack of sugar. 'Well! for the love of Mike, if he ain't taking a sack of sugar out for a airing and all fussed up in blankets and frillies. What-d'yer-know about that!'

"Everybody looked at me, and I could see the pity steal into their faces. I seized the buggy once more and made another dash up the side street.

"This time I was more successful and began to feel easier. I figured I could keep to the back streets and get home without causing any riots. I was already in a residential street when something else happened.

"There is more to pushing one of those blamed perambulators than one would ever think, as they are the most wobbly things you ever come across. It is necessary to keep your weight down on the handles and not just push them along the same as you would naturally do, because your elbows being below the level of the handles you have a tendency to push upwards, and if you meet with an obstruction over will go the whole shooting match.

"This is just what happened to me. I was going along like a house on fire when I came to an unexpected curb. Down went the front wheels and up went the back and out shot the whole contents into the road. I was just going to pick up the mess when the most blood curdling scream I ever

heard came from the verandah of the house opposite where I was and shattered my nerves into a thousand fragments.

"I looked up and saw a woman with the awfulest kind of a look on her face. She was pointing to where the sack of sugar lay covered with the blankets and the raspberry preserves leaking out from underneath.

"Look! Look! she screamed, 'You have killed the child. May heaven forgive you.'

"Before I could say a word she had fainted dead away.

"I rushed up on the verandah and started to drag her into the house when a man appeared from the back.

"What the Sam Hill s'matter?" he says, coming on the run when he sees me holding on to his wife.

"Why, the lady has fainted," I replied. 'Must have been the heat or something.'

"Holy smoke!" says he, 'bring her in here,' and we took her in the front room and laid her on the couch.

"Wait while I telephone a doctor," he cried, and dashed into the hall where the telephone was.

"But I didn't want to wait, as I didn't know what she might say when she came round. So I skipped out of the window, and gathering up all but the preserves I slid away. Maybe when they found the preserves they tumbled on to the fact that no hideous disaster had taken place; but in any case I didn't feel like stopping to explain, as I had a hunch they would be nasty about it.

"When I was safely away from them I stopped to wipe the sweat off me and to try and get my nerves back in shape to face the task still in front of me.

"As I stood there, I noticed a girl coming towards me, and I wished the old buggy was away to the deuce and gone as I made sure I looked an awful ninny standing there all in a sweat. She looked to be a corking fine girl, the way she was striding along, and she certainly had the clothes, be-

lieve me, with one of those wide-brimmed hats all on one side and a short skirt with high laced boots.

"I don't think it is fair the way women have been going around lately. They look so good you can't refuse them anything. One of them tagged me the other day, and she got everything I had in my pocket, and I would have given her my shirt too if she had wanted it.

"Anyway, I have never found looking at these swell dressers at all hard on the eyes, and this one was sure some peach.

"To my astonishment she hollered out when she came up to me: 'Why, hello, Dicky, I haven't seen you for ages. What are you doing here with that buggy, anyway?'

"It was Myra Maekenzie, who I hadn't seen since some time before I got married, when her family had moved over to a better part of the town. She was a stenographer and pulled down a big salary. She was one of those girls who are bound to get on and although we were pretty good chums at one time I knew I had not a chance there.

"However, she wasn't a bit stuck on herself, and we just stood there and both talked at once like people will who haven't seen one another for a long time.

"Presently she says, 'But you have not told me what you are doing with that buggy and the way you have that stuff piled in there.'

"So I told her the whole horrid story, and she said it was a shame and no wonder I looked all in.

"'Tell you what,' she says, 'I will walk back home with you and wheel the buggy, and then you won't have any more bother.'

"I pretty near embraced her, I was so tickled. Fancy her offering to wheel the buggy, all toggled up the way she was. Just like her, too. She always was a good sport, and good times had not spoilt her one little bit.

"She arranged the sugar once more and covered it up all nicely again, and

we set forth. Just then we came to a corner drug store and I was feeling pretty good, so I said:

"'What's the matter with going in and having some ice cream?'

"She didn't mind if she did, so we left the buggy outside and went in and sat down at one of the little round tables. I was feeling as happy as a clam with the tide coming in, when who should blow in but Mrs. Fraser, and you can bet she was all eyes, ears and spikes. However, I didn't care a darn about her, I was feeling far too good.

"We each had a sundae, and afterwards an ice cream soda, and we weren't in any hurry either.

"We had a lovely walk home, talking over old times, and it was getting quite late when we got to the house. I could see Mrs. Fraser talking to the wife in the parlour.

"I asked Myra to come in and shake hands with the wife, but she said she wouldn't, so I just pushed the buggy in the garden and walked with her as far as the street car.

"On my way back I wondered if Mrs. Fraser had spilled the beans about me and Myra in the drug store, and I was pretty near sure she had. She's a mean cat at the best of times, and what the wife sees in her I don't know.

"I made up my mind not to stand any guff from either of them, as I was mighty sore with the wife for what she had let me in for, and I had no use for Mrs. Fraser, anyway.

"I wheeled the buggy into the kitchen and then strolled into the parlour, lighting a cigarette like the soldiers in Enrope do, before they go into action.

"'Good evening, Mrs. Fraser,' I says.

"She sprang up and gave a freezing stare, and then turning to Mabel, said, 'Well, my dear, I will leave him to you,' and with that she flounced out.

"I was just in time to open the front door for her, and as she went down the steps I shouted out,

“‘Don’t forget the bottom step, Mrs. Fraser.’

“‘What’s the matter with it?’ she exclaims, pulling up short.

“‘Why, it’s the last on the way down,’ I says, as I closed the door.

“‘I then goes back in the sitting-room, and before the wife could open her mouth I let go and showed her some of the masterful side of my nature, which she didn’t suspect I had and which made her fair gasp with astonishment. I guess she expected I should slink in and look the repentant sinner.

“‘I know what’s on your mind,’ I says, ‘but let me tell you right now that if I want to buy ice cream for a lady who has helped me out of a dickens of a mess I am going to do it in spite of Mrs. Fraser or fifty like her.’

“‘You don’t consider my feelings,’ the wife managed to squeeze in, while I got a lungful of air for a fresh start.

“‘No, I don’t—not now,’ I answered, ‘after what you pulled this afternoon. You showed you considered my feelings an awful lot, didn’t you. You

knew all along we should have to wheel that contraption home and just had it framed up for me. Well, if you don’t care about upsetting me I don’t care about upsetting you.’ And before she could get in an answer, I had picked up my hat and gone out for the rest of the evening.

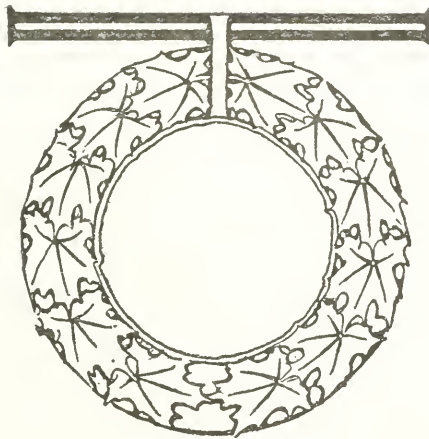
“‘I had some coffee and sinkers at a restaurant, and then went and took in a show. But I didn’t enjoy it much, as I couldn’t help worrying a bit about Mabel.

“‘When I got home, to my astonishment, she was all smiles and had got herself all fixed up extra special. And she had gone to work and made me Welsh rabbit, which is my favourite dish.

“‘You will take me and Billy out to the band concert to-morrow, won’t you, dear?’ she says, sitting herself on my lap.

“‘Sure I will,’ says I, giving her a kiss.

“‘Maybe I won’t have to pull much of that domineering brute stuff, after all.’”



A NEW NATION. —

By The Right Reverend J. E. C. Weldon, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS"

THE effect of war on the British people in general is a large theme. It touches the life of the nation on many sides, and in many forms and degrees. But there can be little doubt that it deserves and commands consideration, in view of the time which shall come after the war.

The war has produced, and is producing, a new sense of national unity. Little more than two years ago the nation was divided, if not distracted, by the rivalry of various sects, parties, interests, and ambitions. There was a bitter antagonism of politicians, both without and within Parliament. There was an aggravation of misunderstanding and ill-feeling between the rich and the poor, between the employers and the employees, between labour and capital. There was imminent danger of civil war in Ireland. But in the crucible of the war the nation has felt itself to be one again. It is ready to hear the noble warning of its own great poet:

".....We are a people yet,
Though all men else their nobler dreams
forget,
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the
Soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom
sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne"

Men have learned in the trenches

lessons which they would not, or could not, have learnt elsewhere. There, the youth of high rank and lordly wealth, with every opportunity of ease and pleasure and luxury spreading before him, has flung his life away, as though it were a common thing, for the Nation and the Empire. It has been stated that as many as a hundred heirs to titles have fallen on the battlefields of Europe and Asia. But there, too, the private soldier, who but the other day was the man in the street, with nothing, as it seemed, of light and lustre, of distinction and elevation in his story, has, although no glamour of notoriety dawned upon his vision, yet fought and suffered and died without complaint, but with a sublime and simple heroism. It is not long since I heard a well-known representative of the Labour party picture to an audience of working men the young aristocrat, "the toff," "the dude," as he called him, sauntering down Bond Street in London with his gloves, spats, and cane, as though the world were all his own, and he never needed or meant to do a stroke of work in it; the speaker called him "Algy"; and, having so described him, he drew himself up, paused for a moment, and then, in ringing tones exclaimed, "Where is Algy now?" "He is in the trenches," was the answer which he gave to his own question, and the working men burst into round

upon round of applause. It is impossible that men who have been so intimately allied in war by the solemnities of life and death should not, after the war, show one another a deeper respect and a kindlier courtesy. They will think less, far less, of social distinction; they will think more, far more, of the common heritage which they have saved, though as by fire. They will come home prepared to co-operate, with a devotion unknown before, for the safety and dignity of the State.

It is inevitable that a certain elevation, both public and private, should issue from the war. The men, who have been patriots in war, will not cease to be patriots in peace. They will be impatient of the ungenerous selfishness which has bidden them, in time of peace, to strive, and to strive only, or chiefly, for their own interests. The motto of their lives will be no more, "What can I get from the State?" but "What can I give to the State?" They will not, indeed, always remember it, or always act up to it. But it will come home to them, as a solemn thought that every great permanent benediction upon earth is unattainable by self-pleasing and self-seeking: the price of it is, and must ever be, self-sacrifice. It will be the office of the Church (and I use the word Church in its broadest sense) to guard the new spirit of self-sacrifice; to see that it does not wane and at last die in the process of the years; to see that it tends to the accomplishment of some definite and noble purpose; for as the soul of man ascends to a loftier height, like some mountain climber in Switzerland, he loses sight by slow degrees of the inequalities and imperfections of the valley which lies beneath him; and all the houses and cottages of the little village from which he set out merge into one whole. So in the Church of Christ, too, the elevation which the war brings will gradually obscure the sense of differences of worship; and Christians will draw near to the realization of their Divine

Master's prayer that "they may be one".

But it is not the position of men alone that will be affected by the war. For in it the women of England have played an able part. They have undertaken duties from which they had been exempted before, and, having undertaken them, they have performed them well. They have toiled long hours uncomplainingly upon the manufacture of munitions. They have, except where the curse of drink has claimed them for its victims, maintained their homes and their families, honestly and devotedly, in the hope of their husbands' return. They have gladly and proudly surrendered their husbands and brothers and kinsmen to service at the front; and when the news has come that those whom they loved will never return, they have braced themselves to the long and hard battle of life, with broken hearts it may be, but with wills unbroken and unbreakable. It is certain that women, by their silent and splendid service, have done far more than they could ever have done by wanton agitation to win for themselves the political franchise. But whether that franchise be, or be not, the result of the war, women will enter, with the general assent of the community, upon many new lines of occupation when the war is over, and the State, it may be hoped, will be relieved from the threatening evil of an ever-growing dissatisfied class in its midst.

The war, too, will create or accentuate, the imperial sentiment in all classes of the English people. Many thousands of citizens, who have never set foot out of England before, will have seen what the British Empire means, in such countries as Egypt and India. They, and others like them, will have fought, side by side, with the gallant soldiers of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, of South Africa, nay, of India. They will not have failed to ask themselves how the Empire, of which these are the component parts was created, and how it

can be maintained. It may be that they will not wholly apprehend the secret of Empire. But they cannot be blind to the enduring and ennobling power of those high principles upon which the Empire rests, as it has ever rested—justice, freedom, progress and the respect of the strong for the rights and privileges of the weak. If they come to feel—and who of them will not feel?—that the British Empire is the noblest and grandest secular institution upon the earth, then they may well vow that, as far as in them lies, they will aspire to live not unworthily of their imperial mission.

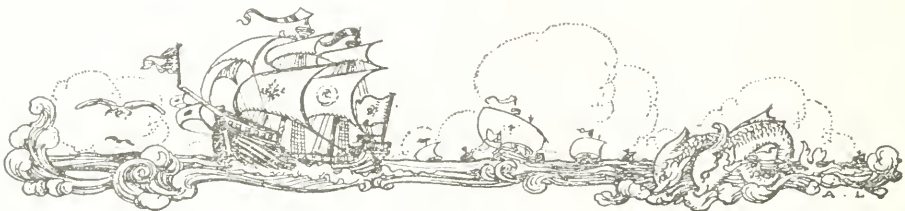
“Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain, those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep untamed
The strong heart of her sons”.

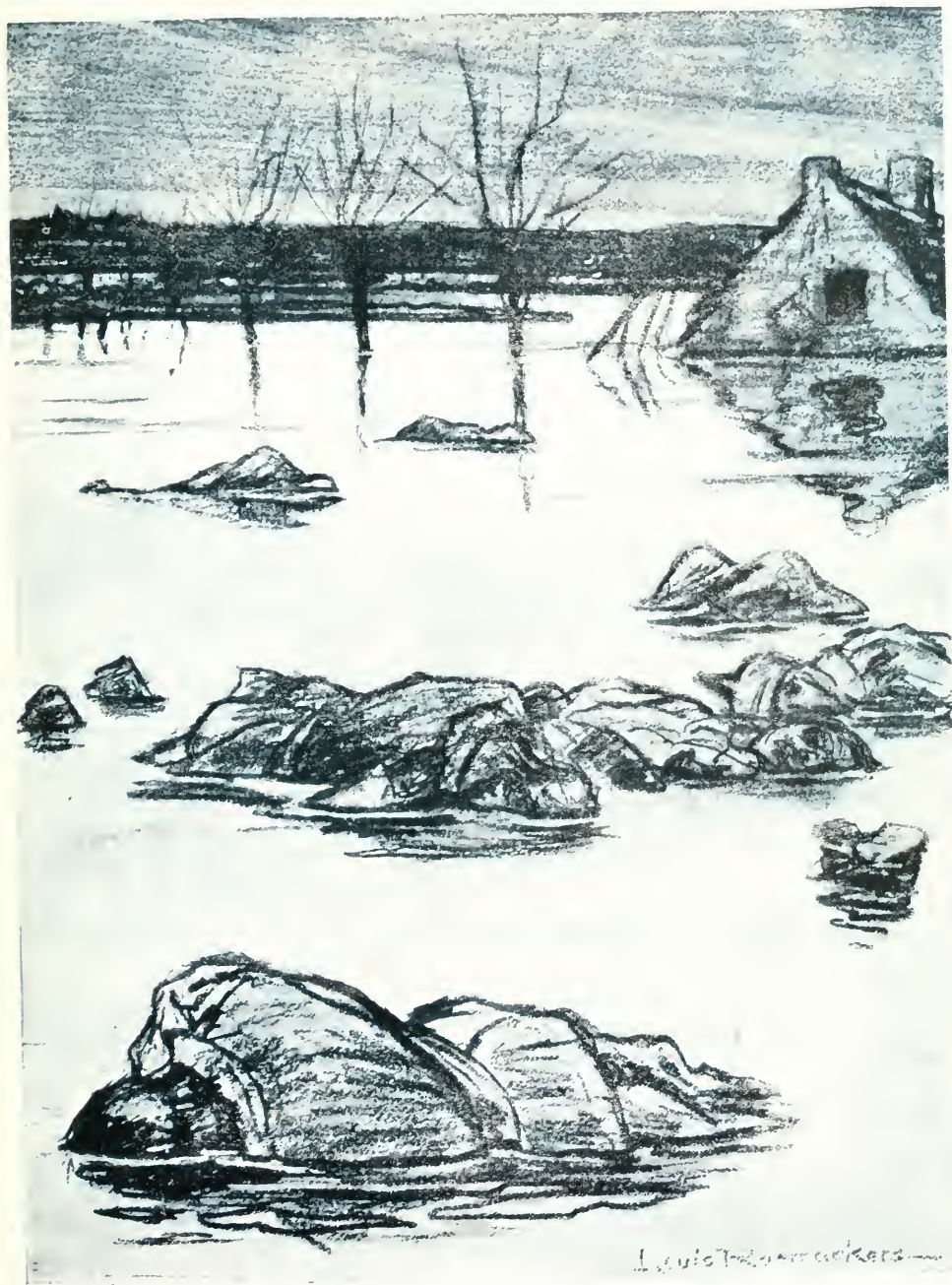
But the patriotic and imperial sentiment of English hearts will, in the future, be the very opposite of the German spirit, which, under the title of Kultur, has threatened to sweep away the pillars of civilization and Christianity. For if Germans like Treitschke and Bernhardt look upon the State, and indeed upon the German State alone, as the highest object of interest and worship, and hold that no act which is done at the bidding of the State can be an inhuman or immoral act, that is a doctrine, and events have shown it to be a doctrine, false and base. For as the family is subordinate to the State, and the city to the State, so the State fails, and must ever fail of its true worth and glory, unless it recognizes that beyond and above its own interests lies the

duty which it owes to civilization, to humanity, and to God.

The war has raised, and will raise, deep religious questionings in many hearts. In the presence of so lurid a tragedy over all the world it is difficult to apprehend that God may be all-holy and all-loving, and yet, if He gives man liberty, must let him do evil as well as good; or that the war is the outcome, not of Christian teaching, not even of perverted and distorted Christian teaching, but of such teaching as is avowedly opposed to the mind of Jesus Christ. Yet amid sorrows and sufferings man turns, as he has even turned, to the strength and solace of religion. There are sailors and soldiers who knew not God before but have found Him in the lonely, storm-tossed waters or in the blood-stained trenches. In the daily and hourly presence of death they have felt that the soul alone is all-important, and that it would not profit a man to gain the whole world and to lose his own soul. They have felt, too, that life is not everything; that it is but the vestibule of the life eternal.

The Red Cross has been the one redeeming feature of the war. It has been the promise and the token of a power which transcends the war. So, when the war is over, and the boys come home again, it may prove by the blessing of God, that the new society, which has been born amid the travail-pangs of suffering, will yet be a better, holier society, nearer to Christ and His Cross, than any which the world has even known.





From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE YSER—ON THE WAY TO CALAIS

GOING UP THE RIVER

By Fredericka Valentine



THE River is not for us alone; we didn't expect it, and we don't want it so. When we got here (and we were early) already the fishermen had arrived. Indeed, they had an aspect of having been here all the day, and the day before, and the day before that.

We have not come to fish, but if we must answer to the charge of reasoning, our motives for coming are as individual as ourselves. One purpose we have in common; we are determined to go on. One thing we know: we have not come to fish.

Yet it is a good river for fish. We know this, although we have not seen any, for otherwise why would so many people come with fishing-poles and attentively cast lines, and watch floats for hours? We understand that their patience is necessary, and we have sympathy with them. They, on the contrary, do not understand us, sitting for hours with a drawing-board and looking chiefly at trees and dry land. We shall not, you see, get any fish.

What shall we get? The birdman and the botanist seem to know what they have come for. The artist finds reasons, going along, and draws them. As to me, I have come just to see what they are doing.

There is a conspiracy of silence in behalf of the fishermen. We realize that silence is a condition of success in their chosen occupation, and we defer to it. Canoes go up the river, graceful canoes, gliding under double-bladed paddles, wielded by aristocratic young women. They also are silent. Under the influence of custom, our talk also stops.

And then, with all other sounds stilled, we hear the wild birds. The birdman, who has drawn pictures of them all and named them for books, wants me at this point to put in their names. He, he says, will tell me, and then, as nobody will be the wiser, I shall get credit for being very learned. I scorn his subterfuge. You may look up his birds in his books. As to me, I may tell you I do know a good many . . . quite enough as it is to interfere with my enjoyment. (There is a pleasure in being ignorant of something.) I see, however, I have lost grace with the bird man.

There is one thing I should like to know, though I do not dare tell him: what an achievement it would be to be able to name every one of the fragrant whiffs that the south wind blows to us! That appears to me to be a study worthy pursuit, for some are so impalpable, so fleeting, so full of challenge, that to learn them all in one short June day would vie in interest

with Sanskrit roots and other difficult amusements.

"Paths," says the young person, "are lovely things." They have an interest for her, which, on analyzing, we find is due to their symbolism. She never knows just what the end will be. In that they are like the long roads that go to the ends of the earth. But paths are shorter and more intimate; their end is usually a garden and a glass of water. Paths always go along with rivers, following every curve and bay, going up and down with the hillocks, companionable paths without which the river would seem lonely, and too much given over to—fishes.

More silent canoes go up and down on the sparkling water. A fisherman solaces his patience with a pipe. The silence continues; and we wonder why the singing birds have so much time for this amusement. I suggest to the bird man that they would spend their time to greater advantage in learning our names. I see that my well-meant suggestion has only added injury to the insult done the birdman's philosophy.

Wisely, we draw this path before we walk over it. We submit that this shows a contemplative and philosophical attitude towards paths in general and, maybe, life in particular. If we had not stopped to look at it, we should have walked over it without thinking, and so have missed the pleasure of knowing the stones and grass as we went.

If we are to be realistic—very, very truthful—we must admit that our river is an artificial river, at least to such a degree that presently we come to a tea-room, and as we, alas, are perhaps civilized and artificial, too, the tea-room increases our appreciation of the river, and we sit at our ease and look back along the river, and across at the motor road, and find all things good.

We notice that the canoeists stop for tea, too; and as we observe them more closely, we see that they cannot

go any farther, for the river above this point stops to argue with shelving ledges of rock, and to talk with rushes and the shingle. Apparently, going up the river, a canoe is not as great an advantage as it appeared at first.

This pleasant spot is like to prove our Capua, but for the bird man, who, turning artist and architect, lures us on by insisting that farther up the river is a bit like Italy. I might tell you just where it is, but that would be like naming the birds.

It is our Valley of Content. Comfortable and beautiful houses show over the high, steep sides of the ravine. The fishermen here have fisherwomen, and they talk and move about. Perhaps they do not catch as many fish as the more intent fishermen down stream, but, then, they certainly do not catch any fewer. A child's voice comes across the water, and for harmony to the human sounds, is the steady swishing of running water and the songs of the birds.

It is not all as easy as I have written it—going up the river. But why write of the difficult parts, because after a time they fade away, and we shall not remember them. Besides, if we had not come all the way, we should not have seen the nymphs of the river.

They are real, they are fantastically alive, exquisite and beautiful. They dance on the bank, they swim in the river. We think they are advancing to meet us but as we come, apparently, within their sight, they vanish. We do not know, now, whether they are beings or spirits. After a time, some of us cannot be quite sure whether we really saw them or not. I feel positively that they were real and that if we had stayed and waited patiently, we might have talked with them. And the artist thinks as I do. . . .

The bird man objects that this is not a true account of our going up the river, and that as that is what I am for, I have proved a failure. I see, he still wants me to list the birds; more especially as I promised the botanist to put in a leguminous plant he

found which isn't common. The birdman would rather have the birds in than us, I think. All of us left out, and the birds put in, and that would be for him a true account. So, the botanist about his flowers; so, the young person about the botanist. As to the artist, he would have only the pictures. No! If we could have had them, he would have only the nymphs of the

river. As to me, I hold I have written exactly of Our Going Up the River just as we went. I have put in the fishermen, the canoes, the botanist, the birdman, and even the young person.

I have not omitted the flowers, the birds, the trees, or even the fish. Above all, I have put in the nymphs. And so, is it not truer than just the birds alone? Or the fishes alone?

LAMENT

Spring, 1917

By WINIFRED COTTER

WE thought the Spring at least was ours,
And when the violets came again
Our hearts would dance and flame again,
Triumphant with the flowers.

We thought that with the lilac-spire
Some tender blade would spring anew
In dusty ways and bring anew
The old sweet lost desire.

We thought whatever winter took
With seed of April sod would wake
Our wistful youth, and God would make
Laughter in tree and brook.

But all in vain: the roses laid
This year no meaning bare to us,
Their faces once so fair to us
No sudden glory made.

For we are housed too long with grief
To virtue find in bud or leaf.
In vain the fields renew themselves,
The bending blades renew themselves—
Their gift, how slight, how brief!

COMMENTS ON CANADIAN POETRY

By Alfred Gordon

"It was contended by an Oxford professor of poetry, Mr. W. J. Courthope, that the lines of Marlowe,

'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?'

are of a different substance from the substance of prose; and it is certain that Marlowe 'could only have ventured on the sublime audacity that a face launched ships and burned towers by escaping from the limits of ordinary language, and conveying his metaphor through the harmonious and ecstatic movement of rhythm and metre.' To this it may be answered that any writer of elevated prose, Milton or Ruskin, could have said in prose precisely what Marlowe said in verse, and could have made fine prose of it: the imagination, the idea, a kind of form, would have been there; only one thing would have been lacking, the very finest kind of form, the form of verse. It would have been poetical substance, not poetry; the rhythm transforms it into poetry, and nothing but the rhythm," . . . "In its origin, prose is in no sense an art, and it never has and never will become an art, strictly speaking, as verse is, or painting, or music. . . ."

—Arthur Symonds, "The Romantic Movement in English Literature."

"Poetry is first of all an art and in art there must be a complete marriage or interpenetration of substance and form. The writer like Walt Whitman who seems to contain so much material for poetry is not less disqualified from the name of poet than a writer like Pope who has the most exquisite control over an unpoetical kind of form, which exactly fits an unpoetical kind of substance."

—Arthur Symonds, "Studies in Prose and Verse."

"Many readers of Mr. Davies's poem must have said, rightly, but, critically speaking, with imperfect accuracy, 'Now that expresses what I have always felt.' They should have said, 'That enables me to feel what I always could have felt.' For they have never truly felt it." . . . "Recognizing (1) that a work of art has a political, comparable to its moral, influence, (2) that it always embodies knowledge, (3) that it is nothing if it does not wake in us the achievement of the beautiful, we wish to deny none of these facts, but to prevent any one of them being taken over as the foundation of a criterion of art. We wish to set over them a criterion of art that shall include them all. Above technique, above opinion, above information, we set life, of the special kind that is here described, whose conscious vitality is to unconscious vitality what living is to existence."—Arthur Ransome, "Portraits and Speculations."

"Ecstasy . . . substitute, if you like, rapture, beauty, adoration, wonder, awe, mystery, sense of the unknown, desire for the unknown. All and each will convey what I mean; for some particular case one term may be more appropriate than another, but in every case there will be that withdrawal from the common life and the common consciousness which justifies my choice of the word 'ecstasy' as the best symbol of my meaning. I claim, then, that here we have the touchstone which will infallibly separate the higher from the lower in literature, which will range the innumerable multitude of books in two great divisions, which can be applied with equal justice to a Greek drama, an eighteenth-century novelist, and a modern poet, to an epic in twelve books, and to a lyric in twelve lines."—Arthur Machen, "Hieroglyphics."



FIRST let me comment on the title of this Essay.* Inevitable though it may be for an anthology, "Canadian Poetry" suggests to me what Dr. Logan has aptly styled "the vaudeville school" and Robert Service. "Poetry in Canada" suggests poetry, and Bliss Carman and Miss Pickthall. The thing itself must come before its qualification. If there is an Oxford Book of English Verse, we must blame it on the Tower of Babel. The greatest poems in it have nothing to do with England. The Americans tried to produce an "American" literature, and have, as a result, at least as regards poetry, produced hardly even a literature. *Speaking, as they did, the English language*, they carried the Declaration of Independence too far, and they forgot that though genius is a root out of a dry ground, and though poetry is in essence an eternal thing, it is also a living thing with a family tree. I don't say they did this consciously, but owing to political irritation their sense of nationality was exaggerated, and unconsciously they looked at a mine of tradition from the outside instead of working it from within.

As I read review after review of Canadian work, emphasizing the "national" note instead of attempting to rate the performance by some critical standard or other, I feel that we stand in similar peril through a too liberal interpretation of the principle of Canadian Autonomy.

Having this in mind, I have, in contrast, placed at the head of this article three quotations. These I wish the reader to regard as in place of an introductory essay, and as roughly defining the grounds of the following appreciations. It will be noticed that they are all from living critics, and this is because, while for the most part they take the classic position of Lessing, Coleridge, and Hazlitt, they

touch more pertinently on two burning questions of the present day, the position, in poetry, of form and morality.

I shall run very briefly over the earlier poets, more expressing likes and dislikes than attempting real criticism. Charles Mair has been called the father of Canadian poetry, and probably deserves that title more than anyone else, but his work, while it will always have great historical interest, does not appeal as strongly to the readers of our generation as it did to those of thirty years ago. "Tecumseh" seems to me lacking in the inevitability and atmosphere of first-class tragedy, though the language is often rich and dignified.

Isabella Valancy Crawford has a very pretty fancy, but I don't think the fancy often becomes imagination. The well-known lyric, "Oh, Love builds on the azure sea," and the lesser known one, "O light canoe, where dost thou glide," are exceptions. These are sheer delights. Burns and Heine never did better.

Archibald Lampman seems to me very overrated. In the great mass of his work I find hardly any of that *tang*, that zest, which is the hall-mark of lyric work. Never is there a line, more accurately a *climax*, like

"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

or

"The world should listen then, as I am listening now."

or

"Fled is that music, do I sleep or wake?"

It is true that there is a residuum which would probably stand the severest criticism, and that he would profit if someone were to publish a selection of his work; but this residuum is lost in a mass of purely descriptive and didactic verse, finely wrought, but not poetry. I shall have a word or so more to say of him later.

George Frederick Cameron has a

* Suggested by J. W. Garvin's anthology, "Canadian Poets"

fine sonnet, "Wisdom," but for the most part the substance of his work is prose, and Lampman's selection shows the prosaic tendencies of both poets.

Wilfrid Campbell's "The Mother" is very fine.

Duncan Campbell Scott's, "Night Burial in the Forest," too, is very fine. However did he write "The Beggar and the Angel"? But it is not fair to dismiss him so briefly. He has great variety and interest in his metres, only I fear too often that they are more ingenious than the outcome of emotional necessity.

I must deal very gingerly with living, established poets! Here is Frederick George Scott, devout and conventional. Once or twice he throws off the traces. "Samson," except that the metre seems a little tuny for such a theme, strikes fire; and "The Burden of Time" is august in language and has a memorable last stanza.

S. Frances Harrison's use of the villanelle is quite remarkable. Forms such as this and the triolet are naturally an occasion of cleverness rather than of poetry, yet Mrs. Harrison has done in several of these (even if the refrains do not vary in their shades of meaning quite as the form demands) what Robert Bridges did once in his "When First We Met".

Charles G. D. Roberts I regard more as a highly accomplished craftsman than a poet born to the purple.

My meed of unstinted praise, as regards the poets who have made their names, goes to Bliss Carman. Why is he not more appreciated? Is it because he is essentially pagan, that he has no sense of the great misgiving; that he has beauty, but no balm; that he has no evangel of conquest or deliverance, but only a choric song? What a delight is "Make me over, Mother April." How much finer is his "Overlord" than the many well-intentioned, indeed well-wrought, but didactic and essentially prosaic (I mean in substance) verses that have met me in this survey! Here the thought is never naked. It is veiled, as a poet's

thought most often is, in images; or through the beauty of form he gives the words a meaning *more than their face value*.

W. H. Drummond is, of course, a master in his genre, and things like "Little Lae Grenier" show him a poet as well.

Turning to the newer or lesser known writers, I first come across Miss Wetherald's "Mother and Child":

I saw a mother holding
Her play-worn baby son,
Her pliant arms enfolding
The drooping little one.

Her lips were made of sweetness,
And sweet the eyes above;
With infantile completeness
He yielded to her love.

And I who saw the heaving
Of breast to dimpling cheek,
Have felt, within, the weaving
Of thoughts I cannot speak;

Have felt myself the nestling
All strengthless, love-enisled;
Have felt myself the mother
Abroad above her child.

This meets almost all the criteria. But why, oh why, "drooping" and "infantile"? "Drooping" strikes a maudlin note, and "infantile" is so associated with phrases such as "infantile" or "puerile" folly, or with "medicine," that it is impossible in distinctive language. But for these two words the poem has the same simple but essential qualities as "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways," though not having the same magic. I admit it might take two days to find the right words (I've tried and found myself picking on "nestling," already used) but it would be worth it.

"The Wind of Death" has just the same flaws:

"The wind of death that silently
Enshroudeeth friend and enemy."

and

"How faintly in the wind of death,
That bloweth lightly as a breath."

Why not, "enshronds both friend and enemy," and "that blows as lightly as

a breath"? In the first case it is much stronger, and in both cases, particularly the first, we get rid of a jarring internal rhyme.

Miss Huestis, Mrs. Mackay and Miss Merrill are three accomplished craftswomen who all seem to have been won by a sweet name from verse to poetry. It is not easy to choose between "Aldaran," "Out of Babylon" and "In Arcadie," respectively. I think "Aldaran" the finest, but it is too long to quote, and I choose "In Arcadie" perhaps just because it is not so flawless.

The sea is green, the sea is gray,
The tide winds blow, and shallows chime;
Where earth is rife with bloom of May;
The throstle sings of lovers' time,
Of violet stars in lovers' clime.
Love fares to-day by land and sea,
On the horizon's utmost hill
The mystic blue-flower beckons still
Beneath the stars of Arcadie.

Love fares to-day, and deftly builds
To melodies of wind and leaves;
Castles in Spain yet brightly gilds,
And song of star and woodbird weaves,
And flowers, and pearl and purple eves.
With roofs of ever-changing skies
And fretted walls with time begun,
Its portals open to the sun,
On dream-held hills a castle lies.

No proud armorial bearings now,
But God's white seal on every leaf;
No sapphire gleaming on my brow,
Deep in my heart a dear belief;
No gray unrest, no pain, no grief.
By day a forest green and fair.
Where veeries sing in secret bowers
And lindens blow and little flowers,
And bluebirds cleave the shining air.

By night a quiet wayside grove
Where Aldebaran lights the gloom,
And silent breezes idly rove
Above a shadow-painted room
Built of many a bough and bloom—
A wafted air of myrrh and musk,
The music of slow falling streams,
A whitethroat singing in its dreams,
And thou beside me in the dusk.

The second stanza is not clear, and the third not too clear. Where are the subjects, verbs, and objects of lines three, four and five of the second? "There are no proud," and "No proud . . . but God's" . . . "No sap-

phire . . . but deep." These elipses just spoil the third. The last twelve lines are lovely—and the last line is what lifts it from verse, very good verse, to poetry.

The genius of Miss Blackburn, and Mrs. Livesay, is very different. The formative influences discernible here are distinctly modern. Miss Blackburn in particular is in revolt against established forms. Here is "The Cypress Tree":

Out of the clod of earth
That holds me to this melancholy place,
As ancient servitors
Held flambeaux for their lords
In draughty corridors,
I leap into the sky.

I am a torch with an inherent blaze,
No winter bears me or my verdure down;
The whirling snow and ice
Fall on me to their peril, not to mine:
The swift and sudden wind
Deflects but cannot quench
My everlasting fire,
My fire that mounts out of the cerecloth of
the dead
And draws its essence from mortality,
Transmuting dissolution and despair
Into aspiring form—
A shape that is a symbol—
A pose prophetic!
I am the Cypress-Tree men plant on graves,
And on their graves—I flame!

This is exceptionally well done, but it is not so *free* as it looks. The first section has rhymes, "servitors," "corridors," "I," "sky." The second is blank verse. In "The Chant of the Woman" we get lines as fine as these:

I, too, am projected of Poets, offspring of
the Singers:
I have lain in the womb of the World and
incarnate its wonder—
I have played with the Child of the ages and
captured its glee—
I have been kissed with the kisses of
Kings—
Great Lovers have whispered their lore for
my learning.

and as hobbling as these:

"Then and now and always, wide away and
the length of a span.
I gather that I must gather, by impulse,
election:
In me only is attraction,

It alone could attract me,
So am I myself, and no other,
Myself—a mystery! a mouthpiece!"

Surely we can escape "established"
forms, *without becoming formless?*

With Katherine Hale we return to traditional form. Here, in "Gray Knitting", "In the Trenches", and "I used to Wear a Gown of Green", there is genuine feeling, simply expressed — nothing positively breathless, true; but sincere and fresh. In "The Answer," however, she escapes the limits which seem to beset her sex.

Unaltered aisles that wait and wait forever,
O woods that gleam and stir in liquid gold,

*What of your little lover who departed
Before the year grew old?*

The leaves are very perfect in the forest,
This is the perfect hour of summer's wane,
And but last year we watched the blue
October
Between the parted boughs, as now, Lorane.

We asked of Life the old, eternal questions;
We asked of God: "Art Thou not here;
and why?
Why never come with heralds of the morn-
ing
Across this blaze of sky?

"Why build Thyself these great and perfect
places;
Why build and never come to walk there-
in?"

And only rippling sunshine was the answer,
Or little pattering footsteps of the rain.

But still we sought Him, in the blue-white
winter,
Or in the rosy spring or shadowy fall;
And faithful winds went forth with us to
meet him,
And all the Heaven was one vibrating call.

We sought Him, and our own love seemed
the answer;
We called Him, and the forest smiled us
back.

Then we forgot and only looked for laughter
Along the wild-wood track.

Yet sometimes, when the moon sang down
her cadence

Through all the forest roof so old and
high,

We trembled from the sense of all we knew
not—

The awful incompleteness of the sky.

And all the years we two went forth to-
gether

We never heard that third step on the sod.
I was alone—alone before I felt it,
And turned, and looked on God.

And God said: "I am loneliness and sor-
row,

And I am questioning hope, and I am
strife;

I am the joy that surges through my forest,
And I am death in life.

"I am the singing bird, the leaf, the
shadow,

I am the circle of the endless earth;

Out of the infinite of all creation

I am the silence where the soul finds
birth."

And so, unaltered aisles that wait forever
And woods that gleam and stir in liquid
gold,

*You have made answer for the little lover
Who passed ere you grew old.*

The only flaw is that "Lorane." It is, I take it, the name of the little lover. Now, if the title were "The Answer—To Lorane" one would read straight through without feeling, "Hullo! our poet hard up for a rhyme"? It is, however, a lovely poem. The first two lines are miracles of music. "The awful incompleteness of the sky" is one of those rare lines compact of absolute imagination, not a mere "purple patch," and with all the beauty and the imagination in detail, the total effect is never lost sight of. There is nothing to add. Nothing could be taken away.

I can only notice Mrs. Osborne's "The Song of Isra'el" in which she wins from a rather affected melancholy to a diviner sorrow, and quote (because it is shorter) Miss Holland's "Cradle Song" before I close my notice of the women poets with Miss Pickthall.

CRADLE SONG

Little brown feet, that have grown so weary
Plodding on through the heat of day,
Mother will hold you, mother will fold you
Safe to her breast; little feet, rest;
Now is the time to cease from play.

Little brown hands, that through day's long
hours

Never rested, be still at last;
Mother will rest you; come, then, and nest
you
Here by her side, nestle and hide;
Creep to her heart and hold it fast.

Little brown head, on my shoulder lying,
Night is falling and day is dead;
Mother will sing you songs that shall bring
you
Childhood's soft sleep, quiet and deep;
Sweet be your dreams, O dear brown
head!

Miss Pickthall has not only written lovely poems, but, like Bliss Carman, she is a poet. There was an important review of her work, written some time ago, in *a* Canadian magazine, which I have ever since wanted to have a fling at. It took her to task for writing on Eastern themes with a Western mind ("O Silver Rose") and imitating the home-sick Celt ("Wanderlied")—insincerity, ending grudgingly, "When all is done, there is much notable poetry here". I flatter myself I could prove far more conclusively (*most* of the guesses at "formative influences" were wrong) that Miss Pickthall is, like nearly all genuine poets, very "clever," very "literary". I should just quote "The House's Setting," and "On Amaryllis—A Tortoise"; both absolutely dependent on their Old-English spelling for their effect. The greatest poets are not free from literary influences. In fact they show them as a rule more markedly than lesser ones for the simple reason that poetry is their passion, and it is impossible for them not to show in their earlier work the results of their reading, in separate strains which later become blended in their own personality.

If it is ever my fortune to review Miss Pickthall's work *in extenso*, I shall *first* say that "The Drift of Pinions" has, out of forty-three poems, twenty-one unsurpassed by any other lyric work in the language. These reveal a passion for all shy, tender and wistful things which is unique not only in its flawless expression, both as regards music and imagery, but also in itself. *Afterwards* I may say that

she is a little literary, and her range is a little limited. Her second volume, "The Lamp of Poor Souls," only adds one or two poems to the twenty-one.

E. W. Thomson is hardly unknown. The "Many-mansioned House" was distinctive and well-noticed. But for one person that knows anything of his work a thousand will know Service's. "Thunderchild's Lament" and "The Mandan Priest" are strong, clear, pseudo-lyric, strictly narrative, verse. Their setting is Canadian. They are tense and dramatic throughout and have a sense of climax wholly admirable, and yet they fail of popular appreciation. Why? No doubt they would gain greater favour if they were written in anapaestic metre, or if their sentiment were allowed to become sentimentality. As it is they are too severe, both in thought and form, to win the man in the street. I was not sure at first whether these poems were not as poignant as Miss Pickthall's "A Mother in Egypt". The subjects are related, though the wide difference in treatment makes it seem almost impossible. One could hardly find a more striking demonstration that, after all, only lyric poetry is absolute poetry.

The selections do not give Albert D. Watson justice. They show all his faults, those which usually beset the poet who has not fused his "criticism of life" with his "art-form". The philosophy of a poet should bear the same relation to his work as the roots of a tree to the tree itself. Albert D. Watson has not turned his abstractions into concretions. His selections are didactic and abound with stock-phrases. A better service would have been rendered him by giving Part I. of "Love and the Universe" entire. In this he is more *carried away* by his philosophy. In poetry, philosophy must take wings.

Now Alan Sullivan, too, has solid stuff, a unifying principle behind his work: but one *feels* it rather than *sees* it. His "Came Those Who Saw and Loved Her" challenges Swinburne's

"The Garden of Proserpine". In this it is rather unfortunate. Where the form is *everything* it must not be imitated, but Sullivan's poem has a spiritual loveliness Swinburne never knew.

Robert Norwood is perhaps being more looked to than any other Canadian in the present revival. I cannot agree with the praise of his sonnets. I feel that far too often they are merely "flowery" in their language, that their rhymes are forced, and their rhythms shattered by abrupt pauses, awkward elisions and inversions. His dramatic gift is far more praiseworthy, as Mr. Garvin himself notes. "Dives in Torment" shows him halfway to finding himself. I will show what I mean:

"Out to the desert which brims like a bowl,
Brimms like a bowl of Falernian wine."

Now it seems to me that it was only his love of opulent words, of the words for themselves, that led to that "Falernian wine". I can't imagine a desert brimming with anything but sand. In "The Witch of Endor" he arrives, but even here pruning is necessary. Loruhamah is made to say to Doeg, "Defile me not with touch of you, you toad," and one is tempted to reply, "Oh, you kid!" This drama has been ranked with Stephen Phillips's work. It is no compliment. Stephen Phillips is far more rhetorician than poet. It is possible, as Yeats and Synge have shown, to pack every line with poetry and yet be as direct and straightforward as in prose. The close of Act II. shows a great gift.

Last I come to Theodore Goodrich Roberts. Four of the five poems selected are quite enough to prove the presence of a poet. There is that gnomic form, that infallible instinct for the right word in the right place, which is born only of the intense vision which will not be balked by the exigencies of rhyme, that *atmosphere* which makes one exclaim on reading, even at random, "Ah, here's the real thing!" "The Lost Shipmate" has

ended one of my dreams—to do in verse what Conrad did in prose, in "Youth":

Somewhere he failed me, somewhere he slipped away—
Youth, in his ignorant faith and his bright array.
The tides go out; the tides come flooding in;
Still the old years die and the new begin;
But youth?—
Somewhere we lost each other, last year or yesterday.

Somewhere he failed me. Down at the harbour-side
I waited for him a-little, where the anchored argosies ride.
I thought he came—the steady "trade" blew free—
I thought he came—'twas but the shadow of me?
And Youth?—
Somewhere he turned and left me, about the turn of the tide.

Perhaps I shall find him. It may be he waits for me,
Sipping those wines we knew, beside some tropic sea;
The tides still serve, and I am out and away
To search the spicy harbours of yesterday
For Youth,
Where the lamps of the town are yellow
beyond the lamps on the quay.

Somewhere he failed me, somewhere he slipped away—
Youth, in his ignorant heart and his bright array.
Was it in Bados? God, I would pay to know!
Was it on Spanish Hill, where the roses blow?
Ah, Youth!
Shall I hear your laughter to-morrow, in painted Olivio?

Somewhere I failed him. Somewhere I let him depart—
Youth, who would only sleep for the morn's fresh start.
The tides slipped out, the tides washed out and in,
And Youth and I rejoiced in their wastrel din.
Ah, Youth!
Shall I find you south of the Gulf?—or are you dead in my heart?

In general conclusion, I feel that the present revival of poetry affords more promise than the movement of the eighties. With the exception of Isabella Valancy Crawford, I feel that the earlier poets wrote as if they had

models in front of them. Their smooth, even descriptions of nature, are scholarly and classic in repose. Their subjects are seen from the outside. They never identify themselves with nature. Archibald Lampman's "Among the Millet" (the *one* poem) is one of his few genuine lyrics. All the rest are attempts on the part of poetry to usurp the function of painting. His sonnets are no more sonnets than Wordsworth's "Duddon Sonnets".

In the present revival the poets are expressing themselves. They are not looking *at* things, they are possessed *by* things. At the same time comparing Miss Wetherald's "Mother and Child" with the first of Miss Pickthall's "Three Island Songs," one can see the immense importance of the literary touch. The former is really greater poetry, it has the greater half; but the latter affords greater satisfaction, because Miss Pickthall has refined, but *not* to a vanishing point, her own original gift by floating in and absorbing a great tradition. And that brings me back to where I started.

One word more, and that is as to criticism in Canada. This is in a bad state. On the one hand we have ignorant praise of everything Canadian. On the other we have the snobbishness of the little critic who feels bound to criticize. The true province of criticism is to explain and interpret, to be sweetly reasonable. I shall not hesitate to speak of a personal matter in this respect. One of the only two slightly unfavourable reviews I had was from such a critic, and I think he should be made an example of. This is the review (from the *Montreal Star*):

"Most of the poems in this book are of the patriotic order and but few of these are of the highest merit. It is when we turn to his sonnets, some inspired by the war, that we find Mr. Gordon at his best. Number six of the 'Sic Itur ad Astra' series is well worth serious consideration, as are several others. On the other hand, there are one or two poems, notably 'Delilah,' the excision of which would have materially enhanced the writer's standing.

"One has every hope for Mr. Gordon's

future in the world of verse. He has the poet's strong reaction to emotion; what he lacks so far is a technique in which to express himself adequately. That will come with time and much hard work. In the meantime, that section of the reading public which does not despair of the future of the art of poetry in Canada will welcome his verse as it appears."

Notice how he faces both ways in case I should "arrive," just like Miss Pickthall's critic.

Now it is a mathematical fact that only one quarter (to a line!) of my poetry has to do with the war. Further, of that quarter, only a fraction is of the patriotic order. If my "Easter Ode" has anything to do with patriotism, may I *never write another poem!* I tell him in my preface *why* I print "Delilah". I write 'Dedication' to show that the book is *in itself* a criticism. It is lost on him. Technique is only a matter of hard work, but how I paraphrased Clutton-Brock's "France" without a perfect technique I don't know. Oh, yes! I'll brag about it! If he had said what my *other* critic said, "His powers of expression are still somewhat in advance of his vigour and originality of thought," I should preserve a fitting silence. But this "critic" shows that he does not even know the meaning of technique; and where ignorance and conceit are so demonstrable, the fact that I am the victim shall not prevent me from treating him as I should like to have treated Miss Pickthall's very superior critic. The final condescension, with its lofty pity for Canadian poetry, is the last straw.

And here is the sort of appreciation one does not appreciate (the italics are mine) from "Pendennis," precious column, *Daily Mail*, Montreal.

"The name of the *patriotic bard* is Alfred Gordon and *he lives and breathes among us*; he is a Montrealer, and if I am any judge of poetry no fellow-citizen need *blush* because of his verse. His Pegasus *hits the ground once in a while* and needs the spur to elevate it *oftenwhiles*, but it is a dignified steed, and *usually* its flight is serene, and unflinching as it wings its way through the amber atmosphere of high sentiment and all-enfolding truth."

It is of vital importance that more of our newspapers should recognise literature by paying critics of the calibre employed on some of the great London papers.

I trust those who have followed me will feel this: That I have not cared about my "critical reputation" (I haven't one anyway; and in the nar-

rower sense I don't want one, though I hope to be associated more and more with Canadian letters); that I have only tried to speak the truth as it seemed to me; to take the best and be as generous as I could without praising idly; and that, as a result, Canadian poetry does not suffer in the least, but on the contrary.

THE HEIR OF THE AGES

By C. W. LANE

FOR me the empires waxed and waned,
 And Homer sang of ancient wars;
 For me Columbus sought the West,
 And Galileo read the stars.

For me the heroes fought and fell;
 'T was for my sake that Shakespeare wrote:
 And they that broke the pride of Spain,
 For me unknowingly they smote.

For glory not, and not for fame
 Did Cromwell strike at tyranny;;
 King Charles was shortened by a head
 For my sake, and 't was, too, for me

That Revolution's torch was lit
 And kings and nobles knew the knife—
 When France was to a shambles turned,
 I was the object of their strife.

And when this storm of war is stilled,
 And men the victor fain would see,
 'T is I alone shall be proclaimed—
 Yea, I alone! I—Liberty!

THE SIGN-STONE at the Y

By Rae Lunn.



ACK DULUTH came to Chickakoo Pass about the same time I did, and before a year had passed over his handsome head he was the possessor of the finest cabin in the place, as well as Mary Blackwater, according to the law of the north, and a bouncing boy—the image of his dead grandfather, Dashing Brook.

Mary's eyes were like over-ripe blackberries, lips as tempting as a dish of fresh strawberries, a skin as milky-white as her doll-even teeth, thus giving her a striking cast with her heavy, shiny, black hair. Her expression was that of a Madonna until she knit her Irish eyebrows.

Boots, as they nick-named the youngster, was at the pull-up-to-a-chair stage when Jack made his stake. He was as successful a prospector as he had been a lover.

One night a couple of weeks later Jack happened in at my dug-out. After smoking in silence for some time, he blurted forth:

"Mac, I'm about to pull out. I've had my fill of the wilds."

I wasn't surprised at Jack's words, for no fellow of his prospects or previous life could become attached to the northern wilds during the first couple of years.

"You're lucky," I growled, wondering when *my* turn would come. "Taking Ma—your family of course?"

We smoked in silence for a few moments.

"No," Jack rapped. "How can you expect me to be received into *my* family with a si—with a woman like Mary, and—and—. Well, you know the brat is a dead give-away. Besides, Mary wouldn't hear of being parted from the little devil."

I did some tall thinking, but kept silent.

Jack coughed: "I'm leaving Mary and the kid well provided for—enough to keep her the rest of her life and to give the youngster an education, should he want it".

"How about the next?"

Jack flinched slightly. "That's neither here nor there. Besides, Mary's got enough for three."

"It's your funeral, Jack," I said, and shoved him my tobacco can. He filled his pipe, struck a match, letting it drop as it burned his fingers, and slowly struck another.

"I suppose you think I'm a brute, Mac, but I've thought this all over pretty well. Besides, you know the kind of girl like Mary will soon forget and will be going on the same with some other fellow before the end of another year. She knew that there wasn't any marriage ceremony when she coupled up with me, though that old priest tried like thunder to haul me into one."

Jack was Mary's "first and only," and I knew a little of girls like her.

"But Mac," Jack broke the silence,

"there's nothing else to be done. You can't expect me to bury myself up here with enough gold to keep Wall Street going for a week, could you? Besides, I know that with twenty bucks dropping into her lap every month—Puh-hh-h! What will Mary ever think or care whether I'm here or in Egypt?"

"Perhaps you're right," I yawned, not wishing to be drawn into an argument. "Does she know about your going?"

Jack shook his head. "You're the only one."

"A secret then?"

Jack nodded.

"Say, Mac," Jack hesitated after another silence, "you don't mind helping me—doing me a favour? You're going to Skagway for a load of supplies the day after to-morrow, aren't you? Well, I got wind of it and told Mary that I'd take my car and go along with you for company. See?"

"She never tumbled an inch and wants to go with me by the 'Y' trail, as she has some people at the Skagway Reservation that she wants to visit."

"The 'Y' trail?" I frowned.

"Yes," Jack apologized. "I know it's a little rough, but—er—you don't mind, do you? It's shorter than the regular trail." (Jack had a way of smoothing out difficult points.) "I just don't like going alone, somehow, and since Mary's so anxious to go, I thought it was a good way to—You won't mind so much, will you, Mac?"

"No," I jerked out, though I hated being shook to pieces over a road like a nutmeg grater when there was a good one with only a few miles difference in distance.

This trail divided at the "Y," one branch going to Skagway, the other to Juneau. The Juneau branch crossed the Cree, a creek-like river, as dangerous as death, whose bridge had been swept out five years before during the "big freshet" and hadn't been replaced. Thus a large part of the

trail's traffic was lost, getting it into punk condition, and, of course, out of use for Juneau as well.

"All roads lead to Rome, anyway," I passed it off.

"Lead to Rome! God, Mac, I feel as though I could yell my head off. I'm so damn glad to get out of this graveyard silence. Lordy! Yiyiyiyiyiyiyi—whooff-whooff-f!" and Jack caught me by the shoulders and did a mad-cap waltz around my ten by twelve dug-out.

"Mac, I often thought I was devilishly happy—cussedly so, but I never knew what it was to be *real* happy. Happy? Why, man, I'm drunk with it!" and he gave me a whack between my shoulders that about took my breath away.

On the morning of our departure when I stopped at Jack's cabin, Mary hailed me with as much enthusiastic delight as Jack was restraining.

"Mary, any one would think you were going to I-don't-know-where, seventh heaven or some such place," Jack laughed as Mary hopped around him like a little wren, helping him with his collar and tie, brushing his suit, blacking his shoes and a dozen-and-one different loving touches to the packing of his grip.

I felt like throttling Jack when I pictured the heart-break I knew would come when he failed to return.

"See?" Mary gurgled and she lifted a corner of the napkin that covered a basket from which mouth-watering odours issued. "Glad you came, friend Mac?" and she perched her small head on one side and eyed first Jack, then Boots and lastly me.

"You bet," I heartily agreed. "It's me for where the yum-yum cooks go."

It was past high noon before we came within sight of the "Y".

"Here's where we stop, so the boss says," Jack chuckled, with a smack of his lips, "and for one I'm not sorry."

"More truth than fiction to that," I rejoined as I took Boots and followed Mary into the woods, where she spread her feast by some spruces.

I had never dreamed that a girl of Mary's breeding could be so entertaining. She told stories, sang and played on her harp until she nearly drove me mad with longing for one like her. Jack, however, took Mary's accomplishments as a matter-of-fact occurrence.

Suddenly Jack paused in his pipe dreaming, yanked out his watch and cried: "Heavens, Mac! Don you realize that it's nearly five?"

"Now that you've told me I do," I replied, glancing at the sun already setting.

"Where's Mary?"

"She went off about five minutes ago with Boots," and I waved toward the road. "Let's gather up the dishes and by that time she'll likely be ready to start."

Jack glanced at the granite ware dishes. "The dishes," he sneered. "Yes, Mary'll want them, I suppose. Golly, Mac, when I see and eat again off dishes that are dishes—Lordy!" and he gave a luxurious stretch.

"They'll never hold grub that tastes as good as this, though," I threw back as I tucked the breast of a grouse into my mouth and washed it down with some of Mary's whossum wine.

When we reached Jack's car, Mary was sitting on its step, her head leaning against the body of the car and her breath coming in short pants.

"Siek?" Jack asked.

"I fell—stumbled—Boots overbalanced me," Mary explained between pants and she staggered to her feet and began to pull the car curtains from beneath the car seat.

"We don't need those, Mary," Jack scoffed. "Why, it's as warm as June."

"For you—yes. But, what about Boots?" Mary flashed, and she continued her work, giving Jack a look that silenced him.

Jack whispered to me: "Something's wrong," and he shot me a suspicious glance.

"I'm on the square. As I told you

this wasn't my funeral," I flung back. "But I can see that a cog's loose somewhere. She may have hurt herself when she fell."

"Maybe," Jack shrugged as he pursed his lips and rolled a cigarette.

"You hold Boots, Jack, and I'll drive," Mary ordered curtly. "He hurts my leg where—"

"I thought something was wrong. I'm sorry," Jack murmured with a caress as he dropped a kiss on Mary's cheek.

"We start first, Mac," Mary called, with a flash of her old gaiety, and she set the car in motion.

"Wait!" I yelled. "That's not the Skagway trail, that's the Juneau trail. You—"

"No, Mac. This is the Skagway trail. Look," and she pointed to the giant sign-stone, which comprised a splinter of granite with "To Skagway" carved on one side of it and "To Juneau" on the other.

I got out of my car, struck a match and looked.

"Yes, you're right," I replied. "It's marked Skagway alright, but I always thought this was the Juneau trail," and I glanced at the fast-darkening sky to verify my bearings. I grabbed hold of the sign-stone and it protested as much as the sign on it that I was wrong.

"Slightly twisted as to directions, I guess," Jack said. "Yes, Mary's right."

By the time I had climbed into my car Jack was disappearing over the brow of a hill.

"She'll reach the Reservation mighty quick from the clip she's taking," I mused. "Worried most likely about Boots," and I followed at a more leisurely rate.

Suddenly I brought my ear to a stop. Terrified cries from Jack and a heinous yell from Mary re-echoed on the silence, and all was still.

Like a flash Mary's bubbling spirit, her sudden disappearance, change of manner toward Jack, the putting up of the curtains and her taking the

wheel herself all dawned upon me.

In the morning neither Jack's car
nor its occupants were to be seen. As
I went up to the "Y" I paused at the
sign-stone and at its base I saw where

it had been moved. "*Turned it
around!* How did she?" I pondered,
aghast at the seeming improbableness
of the feat when it refused to yield to
my main strength.

THE LOST PATH

By CLAYTON DUFF

THE path was worn by faithful feet
On summer days gone by,
Going and coming, morn and eve,
Beneath the summer sky.

It left the lawn where apple boughs
Cast wide their welcome shade,
And through the sunny grasses tall
Its deep-worn canyon made.

Then from the level homeland height
It plunged in swift descent
To where the croon of falling streams
With sterner notes was blent.

Where all day long the river sang
In dreams of sweet repose,
While on its banks from shaft and wheel
The pulse of toil uprose.

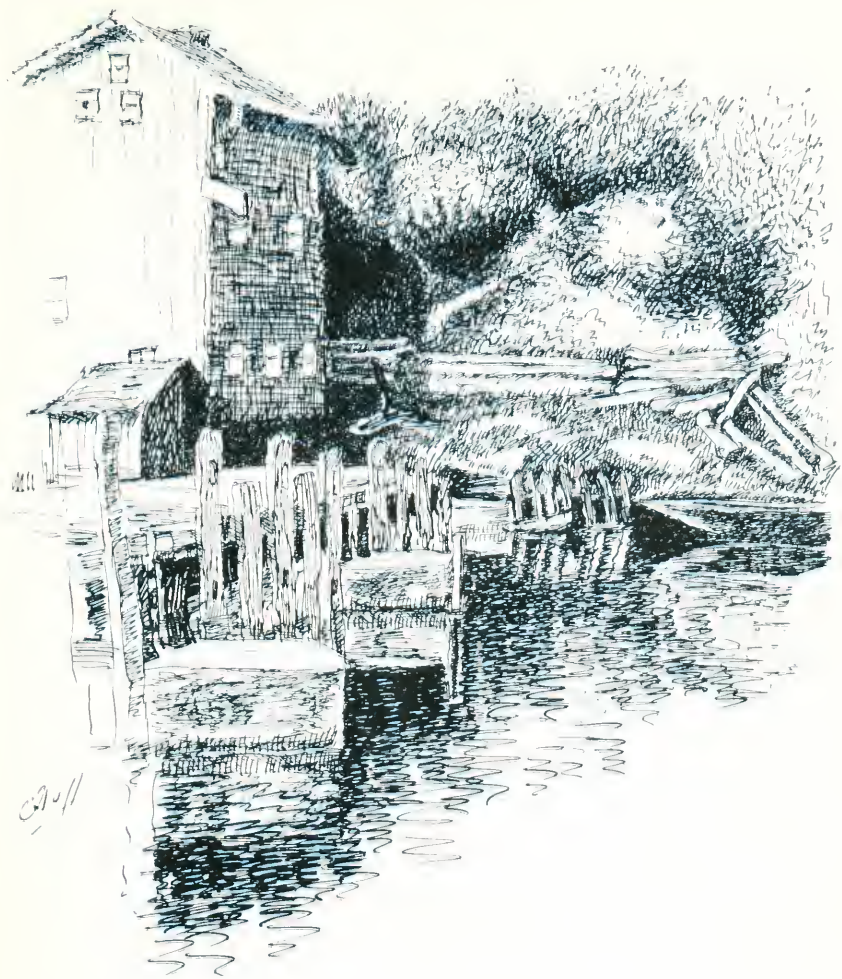
Until at eve the weary feet
Came home their fragrant way,
By lilac spires and apple bloom
Or scent of new-mown hay.

So many summers to and fro
The path those feet had led,
One could not think it should so soon
Forget its master's tread.

Then came a day when morning's call
That true heart heard no more;
Came one sad spring the swift step sped
No longer from the door.

And now already through the grass
That path is scarce discerned.
Nature with cold oblivion
Its record mute has spurned.

The grasses crowd along the trail
To blot it from the view,
Above its hidden course the flowers
Their heartless pomps renew.



Drawing by Clayton Duff

But though to earthly pilgrimage
Those faithful feet are still,
I think I see them climbing yet
On some Elysian hill,

Where with celestial strength renewed
To nobler tasks they fare,
And pathways worn by duty's tread
Immortal impress bear.

CANADA'S YEARLY PRODUCTION

By William Lewis Edmonds.

Farm products (field crops, live stock, dairy, dairy, fruits, etc.)	\$1,313,000,000
Manufactured goods	1,500,000,000
Minerals	177,357,454
Forest products	172,880,000
Fisheries	35,860,708
Furs and skins	2,000,000

Grand total \$3,201,098,162



RODUCTION is at all times an important national matter. It is a particularly important matter to Canada at present. Population, just and efficient government, and congenial climatic conditions are all essential factors in nation-building. But no country can achieve national greatness unless it is able to produce from its natural resources a large store of material wealth.

It is possible for a nation, like an individual, to live for a time on borrowed capital. But it can be only for a time. To make steady and permanent progress there must be co-ordination of production.

A nation in the making is necessarily a borrower of money. There could not be adequate development of its natural resources if it were not. That is sound business practice for a nation

as well as for an individual manufacturer. Production would otherwise be seriously retarded.

In the final analysis, however, that which determines a nation's greatness is the measure of its ability to turn into wealth its latent natural resources. If that which it produces is adequate to meet its obligations and create a surplus besides, it is on the high road to prosperity. If not, its condition is parlous.

That Canada possesses the potentialities of national greatness there can now be not the slightest doubt. Even that part of the Dominion lying west of the Great Lakes, which half a century ago people of short vision and dull imagination thought to be little better than a wilderness, is now recognized by all as one of our greatest potential sources of wealth.

We may not be able to calculate to a nicety the actual potential value of

our resources and the limit of their productiveness. A manufacturer may be able, by the aid of experts, to closely estimate the productive possibilities of his factory and the capacity of his market. But it is beyond the ken of man to do that with the natural resources of a country like Canada. Their vastness and variety is too great.

There are certain natural resources whose extent and possible productive value can be approximately estimated. There are others in regard to which even an approximate estimate cannot be made. We know with some degree of certainty the extent of the country's land area capable of cultivation, the percentage that is under cultivation, and the annual value of its products. We also have some conception of the vastness of the forest resources of the Dominion and the value of their products year by year. But who can even approximately estimate the potential value of either the mineral or the fishery resources of Canada! Man certainly cannot. We know from experience that their value is very great and approximately the annual value of that which they produce. But there our knowledge practically ceases.

Once every ten years the Census Bureau tells us the extent and variety of our manufacturing industries and the annual aggregate value of the output of their finished products. But it makes no attempt, simply because it cannot, to arrive at the ultimate potential productive power of the factories of the Dominion.

But although the future is as a closed book, as far as it reveals to us the ultimate productive possibilities of Canada, yet, judging from that which has already been accomplished, we are quite persuaded that before many years have elapsed the fields, the forests, the factories, the mines, and the fisheries will be producing wealth which in extent will far transcend that of to-day.

According to history it is just three hundred years since the first white man set himself to the task of tilling

the soil of Canada for a living. Five years ago, when the last census was taken, there were 715,000 farms in Canada, embracing about 110,000,000 acres, while the aggregate value of land, buildings, live stock and implements was close to \$4,250,000,000. And yet substantial and all as these figures are, they are relatively small when compared with the agricultural potentialities of the country.

Even in what we consider the fairly well settled Province of Ontario, only about one-fourth to one-third of the available arable land is under cultivation, while in the Dominion as a whole the percentage is only about ten to twelve. According to Government statisticians there are about 441,000,000 acres of possible farm lands awaiting cultivation. And this does not take into account the areas included in the Northwest Territories which are outside the boundaries of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Although the lands included within the farm holdings are relatively but a small fraction of the total available for agricultural purposes, from this small proportion there was produced last year grain, live stock, roots, fruits and vegetables, wool and other commodities possessing in the aggregate a value of approximately one billion three hundred and thirteen million dollars.

From the 35,192,450 acres devoted wholly to the cultivation of field crops there were produced commodities having an aggregate value of \$808,000,000. Wheat alone, with a yield of 220,367,000 bushels, contributed \$289,374,000 to this sum.

When, sixty-seven years ago, Upper Canada, then the only important wheat-growing part of the country, produced 13.33 bushels per capita of population, it was thought to be of sufficient importance to receive special treatment in certain English magazines. But last year the production per capita for the Dominion as a whole was 30.60 bushels, or 17.27 bushels per capita of population greater than in

Upper Canada in 1850. And that notwithstanding the fact that the yield to the acre in 1916 was much below the average of previous years, being but 17 bushels, compared with 29.08 in 1915 and an average of 18.42 for the 1010-14 period. In the United States, however, the yield to the acre was but 12.1 bushels, and the average for the 1910-14 period, 14.9.

When the census of 1910 was taken it was estimated that the live stock on the farms of Canada possessed an aggregate value of \$631,103,420, and that the value of that sold or slaughtered was \$177,635,587. No official figures are available as to the revenue obtained by the farmers from the live stock sold last year. That, in view of the high prices ruling, it was much larger than it was in 1910 there can be no doubt. Allowing for an increase of 10 per cent., we have a total of about \$200,000,000. That, with the \$808,000,000 obtained for the field crops, brings the productive value of the farms of Canada from these two sources to more than a billion dollars.

But the productive value of the farms of Canada is by no means confined to the field crops and the live stock sold. There are the dairy products, for example, to be taken into account. They are a very important source of revenue to many farmers in the Dominion. And they are becoming increasingly important. Four years ago the aggregate value of these products was represented by the respectable sum of \$123,000,000. To-day, however, in view of the extraordinary high prices obtaining, and to the greater attention being given to the development of the industry, the annual value of the output is estimated to have reached the sum of \$200,000,000.

Six years ago, when the last census was taken, the farmers of Canada obtained a revenue of \$31,587,000 from the fruits and vegetables produced. Eggs yielded \$23,270,000; wool, \$1,600,000; maple syrup, \$2,587,000; honey, \$713,250. Then there is the

lumber cut from the farms of Canada to be added. That, according to the last census, was \$35,000,000. No later estimate, as far as we are aware, has been made regarding the value of the fruits and vegetables, maple products or honey produced. But the eggs produced in 1915 are valued at \$30,000,000, and the wool clip of 1916 at \$2,000,000. That both of these commodities, in view of the higher prices obtaining, have a still greater value there can be no doubt.

Taking all sources of revenue into consideration, we shall not be far astray in computing the total value of the farms of Canada for 1916 at about \$3,313,000,000.

There is a familiar Chinese saying to the effect that while agriculture is the root of prosperity, industry and commerce are the branches and leaves. With this Oriental proverb we of the Caucasian race are quite willing to agree. Agriculture is undoubtedly the root of Canadian prosperity. But it is equally certain that without a healthy manufacturing industry the productive value of the Dominion would be very much curtailed.

When the census of 1910 was taken the annual aggregate productive value of the 19,218 manufacturing establishments in the Dominion was \$1,167,975,639. This represented an increase of 142.38 per cent. in ten years and of over 600 per cent. in thirty years.

That the productive value of the factories of Canada is now greater than it was seven years ago there can be no doubt. The years 1911, 1912 and 1913 were periods of extraordinary activity and development in the manufacturing industries of the country, and while 1914 was an off year, 1915 witnessed a revival in trade generally and influx of enormous war orders. During 1916 there was a further and still more marked development in both general trade and war orders. The output of munitions alone is now estimated to be on the basis of about half a billion dollars' worth a

year, while the total value of all factory products now, at a moderate estimate, must be at the rate of one-and-a-half billion dollars annually. This would allow for an increase of 30 per cent. over the output of seven years ago. When we take into consideration the fact that the increase during the decennial period ending 1910 was 142 per cent., an estimated gain of 30 per cent. for the subsequent seven-year period may well be accounted a moderate one. The postal census, taken early last year, notwithstanding the incompleteness of the figures, estimates the value of the output of the Canadian factories in 1915 at \$1,392,516,953. As the factories of the country were not nearly as fully employed during 1915 as they were in 1916, it follows that the estimate of \$1,500,000,000 for the latter year must be well within the mark.

Since the outbreak of the war, impelled in part by necessity and in part by the spirit of enterprise, there has been a marked increase in the variety as well as in the extent of the products manufactured in Canada, many articles and commodities now being turned out by our factories that formerly were imported exclusively. This is particularly marked in steel and steel products; metal products, such as copper and zinc; textiles and their products; industrial chemicals; medicinal preparations, and wood products.

With the great strides that are being made in nearly all parts of Canada in the development of hydro-electric energy, it is quite probable that the productivity of the manufacturing industries of the country will increase at a greater ratio in the future than in the past.

Water-power is cheap power, and that is a desideratum Canada much needs, contributing as it does to the reduction in the cost of production.

Canada, in her potential water-powers, as in her potential agricultural possibilities, has been richly endowed by nature. It is doubtful whether

any country has been more richly endowed. Her position is certainly more favourable in this respect than the United States. The fact that Canada has an estimated water area of 127,755 square miles, compared with 52,630 square miles possessed by the United States, may be taken as substantial evidence of this. One authority estimates the available water-power of the Dominion at 17,000,000 horse-power. While other authorities are inclined to consider this as much in the nature of a guess, there can be no doubt that Canada possesses water powers of enormous extent and of great potential value.

If there is any one of Canada's natural resources in which there has been the maximum of waste it is in her forest resources. Year after year millions of dollars have been lost through forest fires and wasteful lumbering operations. Authorities estimate that we have destroyed by fire practically as much as we have cut for commercial purposes. Our losses through this cause in 1915 were placed at \$10,000,000.

According to Government figures, the total area covered by timber in Canada is over half a billion acres, of which about one-half possesses timber of commercial size. When we consider that the land under timber is much more extensive than it is thought possible for the area under agricultural cultivation ever to be, we begin to get some conception of the potential value of our forest resources.

The latest year for which we have official estimates regarding the value of the output of forest products in Canada is 1915. In that year the value was \$172,880,000, which, owing to the demoralized state of trade in 1914, was the lowest for some years. The Canadian Forestry Association, in a statement published last year, estimates that the forest products of the Dominion put into the pockets of the people of this country something like \$200,000,000 annually.

The production of minerals in Can-

ada for the calendar year 1916 is officially valued at \$177,357,454, by many millions the largest on record, and \$40,248,283 in excess of 1915 and \$79,286,697 in excess of 1906. The principal increases over 1915 were: Copper, 87.13 per cent.; nickel, 41.69 per cent.; lead, 36.52 per cent.; silver, 27.41 per cent.; asbestos, 44.35 per cent.; coal, 21.01 per cent.; gold, 0.97 per cent.

In view of the fact that the refining of copper is now being done in Canada we may safely anticipate a still greater development in the annual productive value of this metal. Important results are also anticipated from the refining of zinc, especially in view of the backing which the industry has from the Federal Government. Two plants are thus far employed, one being in British Columbia, and the other in Quebec. Hitherto all the zinc ore produced in Canada has been exported to the United States and there refined.

But the most important development of all, as far as the mining industry is concerned, will take place when the large nickel plant now being erected at Port Colborne, Ont., begins operations toward the close of the present year; it will have a productive capacity of 15,000,000 pounds a year. Another refining plant is to be established in the Sudbury district. The inauguration of this industry means much for the industrial welfare of the Dominion in general as well as for nickel mining in particular.

There are not wanting signs that the mineral industry of the Dominion is on the eve of a development which will result in a marked increase in its productive value.

In her fisheries Canada's position is unique. No other country has resources approaching her in this respect. With 7,200 miles of coast line on the Pacific, 5,000 on the Atlantic, and an area of 36,500 square miles within its boundary line on the Great Lakes, the Dominion possesses fishing

grounds of practically unlimited extent.

During the fiscal year 1916 the value of the product obtained from these fisheries was \$35,860,708. This was the largest on record, and \$4,596,000 in excess of 1915. At the time of Confederation the annual yield of the fisheries was less by one-half of what it is to-day. And with the more general use of motor-driven boats employed in the industry, there now being 11,097 compared with 4,588 five years ago, we may naturally anticipate further increases in the productive value of our fisheries, even although we have been drawing supplies from them for three centuries.

The only Canadian industry which once ranked high in importance, but now contributes comparatively little to the productive value of the country, is that appertaining to the fur trade. Being the first of our most important industries, it, in the early pioneer days of the country, undoubtedly contributed much to the upbuilding of Canada. But to-day, comparatively speaking, it is a small factor indeed, the furs and skins of wild animals obtained in the country now only possessing an annual value of approximately \$2,000,000. This does not include the fox skins produced on the farms which have come into existence in the Maritime Provinces during the last few years, where many million dollars have been invested in the industry. Up to four years ago the amount so invested was \$15,000,000.

Canada's annual productive value, based on the results of last year, in all branches of industry, is now well past the three-billion-dollar mark. There can be no question on this point. This, divided among the five million people of the productive age of fifteen years and over, which there were in Canada when the last census was taken, would give each the sum of six hundred dollars. Divided among the 1,517,742 families which were at that time in the Dominion, there would be nearly two thousand dollars for each.

But there is still a further interesting feature in connection with the total annual productive value of the Dominion which is worthy of note, and that is its approximation in amount to the aggregate public and private debt of the country.

Up to the outbreak of the war this debt was about three billions of dollars, and represented the borrowings of the Federal and Provincial Governments, the municipalities, the railways, and the various industrial corporations. To-day our aggregate debt is a great deal larger than even that enormous sum, while the annual interest charges, formerly about \$140,000,000, are now estimated to be between \$175,000,000 and \$180,000,000. This is a rather heavy burden to carry. But as long as we are producing in a single year from the various industrial enterprises of the country that which in value approximates closely to the sum total of our indebtedness, the burden can scarcely be said to be one we are unable to bear.

Although the aggregate value of that which the Dominion now produces has well turned the three-billion-dollar mark, yet everyone who has given any thought to the subject must realize that it is still far short of the country's potential power in this respect.

At no time in the history of the Dominion was the necessity of increasing production so great as it is to-day. The strain upon our financial resources, owing to the war, is enormous. But there are not the present necessities alone to be considered. There are those of the future to be considered as well.

In the past when we wanted new capital for the purpose of developing our industrial enterprises or the necessities of our Federal or Provincial Governments or of our municipal corporations, we readily obtained it in London. For the time being that market is closed to us. After the war

it will doubtless be opened to us again. But to the extent it formerly was is decidedly doubtful, for the war is to-day destroying British capital at a much faster rate than it is being created.

The extent to which the war is affecting our relations with the London money market may be gathered from the fact that whereas in 1914 no less than 68 per cent. of our total loans were floated there, last year only 1.55 per cent. came from that source. True, we have obtained financial assistance in New York to an extent hitherto not experienced, that market having last year taken nearly sixty-five per cent. of the securities floated, compared with a little under twenty per cent. in 1914. But we cannot depend upon the New York market to the extent we formerly did the London market for the supplying of our financial necessities.

It is evident therefore that we must rely more and more on our own resources if an adequate supply of capital is to be obtained for the development of our industrial resources and for the necessities of our government and municipal institutions. And this is a desideratum which can only be secured by increasing production, for that is the only substantial basis upon which Canada or any other country can advance. Capital cannot be created by any system of legerdemain. Production is the only source of its supply.

The fact that the Minister of Finance has since September, 1915, been able to successfully float in the home market three loans for the aggregate sum of three hundred million dollars, and that, in addition, we have been able to establish a line of credit for two hundred and fifty millions in behalf of the Imperial Government, enables us to undertake with courage any tasks that may be imposed upon us as a Dominion and to resolutely face the difficulties that may beset us.

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

CHAPTER XIII.



WE must pass over all the incidents of the motor trip that the colonel, Reggy, and I took to the hospital at the pretty town of Cassel, near which the Canadian boys were soon to be quartered, and also the tension with which we received the news that the whole Canadian division was already at the Front. For we had come to that tragic evening of April 22nd, 1915. The Turcos and Canadians, peering over their parapets, were astonished to see a heavy yellowish mist rolling slowly and ominously from the German trenches. In the light breeze of sundown it floated lazily toward them, clinging close to the earth. Although the Turcos thought it a peculiar fog, they did not realize its true significance until it rolled into their trenches and enveloped them in its blinding fumes, stinging their eyes, choking their lungs and making them deathly ill. They could neither see nor breathe, and those who could not get away fell in heaps where they were, gasping for air, blue in the face, dying in the most frightful agony.

Germany, discarding the last tattered remnant of her mantle of honour, had plunged brazenly into a hide-

ous crime—poison-gas had been used for the first time in the history of war!

Coughing, sneezing, vomiting; with every breath cutting like a knife, crying tears of blood, the unfortunate Turcos, who had not already fallen, fled from the accursed spot. The horses, too, choking and startled, whinneying with fear, stampeded with their wagons or gun limbers in a mad endeavour to escape the horror of the poisoned air. A storm of shrapnel, high explosives and machine-gun bullets followed the flying masses and tore them to pieces as they ran.

For four miles the Allied trenches were left unprotected, and a quarter million Germans, who had been awaiting this opportune moment, started to pour through the broad gap on their drive for Calais.

* * *

A brigade of Canadian artillery in Poperinghe received a hurried message that evening to move forward, take up a position on the road near Ypres and wait for further orders. They had but a faint notion of the great trial through which they were to pass.

When they arrived at the point des-

ignated it was almost dark and the noise of the German bombardment was terrific. Presently along the road from Ypres came crowds of fleeing civilians. Feeble old men tottering along, tearful women carrying their babes or dragging other little ones by the hand, invalids in broken down wagons or wheel-barrows, wounded civilians hastily bandaged and supported by their despairing friends hurried by in ever-increasing numbers. Some had little bundles under their arms, some had packs upon their backs—bedding, household goods or clothes, hastily snatched from their shattered homes. With white, terror-stricken faces, wringing their hands, moaning or crying, they ran or staggered by in thousands. Their homes destroyed, their friends scattered or killed, with death behind and starvation before, they ran, and the greedy shells, as if incensed at being robbed of their prey, came screaming after them.

To add to the confusion and horror of the evening, the Turks, wild-eyed and capless, having thrown away their guns and all encumbrances, came running in stark terror across the fields shouting that the Germans had broken through and would be upon them at any moment. They cried to the artillery to escape while they yet had a chance—that all was lost!

It required more heroism to stand before that onrush of terrorized humanity than to face death a dozen times over. To the Canadian artillery these were the most tragic and trying hours of their lives, but with stolid and grim determination they stood through it, waiting impatiently for the order to move forward.

All through the night the homeless, despairful creatures from St. Julien, Vlamertinge, Ypres and the villages round about streamed by in a heart-rending, bemoaning multitude. Sometimes in agonized fear they broke through the ranks of the soldiers, stumbling onward toward Poperinghe.

The shriek of shells and the thunder of the guns continued hour after hour, while on high the vivid glare of bursting shrapnel cast a weird unearthly glow over the land. Between the blasts of artillery, from time to time on the wings of the wind a sound like the groans of the dying blending in a gruesome murmur added to the horror of the night.

Through it all these men of iron stood by their guns waiting for the word of command. At three a.m. it came. A murmur of thankfulness that at last they were to do something went up, and in a twinkling they were galloping eagerly forward toward their objective.

They chose the most advanced position in the line of guns, close to the Yser, and soon were in their places ready for the fight. Shells fell about them in thousands, but the men happy to be in the thick of the battle turned to their guns with a will and worked like mad.

The dawn broke, but there was no cessation of the fight. The guns became red hot, and screeched complainingly as each shell tore through the swollen muzzle, but still there was no reprieve or rest, and all day long they belched forth smoke and death over the Yser's banks.

* * *

When the Germans commenced to pour through the gap which their treacherous gas had made, they overlooked one important obstacle. On their left were the men who had lived through four months of misery in the rain and mud of Salisbury Plains, each day laying up a bigger score against the Germans for settlement.

With this unhappy memory, it was not likely that the First Canadians were to be ousted from their trenches or killed by gas alone without a struggle for revenge. For some reason only their left wing had received an extreme dose of the gas. Many fell and died, but those who remained stuffed handkerchiefs into their

mouths, covered their noses and held on like grim death for the great attack they knew was coming. They had not long to wait. Most of them had never seen the enemy before, and the sight of thousands of Germans marching forward in dense masses was to Tommy a distinct and unlooked for pleasure. But on they came in a multitude so great that it looked as if no guns on earth could mow them down.

In spite of the sight of these great numbers, it was with the utmost difficulty that the officers could restrain their men from rushing out at the enemy with the bayonet. Tommy argued: "Between Salisbury Plains and *Wipers* we've been stuck in the mud for six months, never so much as seeing the nose of a German, and now here they come, just asking to be killed and you won't let us get out at them!" The mere fact of being outnumbered twenty times over didn't seem sufficient excuse to disappointed Tommy for remaining under cover.

Myriads of self-satisfied Germans came marching past, as though the world were theirs. They were due for a rude awakening. They had not progressed far when the extreme violence of the Canadian counter attack caused them to pause in irresolute wonder. Who were these bold, desperate men who dared remain in the trenches when half an army had passed? No army in its senses would remain with unprotected flank. There must be tremendous reinforcements at their back—so reasoned the Germans—To stay with one wing "in the air" seemed too much madness even for the "untrained" Canadians.

But one thing was clear to the Teuton mind; whoever they were, they were a decided menace to their advance and must be annihilated or forced back at all costs before the German army could progress. But what a lot of annihilating they seemed to take!

General Turner's brigade had swung across the enemy's flank and poured such a withering fire into the

Germans that they were sore pressed, with all their horde, to hold their own. Men and guns were fighting back to back, grimly, determinedly, unflinchingly and with invincible valour.

The enemy artillery now had command of the main road to Ypres, and of many of the lesser roads, and were keeping up a hellish fire on all to prevent reinforcements or supplies from reaching the Canadians.

All that night our plucky men fought them off, driving them back through the woods and retaking four captured guns. All the next day, thousands without food or water, fought side by side with unconquerable spirit. In impossible positions, raked by enemy shell fire, without chance to eat or sleep, they held on and tore at the Germans like angry wolves, fighting with such unheard-of ferocity that their opponents were absolutely staggered.

If a seemingly hopeless message came from Headquarters to a battalion, "Can you hold on a few hours longer?" back would come the answer piping hot, "We can!"

Again and again the doubting question came to the trenches, "Can you still hold on?" And again and again returned the same enheartening reply, "We can and *will* hold on!"

Then an unheard-of thing occurred—a breach of discipline by a Commanding Officer. The message from Headquarters, couched in generous words, read: "You have done all that human power can do. Your position is untenable. You must retreat!"

A flush of disdainful anger swept over the officer's face as he read this message, and he replied in three words: "Retreat be damned!"

The Canadians had not learned the meaning of the word "retreat". It had been left out of their martial vocabulary—someone was responsible for this omission. The Germans tried to teach them its meaning with gas, with bayonet and with shell; but thick-headed Tommy and his officers

always misunderstood it for "hold" or "advance". It took four days of starvation and four sleepless, awful nights to make the most intelligent amongst them understand the word, and even then it was a scant concession to the Germans.

Little bands of men, the remnants of dauntless battalions, holding isolated, advanced posts, were commanded to fall back in order to straighten out the line. But the brave fellows who had so gallantly defended their posts, were loathe to give them up. Unnerved, weak and exhausted, they still wanted to remain, and when their officers insisted on their leaving, some actually sat down in the trenches and wept bitter tears of humiliation and chagrin.

During these four fateful days British and French reinforcements had been rushed up to fill the gap, and further German progress was impossible. Harassed from the flank, beaten back from the front, decimated and discouraged, the Germans had suffered a disastrous and momentous defeat—for to them Calais, their greatest hope, was irretrievably lost.

* * *

In the seventeen consecutive days and nights of the artillery battle there was never a full minute's break in the bombardment from either side.

On the fourth day, during the lull in the infantry fighting, the door of the field ambulance was suddenly darkened by the figure of a man. He staggered in. His eyes were blood-shot. His clothes were torn and covered with mud, his chin had not been shaved for days and his appearance betokened utter weariness and exhaustion.

Jack Wellcombe met him at the door and, in spite of his unkempt and wild appearance, recognized him at once as the commanding officer of a Canadian battalion.

"Good morning, sir," he said in his usual cheery manner.

The colonel looked toward him with

glazed, unseeing eyes and without a sign of recognition.

"I want four coffins," he muttered, ignoring Jack's greeting.

"You want what, sir?" Jack exclaimed, with a puzzled look.

"Four coffins," he repeated with mechanical firmness and in a tone of command, "and I want them at once!"

"Come in, sir, and sit down," Jack urged. "You're unnerved from this wild fight and lack of sleep. You need a rest—not a coffin."

"I know what I want," he repeated with calm insistence, "and it's four coffins—to bury four of my officers."

Jack thought his reason had gone as a result of the terrific strain, but decided to humour him.

"Come over to my billet with me and get a shave, a wash and a good glass of grog, and then when you're feeling better we'll go out together and get what you want, and I'll go back to the lines with you."

The colonel passed his hand across his forehead as though he were trying without success to recollect something, and then without a word suffered Jack to take his arm and lead him away. When they arrived at the billet Jack gave him a stiff glass of brandy and asked him to lie down while the water was being heated for his bath. Before it was ready he had fallen sound asleep and Jack did not disturb him for a couple of hours, when he was aroused with difficulty. He seemed depressed and talked little; he was like a man walking in his sleep and still in the throes of a gruesome nightmare.

As they started off up the street of the village Jack remarked: "You don't really want those coffins for which you asked me this morning, do you?"

The colonel looked uncomprehendingly at him, as if he had been suddenly roused from a deep sleep. He did not answer the question, but asked in return:

"Is there a florist's near here?"

"Well, not exactly a 'florist's'," Jack replied, "but there is a place at the far end of the street where we might get some flowers."

"Let us go there!"

He spoke no further word until they arrived at the little house which Jack pointed out as a likely place. They entered the room and after some slight delay madame produced a vase filled with deep red roses. The colonel selected four of the largest, paid the woman and without a word walked out with the roses in his hand.

"Get me a motor car," he said to Jack, "we have several miles to go."

The mechanical transport supplied them with a small car and they started on their strange mission. They pulled up a few miles back of the firing line and tramped silently across the fields, the colonel still clutching the roses, until they came to a spot where a number of Tommies were standing by four open graves which they had just dug. Beside the graves rested four shapeless bundles covered with blankets.

"Do you know the burial service?" the colonel asked Jack suddenly.

"I'm afraid I don't remember it well enough to repeat it."

"It doesn't matter much," he went on, "I can say it myself."

The men got ready with their ropes to lower the packages, one by one, into their respective resting-places. It was all that was left of four gallant officers of a gallant battalion. The colonel repeated the service from memory.

But before the earth closed over them he stood at the foot of each grave, silent as the grave itself, and dropping a rose tenderly upon each stood at attention, his right hand at the "salute". As the earth fell dully upon the blankets he turned away with tears in his eyes and said simply:

"Poor brave chaps! I loved them all. God keep them. They did their duty!"

* * *

It was ten o'clock at night as Reggy

and I, crossing the tracks at the *Gare Maritime* in Boulogne, saw a battalion which had just disembarked from the cross-channel boat drawn up on the quay, ready to entrain for the front.

We walked toward them in a spirit of idle curiosity—for the sight was one to which we were well accustomed—when, under the dim light of a partly shaded street lamp, we noticed that they were from home. We approached a little group of officers who were chatting animatedly together, and among them found several whom we knew.

"What's the truth about this big show the Canadians are in at the front?" one cried. There are all sorts of rumours in England. Some say eight hundred casualties; some say eight thousand."

"I'm afraid eight thousand is nearer the mark," I replied hesitatingly, fearing to discourage them.

"Eight thousand!" he echoed; and then an eager cry went up from the little group:

"By Jove! Hope they'll hurry us on to the front!"

And I was afraid of discouraging them! How little I understood my own countrymen.

"All aboard!" came the cry a moment later, and the enthusiastic Tommies joyfully clambered into the waiting coaches. As the train clank-clanked along the street and left us standing alone there in the darkness, back to our ears came the familiar but ribald strain of

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here!"

No matter in what strange words it may find vent, the care-free spirit of song is the spirit of the British army.

"You can't discourage men like that," said Reggy with a smile half amusement and half unconscious pride.

And each occupied with his own thoughts, we turned and walked silently down the quay.

Parthou's Jolly

BY MAX PEMBERTON



BILLY TUPPER took to flying as a duck to water. He was at the game shortly after the Wrights astonished the world at Pau and when he fell into the Channel and did not win the big newspaper prize, he was quite sure about his destiny.

Now he is a great personage who flies the new planes from the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain—and all the flappers gaze on him with tender awe. He is the hero of a hundred conquests, and of one adventure which might very well have cost him his liberty. So let us now talk about famous men.

It was just about a month ago, Billy was out for a long flight upon a machine I must not name; and in the course of that flight he found himself over an island which is also part of England, and incidentally above a famous convict prison, where the prisoners are supposed to be so exclusive in their tastes that nobody under the rank of Viscount has any chance of popularity among them. Billy knew nothing of this, for he was a thousand feet up in the air, and the unhappy convicts below were but so many flies upon a great green carpet. Moreover, his petrol pipe was troublesome, he was really beginning to wonder whether he would take lunch in this world or the next.

They are amazing creatures, these aviators, and the rest of us must continue to regard them with an admira-

tion we cannot express in words. Some of us are frightened out of our wits if we are asked to stand upon a ladder fifty feet high, and look down upon the giddy throng below. Your flyer, on the other hand, clings to a flimsy kite at an altitude of five thousand feet and never turns a hair when the old girl begins to wobble. Prodigious, as the great Dominie used to say.

Billy Tupper was one of these. He used very bad language upon occasions, but he never stopped to think what would happen to him if the "old girl" gave it up, and he went hurtling like a stone to the ground some thousands of feet below. Upon this particular day he had a scare beyond ordinary, for it really did seem as though the engine had had enough of it, and convinced that he really might lunch in Paradise, he made a mighty quick descent, and landed, as he put it, absolutely on the clock.

Now the scene of this descent was a wide field upon the edge of the downland. In this field were working some half-dozen highly distinguished gentlemen whom the King (God bless him) had stamped with a very broad arrow to show how fond he was of them. A very lusty fellow with a watchful eye and a rubicund jowl superintended the labours of these aristocrats, who appeared to be engaged in the childlike occupation of making hay while the sun shone. Naturally, the advent of Billy and his machine was a tremendous event in a society not given to excitements; and no sooner

was the lad down than the convicts swarmed about him and began to ply him with a hundred questions. He answered them all with his accustomed cheerfulness, and was about to distribute a packet of "gaspsers" among them when a shrill whistle from the warder recalled them to their duties, and they slunk off sadly as lads who have heard a school bell ringing.

Billy was very sorry for these good fellows, and he did not offer his cigarettes to the warder. That fellow seemed chiefly interested in beer, his first remark concerned a jorum which Flight-Lieutenant Tupper had stowed away in the observer's seat of his monoplane.

"Thirsty work yours," said the man. Billy agreed that it was. In truth he was not thinking of the beer at all, but of the eyes of one of the unhappy prisoners, fixed upon him so wistfully that he would never forget their gaze however long he might live. They were the eyes of a handsome man in the prime of life, but they spoke with rare eloquence. Such an one, said Billy, was trying to look out to the world he had left. He saw figures there, but chiefly the face of a woman he loved. Billy was quite sure of it. The man lived through a mad moment, and the eyes said "save me" as plain as anything ever was said in all this world.

"Thirsty work," the warder repeated. Billy agreed that it was. A new and wonderful idea had come into his madeap noddle, and it excited him strangely.

"Like a drop of beer?" he asked. Now, what could the fellow say?

"You don't travel dry," says he. Billy answered "not much". He added also that the warden's employment might upon rare occasions impel him towards strong drink. The insinuation was not deemed with indignation.

"Oh," says the fellow, "there's not much doing here, that's sure."

"Don't give you much trouble?"

"Bless you. They're a lot of lambs, they are. Gentlemen all, same as you

and me. They've got the milk of human kindness in 'em, every one, they have."

"Ah," says Billy—and he took the cork out of the Black Jack. The warder was hidden from observation for many minutes after that. He sighed when he was restored to a world which had lost him.

"Scotch ale," he remarked. Billy agreed. "Got an accent on, hasn't it," says he. The warder was not sure but he had another drink just to put the matter to the proof. "Yes," he said at length, "it would be Scotch." Then he asked a question about the plane. "Had an accident or anything?"

"Petrol pipes, like you and me, get a bit thirsty," said Billy, "be all right presently. I'll eat a sandwich, and then see."

He ate the sandwich and the warder ate two. The convict with the sad eyes worked upon a row of the hay while they ate, and every time he came up to the place where Billy sat he looked at him in that haunting way. "For God's sake give me a chance," the poor fellow seemed to say. Billy wished that he could, for like most of his kind, he did not care a dump about anybody's past while his country was fighting for her life. It was quite hopeless for all that.

"Well," he remarked to the warder presently, "guess I'll be moving. Give me a hand on the old girl's waist, will you. I'll start the engine up while you sit back there and help me out with the juice. Keep your finger on that float there, and we shan't be long. You've never started a hairyplane before, I suppose? Well, it's never too late to learn anyway—get up now and see what you can do."

The warder obeyed clumsily. He was very much interested, and this was a welcome interlude. After all, the excitements of guarding convicts who behaved like sheep were few.

"Her won't explode, will her?" he asked. Billy was emphatic in his assurances that she would not.

"I'll just get up beside you a minute and see if it's all right," said he. "Pitch these overalls out—they're in your way. That's right, old lad. Now hold on steady and see what happens. Up she goes—how do you like it, Bluebeard—"

"Damn you," cried the warder, "put me on the ground at once."

"Oh," says Billy cheerfully, "that's all right"—and rising high in the air, he showed the astonished official the whole cliffs of old England and the blue sea which sparkled upon the sands at their feet.

* * *

In an hour they were back again.

Bluebeard was speechless by this time. He had run through the gamut of the politer blasphemies and come down to words which no decent man should utter.

"You'll get five years for this," he said to Billy when he was on terra firma again. Billy didn't care a red cent.

"Right ho," cried he. "Address Berlin, care of the d—d old Kaiser. Don't you forget it — and if you're sending gifts, mine are Virginian—"

Bluebeard shook his fists at him, and ran away to count his flock. That was a sum in arithmetic for whose solution, Billy did not wait. He was five hundred feet in the air before his red-faced friend had got half way across the meadow, and when he heard the shrill sound of the whistle come floating up on the still air, he laughed like a child. A moment after he was half serious.

"I wonder if the poor devil did it?" he asked himself. It really was an exciting thought. He had thrown his overalls overboard, he remembered that he hadn't seen them when they landed. Now there was this whistling and then the sound of a gunshot. A cannon boomed from the prison near by, and a bell was tolled dismally. Billy thrilled with the joy of it. "Poor devil," he exclaimed again—"and—I wonder if they'll catch him."

He was speeding away in the direction of Salisbury Plain by this time, and below him was the great tangle of the New Forest. An hour's steady driving brought him to the camp, when he got his plane into the hangar and then cleaned himself. Not a word of his adventure passed to any man, and he had half forgotten it when he opened his daily paper next morning and read of the escape of a convict from the prison at Pentmore. It was all true then. The fellow had got clean away. Billy hardly knew whether to be glad or frightened. What had he done? And would it prevent his killing Germans? He was all in a cold sweat at the thought.

The convict, so the paper said, was heir to a baronetcy, and had been sentenced to three years' penal servitude for forging a relative's signature. There had been some doubt as to whether the prisoner had or had not acted innocently, and many people thought he ought not to be in prison at all. He had been engaged to Lucy Fairfield, Lord Boromore's daughter, at the time of his trial, and his was, without question, the saddest case of the year. Now he had escaped, and the police of three counties were looking for him.

"And I wish they may get him," thought Billy, and added an "I don't think," which came from his very heart.

For all that, he went about that day and for some days that followed, in the mood of a man who isn't over anxious to look at a policeman. Reinstructed in the law, he was not quite sure that something dreadful might not happen to him for what he had done. There were visions of men who came with chains, and judges in red robes, and a parson who carried a black cap in his pocket. Billy had to take very long whiskies and sodas to lay the ghosts, and when he had tried this medicine in the evening of the fifth day, what was his embarrassment to see the convict himself walk boldly into his hut, and hold out his

hand with the air of one who has no words to tell his story.

"Hallo," cried Billy, but his voice had a note of colour quite foreign to it—"so it's you, old chap."

The convict sat down upon the edge of Billy's bed, and wiped his forehead with a fine cambric handkerchief. He wore good clothes and boots and had been shaved. His manner was that of a man who fears nothing, and is not ashamed of what he has done.

"I'm Sidney Parthon," he said, "expect you guessed it. Well, I've seen her, and here I am."

His eyes shone at the thought—his mind was away to another and more wonderful scene. He had seen the woman he loved, and he had learned that she loved him still. Billy was not so dense that he did not understand that.

"Say," he remarked, "she's a good sort, that girl—what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going back to prison," Parthon rejoined—"on my way now. You did me a splendid turn, and I don't want to get you into any trouble. I shall give myself up, and that will be the end of it. Now that I have seen her, it will be easier. Man, she was wonderful. I found her in the old rock gardens at twilight. She did not speak—she just held out her arms to me, and there it was. She never doubted my innocence, why should she? I can go back now to the place that will be a hell no longer. Don't you understand what you have done for me?"

Perhaps Billy hardly did. His own flirtations were of the slap and tickle order. A pretty girl was something to be kissed on sight—if she were willing, and he was no bigot in his love affairs. So this pretty romance left him unaffected. Much more important was it to keep Parthon out of jail for good.

"See here," he said, "what's the use of a fine chap like you in prison? Why not fight, old boy. Go and kill Huns. They won't talk about prison

when you come back. Help us to do the d—d old Kaiser in, and she'll be proud of you. Gawd's truth, she will. Don't you see it might mean much to you—"

Parthon shook his head sadly.

"They are on my heels now," he pleaded. "I missed them by inches at Salisbury. The whole plain will be alive with them in an hour's time. I mustn't be found with you, on any account. You mustn't trouble your head about me—"

Billy laughed.

"I don't care the top of a petrol can about them," says he. "Look here, you stop jawing copybook, and come back to common sense. To begin with, your clothes are no good. I've got a suit of yellow canvas in the bag there that is much more in your line. Get into 'em and ask no questions. To-night I fly to France, and who knows who might go with me. Quick about it, old man, and get your hands greasy. There's work to be done up at the shed, and you're the expert from London that's helping me to do it. Don't you see it's the chance of your life—"

Sidney Parthon obeyed him as a man in a dream. Dim perceptions had come to him. He could rewin his honour in France. Lucy would be justified in her faith. Better dead than such as he was. If only it could be.

"No, no," he said, "the police will be already in the camp. I shall get you into trouble. I must't do it—"

Billy answered by literally pushing him into the oilskins, and then giving him an immense whisky and soda.

"We'll go and see the boss and have a talk to him," says he, "don't say another word, old man—I can stand a lot of trouble when the push comes. Just you keep your end up and look wise. Know anything about motors, by the way? Can you play the part if I put you in it?"

"I have driven cars," said Parthon, "since the year 1896. I was one of the first in this country to go for it—you may count on that."

He was all eagerness now, his eyes aflame with a great hope, and wild thoughts in his head. The past might be wiped out on the bloody fields of France. He would return with honour or never return at all. Billy thought so, too, but even he felt rather queer when they got down to the hangar, and passed as they went a couple of men, who looked suspiciously like policemen.

"Hold on, and say nothing," he whispered to his new friend, "look as though you belonged to the place—" and he hurried him to the shed where the great plane was housed. Then his thoughts worked like lightning. He knew that the moments were precious.

"In you go into the car," he cried.—"tuck in your twopenny while I make your bed. That's it, my lad—we'll cheat 'em yet"—and he had the man covered with a tarpaulin and all made snug before you could have counted ten.

Billy enjoyed quite a pleasant little talk with the policemen later on. They stood within a stone's throw of their prey, but their wits were not equal to so splendid an occasion. Most emphatically Billy assured them that what had happened at Pentmore was the purest accident for which he had not ceased to grieve night and day. The "old blighter of a warder" had hung on to the machine just when he ought to have let go—"and I dare not come down with the engine like that—"

They made elaborate notes and questioned him closely about the prisoner who had escaped. Did he know him? Was there any truth in the suggestion that it was a put up job? Billy looked as indignant as though they had accused him of trying to murder his own grandmother.

"Know him? Take me for a blinking archduke. Why, I never heard of the cove's name until I saw it in the newspaper. How should I know him? You're pulling my leg, that's what you are doing—of course I don't know him. As well ask me if I'm in the

habit of dining with the Bishop of Bognor. Not much, old man—you take it straight."

The detective did not appear to relish the familiarity—but he made a note of it and promised to return in the morning.

"You will have to satisfy the police," he said, and Billy protested that the proceeding would be a joy to him.

"Right oh," he exclaimed. "I'll go to Buckingham Palace if you like," and really he looked as though he meant every word of it. Parthou, however, listening beneath the tarpaulin, shivered with an indefinable dread of the men and the prison, such as he had never known before. Good God, how sweet this liberty and hope of honour had become. For him, heaven lay in the trenches where men died.

The police went off ruefully at last, and Billy followed them to see his "boss". What transpired at that historic interview will never be known. We do not seek to pry into an encounter so momentous—but it was odd that Billy emerged from the hut with exceedingly bright eyes and a cigarette at which he puffed with unusual satisfaction.

"Going to France at dawn, boys," he cried—"wish me luck."

And at dawn he went with a passenger in the observer's seat behind him. The police were then beating the wilder thickets of Salisbury Plain.

"God bless you, old fellow," cried Billy, looking down upon them—and then to Parthou—"Buck up, old sport, and good-bye Blighty."

* * *

A certain Military Cross awarded for great gallantry in an aerial battle above Picardy goes, we see, to a certain William Smith, who is described as quite a recent recruit to the air service. How many know his true name or his sad story?

But a woman in Blighty knows it, and is proud and awaits patiently the day of his deliverance.

ALEXANDER ROSS

By Dr. George Bryce

SKETCH OF AN OLD-TIME WESTERNER



AS Canadians speak of Joseph Howe, William Lyon Mackenzie, John Beverley Robinson, or Sir Henry Joly, old-timers of Red River Settlement refer to Alexander Ross. His house, known as "Colony Gardens," dates back to 1825. It was situated where what to-day is a miniature breathing spot, named Victoria Park, in the heart of Winnipeg, overlooking Red River. Ross was a stalwart Highlander who came from his native country to Lower Canada in 1804 at the age of twenty-two. First he became a village dominie, and then went by the time of the war of 1812 to Upper Canada. He accumulated "one hundred dollars in cash and a bush farm of 300 acres".

The contest for the fur trade became intense in Rupert's Land and on the Pacific Coast in the first two decades of the Nineteenth Century. It even reached bloodshed. The dispute between Great Britain and the United States as to the division of the Pacific Coast was keen. John Jacob Astor, a former German fur trader, removed from Montreal to New York, and in buccaneering style undertook to vindicate the American claim by building a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River which enters the Pacific Ocean at what was disputed territory. Astor's strategic scheme was

to build a chain of forts up the Missouri River and across the Rocky Mountains, but he would complete his plan by sending a ship-party around Cape Horn and occupy the mouth of the Columbia River. His depot was called after his own name, "Astoria". By giving great promises and high wages this intruder seduced from their allegiance several of the Canadian Nor'Western traders of high standing. To this group Ross attached himself in 1810. The Astorian leaders gathered a band of expert French Canadian voyageurs from Montreal. Good pay and the love of adventure won the day. Astor's ship—the *Tonquin*, reached its destination, but shortly after arrival went up the coast where it was attacked by the Indians and was blown up by the crew.

Ross entered the service of the opponent company—the Nor'West Company of Montreal—and was again under his own flag in a disputed territory. In a section of the Rocky Mountains he became a trader and officer in his new Company. From Ross's own writings and from fur trade journals, which have been recovered from London, a fairly good account of his life and adventures has been obtained. Original letters of the trader have also been obtained by the writer. From these documents it is known that in 1814 he entered the Nor' West Company of Montreal. A year before this

date he had been placed in charge of the Okanagan District. As told in his letters, here he fell in love with a handsome maiden in the Okanagan country and married her. In a letter of the year 1822 he boasts of his three "bairnies," Alexander, Peggy, and Isabella.

But the mountain journeys and exposure were severe. In 1821 Ross speaks of the mountain hardships. His under-traders deserted him, the quarrels of rival traders annoyed him and his recovered journals of 1821 show this very plainly.

Extracts from Ross's Journals say:

Had about ten men—French Canadians called "Engagés". They had 12 guns, 33 traps, 50 horses and three lodges. Following them was a party of associates or "freemen". This Company filled 20 lodges—and was 20 in number. They had 123 traps, 50 guns and 10 horses. It was a motley crew.

* * *

Feb. 16, 1824.—4 elk and 25 small deer brought to camp. Louis killed 9 with 10 shots.

Feb. 24.—Traders secure beaver from the Piegan Indians.

March 20.—Stormy Cry in the evening! Enemies! Enemies!

March 22.—35 beaver taken; 6 feet left in traps; 25 traps missing.

June 21.—Decamped, found a fresh scalp, 65 beaver to-day.

Dec. 26.—Sunday. No work to-day. Ordered men to dress and keep the day.

March 25.—At Spokane House.—Spokane Falls—West. Kettle Falls—North. Coeur d'Alene—South. Pend d'Oreille—East.

But Ross found difficulties of a greater kind. He was worried after the Union in 1821 of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Nor'West Company by the thought that as Governor Simpson had belonged to the H.B.C. a Nor'Wester would not be *persona grata* to the new Governor. From a letter of Governor Simpson, which fell into the hands of the writer, this estimate seems to have been correct, as Simpson says that Ross "would make a better school master than trader". It was thus quite natural that, with the permission of the Governor, Ross, leaving his wife and children in Okan-

agan made his journey of some two thousand miles to meet the Great Mogul of the Fur Trade, Governor Simpson, on his annual visit of those days, coming all the way from Montreal to either Fort Garry or Norway House. Ross has left an account of his interview with the Governor, whom he found very polite. Ross made the request that "he might be allowed to come to Red River, where he could have the means of giving his children a Christian education, the best portion," he said, "that I could give them. Grant me a spot of land on the Red River that I can call my own and I shall be thankful." The Governor, we are told, consented and ordered the chief accountant of the Company to draw a deed for 100 acres free of all expense. "This," says Ross, "was done and he signed and handed it to me, and we parted." Ross did not return to the Columbia, but he was not forgotten there.

It was the good fortune of the writer, three years ago, to visit Nez Perce, the old fort at the junction of the Walla Walla and Columbia rivers. In this picturesque gap there are two massive stone pillars about twenty-five feet high. They are natural wonders. Locally they are now called "The Twins". Other people have called them "The Sisters", but it is worthy of note that when Governor George Simpson made in 1828 his first journey to the Pacific Coast, he definitely named one of them after a Governor of Red River, "Mackenzie Pillar", and the other, "Ross Pillar". Near this gap the writer three years ago, with a local authority, visited the ruins of Nez Perce Fort, which Ross helped to build, where he lived for six years, and from this point some of his letters were addressed in 1822. He was not forgotten!

From the height of the Rocky Mountains Ross wrote to his friends in Scotland in 1825, saying: "I have come thus far on my way from the great Pacific Ocean and am now steering my course for the Atlantic. The



ALEXANDER ROSS

As he appeared when Sheriff of Assiniboia

Rocky Mountains, or Backbone of America, are truly a great sight". "We have to cross them in the customary manner on snowshoes. My destination is Red River, a colony settled in Hudson Bay by the late Lord Selkirk."

We have already described Ross's interview with Governor Simpson. The site secured, he sent word to his wife in Okanagan and she, with the truest heroism, came east to settle down at "Colony Gardens". Here in after years, the writer knew her well.

The "Colony Gardens", as the fur traders called Ross's site, turned out to be twelve chains wide, and in the end two miles long, running back from Red River.

The City of Winnipeg surveyor stated to the writer that the original

twelve chains (of frontage) which Ross received covered 184.6 acres. This is to-day partially laid out in streets, and near Red River is densely settled, and closely covered with buildings. The late city surveyor, J. W. Harris, supplies the following facts: "The assessed value of this gift to Alexander Ross, *i.e.*, the land, taking no account of the buildings, is to-day valued at \$7,034,590. The adjoining block which belonged to William Ross, the old trader's son (also extending two miles back and having on it the Winnipeg City Hall), covered 90.6 acres of which the estimated value (without buildings) is \$4,228,700. Leading streets on this great property commemorate the names of the Ross family. Among them are the family names: Alexander, James,

Charlotte, Ellen, Frances, Gertie, Harriet, Isabel, Kate, Lydia, and one was formerly called Jemina. We learn that in the year following the gift of this Ross homestead, it bore the name "Colony Gardens" from its being near Fort Douglas, the headquarters of the Selkirk colony.

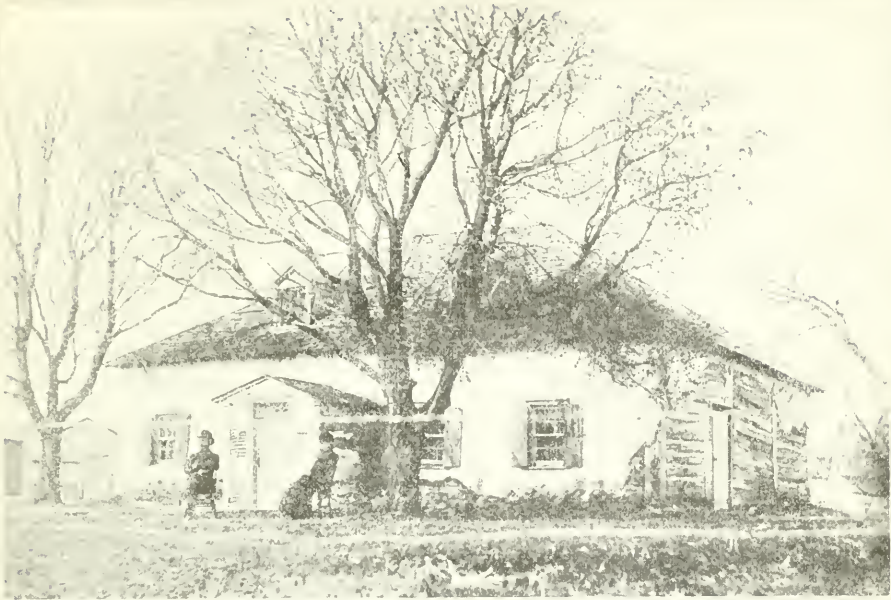
Many a stranger and traveller was entertained in this hospitable home. As soon as possible after the gift of land was received the faithful wife took her children and with the characteristic courage of western travel made the journey of 1,800 miles to her new home.

After she had brought up her large family the writer knew her as she received him fifty-four years after her great "trip," in Colony Gardens. She was an earnest Christian woman, a regular church-goer, while her health lasted, and the only thing that annoyed her in her last years was that the new city of Winnipeg was growing too close around Colony Gardens. She declared she could not breathe freely with these "Canakins" (as she called Canadians) pressing in about her. She lived till she was upwards of eighty years of age. In her last years as the writer talked with her, she would introduce words of her western patois in place of the English words in conversation. She died at "Colony Gardens". The writer did not know all of her children, but knew well James Ross, a graduate of the University of Toronto and who was for years night editor of *The Globe*, and who during the Riel interregnum acted as Chief Justice of the Court of Assiniboia at Fort Garry. Another son, Alexander, a former student of Upper Canada College, Toronto, was known to the writer after his arrival in 1871. Ross's son William, who died before the arrival of the writer in Winnipeg, was universally acknowledged to have been a well-educated and singularly able man. Among the daughters of the family known to the writer was Henrietta, the wife of the late Rev. Dr. Black, the pioneer of Presbyteri-

anism in Rupert's Land, who came to the Selkirk Colony from Canada in 1851, and is remembered as a man of great influence. The children of Dr. Black are numerous and have held up well the traditions of an honourable descent. Another daughter of Alexander Ross was the wife of the pioneer assistant and adviser of James Nisbet, the first Presbyterian Missionary to the Indians on the Saskatchewan. Her husband's name was George Flett, who in virtue of his native origin claimed the right to fix the Mission site and began the present city of Prince Albert, on the Saskatchewan River.

In 1914 there was published by the Archives Department at Ottawa, under the editorship of Professor B. J. Oliver, of the University of Saskatchewan, a voluminous report of 688 pages entitled "The Canadian Northwest, its Early Development and Legislative Records". This important Government publication from the Archives is given under the head of "Pioneer Legislation". Its most valuable contents are the minutes of the "Council of Red River Settlement," whose period began in 1835 and continued till 1870. At the time of the first meeting of Council, presided over by George (afterward Sir George) Simpson, Governor of Rupert's Land, Alexander Ross had lived at "Colony Gardens" for ten years and he was asked to attend the meeting and with others give his advice. The Colony had reached a population of 5,000 souls. Among other things the First Council decided:

1. To raise a tax by duty on imports of 7½%.
2. To erect a Court House and a Jail.
3. To appoint a Receiver of Customs.
4. To establish a Board of Public Works.
5. To divide the Colony into four Judicial districts.
6. To raise a Volunteer Corps to preserve order.



"COLONY GARDENS," WINNIPEG

At one the home of Alexander Ross

In the minutes are these words: "Alexander Ross was appointed Commander of the Volunteer Force".

In March 2nd, 1836, Ross was appointed a Councillor of the District of Assiniboia. This Chief Council he attended with unvarying regularity till October, 1850. As the Records are read, Alexander Ross is seen to be the mainspring of the whole machinery of the Council of the Assiniboia District for a decade and a half.

In 1839 Alexander Ross, Esq., was appointed by the Council to be Sheriff of Assiniboia, Cuthbert Grant, Esq. being coadjutor for the French districts. The appointment of Sheriff was regarded as one of great importance and the appellation of "Sheriff" was his well known title till his retirement in 1852. It is to be seen to-day on his gravestone in Kildonan Cemetery. His son William became his successor in the Shrievalty.

It is a matter of some interest to state that in June, 1841, the Municip-

pal "District of Assiniboia" was defined to be the territory "extending in all directions fifty miles from the Forks of the Red River and the Assiniboine, provided, however, that the settlement where it is expressly mentioned shall not extend in breadth more than four miles from the nearest point of either river or in length more than four miles from the highest or lowest permanent dwelling".

At this time Alexander Ross, Esq., was appointed Captain of Police at the salary of twenty pounds a year. He became Magistrate for the District of Assiniboia. With Dr. Bunn he was appointed Commissioner and Court Examiner.

As the old sheriff weakened, at his own request his son William was appointed assistant sheriff in 1851. William Ross became postmaster of the colony. Thus about the age of more than three score the old sheriff and public servant dropped out of service.

A man such as Alexander Ross,

from his character, high position in the community and local Government, which was established in his time, could not have failed to be a forceful influence in the Red River Colony. He had many points of connection with Assiniboia. In his native country he had received a good education, he was a great reader. It is said that he received *The London Times* by the monthly mail to Fort Garry. We are told that he read week by week the corresponding news of the preceding year. He was interested in the Red River Library which an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company had established. As a retired trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, their common outlook led them to see many matters with the same eyes. The same tendency brought him in close religious touch with the Selkirk settlers, to whom Lord Selkirk had promised a spiritual leader of their own faith. Alexander Ross thus came to be religious leader of his countrymen. The Church of England had sent out a clergyman to Red River settlement in 1821. For thirty years he served the Selkirk settlers religiously. However, a constant agitation had been proceeding among the Kildonan settlers for a clergyman of their own faith. Their efforts were at length successful and in 1851 Rev. John Black came as their leader from Toronto. Alexander Ross was the most prominent advocate of this new movement. The Kildonan people erected their stone church after the model of their Scottish traditions, receiving a small sum from the Hudson's Bay Company. Seven weeks after Mr. Black's arrival, six elders were elected and Alexander Ross was the leader. Alexander Ross lived five years after the arrival of the new spiritual guide for whom he had so strenuously laboured.

Alexander Ross published his first work "Oregon or Columbia River," in 1849, in London, the preface being dated in 1846. It was delayed, no doubt, because it was written at Fort Garry in Rupert's Land. There is

one striking and rather unfortunate feature in this, as in the other works published by Ross, that being written some twenty or thirty years after the events occurred, and with the likelihood that his journals had passed out of his hands and been sent to the Hudson's Bay House in London, they have the air of being written more from memory than from actual dated material.

The writing passion, however, too, possession of Ross again in publication of the two-volume work entitled "Fur Traders of the Far West". This book gives a large amount of information. Its preface is dated in 1854, while it is published in London in 1855. In this work there is an account given of his leaving the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and of his settling down on Red River.

Perhaps his most useful and important work is "The Red River Settlement". The preface is dated 1852, in 1856. This book has been of much service to the historian. It, no doubt, has some defects, for Ross could say, referring to the record of proceedings, as Virgil makes his hero state, "Of which things I have been a great part". A prominent resident in Winnipeg, and one who occupied a high place in Red River and Manitoba history afterwards, always maintained that in many respects Ross was prejudiced.

An upright, religious and adaptable Highlander, with shrewd, rather persistent temper, with keen eye to personal advantage, there was no one who influenced the better life of Red River Settlement from 1825 to 1852 than did Alexander Ross of "Colony Gardens" in the Selkirk colony. To-day there are some nineteen descendants of Sheriff Alexander Ross who are fighting the battles of the Empire.

The old Ross residence and its immediate surroundings were acquired by the City of Winnipeg, but the dwelling, of which we give a view, is gone and Victoria Park remains on the spot where it stood.



FLIGHT LIEUT. GEORGE R. S. FLEMING
KILLED IN ACTION



FLIGHT LIEUT. STANLEY JAMES PEPLER
KILLED IN ACTION

Two Fallen Airmen

THESE two aviators, both young men of Toronto, both graduates from the School of Practical Science of that city, and both flight lieutenants at the Front, were killed recently in action somewhere over the German lines. Lieutenant Fleming was one of the first Canadian aviators. Before going overseas he wrote for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE an article entitled "Training Men to Fly", which was published in January, 1916. He was killed on April 19th, 1917, two years after enlisting. "Duke" Pepler was killed on March 12th, 1917, but at first he was reported to be only missing. He had engaged a German airman, but another got behind him and shot him down. Both these aviators have been praised for their skill and bravery.





MRS. LETITIA YOUMANS

First President of the Dominion Women's
Christian Temperance Union

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

IV.—MRS. LETITIA YOUMANS



It used to seem to me that I was just the snow-plow preceding the train to clear the track". In this homely, vigorous sentence the "pioneer of the White Ribbon Movement in Canada" characterized her own position in the army of temperance workers. Unintentionally the description suggests well-directed power, and thus coincides remarkably with the impression made by Mrs. Youmans on her friend Miss Frances E. Willard.

She was "much every way", says

Miss Willard, in her introduction to Mrs. Youmans's autobiographical sketch, "Campaign Echoes", which was published in 1893, and is the authority for most of the facts in this article. "Whether we consider her ample avoirdupois or the remarkable breadth of her views, the warmth of her heart or the weight of her arguments, the strength of her convictions or the many-sided brilliancy of her wit, the vigour of her common sense or the wide extent of her influence, Mrs. Youmans is a woman altogether remarkable."

The opening chapters of her story carry us back to the days of early settlement in old Ontario, when life was at once so picturesque, so strenuous and so productive of resourcefulness and individuality.

Mrs. Youmans's father, John Creighton, was an Irishman from Dublin, who in boyhood had attracted the notice of a woman of wealth, Lady Letitia Berry, and had been taken into her house to act as valet to her own boys, with the advantage of receiving lessons from her sons' tutor.

He arrived in Canada with the proverbial half-crown in his pocket, but, being blessed with "a strong arm, a clear head and an indomitable will", was not to be kept down by poverty. In summer he "hired out" with a farmer; in winter he taught a settlement school. He had brought with him a few books. He borrowed others when and where he could, and, when even tallow candles were a luxury out of his reach, he used to read by the light of blazing pine-knots.

After a time he took up a fifty-acre farm, built a tiny log-cabin and lived in bachelor solitude with a dog and cat as housemates and a yoke of oxen as out-door companions.

Clearly he needed a helpmate, and when a friend told him that, eighty miles away in Prince Edward County, "was just the woman wanted", he acted on the hint. Contriving to have some business in the peninsula, he obtained a letter to Miss Annie Bishop, or to the invalid mother whom she supported, and set off to walk the whole distance. Making some further inquiry before presenting himself as an aspirant for the lady's hand, he learned that the diligent and thrifty young woman, who, despite her English name, was by descent half Dutch, half French, had got together a good supply of household furniture, as well as two cows and forty sheep!

The affair was settled quickly and happily. The young couple were married by a magistrate, as both were Methodists, and at that time no dis-

senting minister was permitted to perform the marriage ceremony. The helpless mother was then tucked into a bed in a covered wagon, and, accompanied by some kindly neighbours, the newly-wedded pair set out on the long and tedious journey to the bridegroom's bush farm in Northumberland County.

There the young wife soon changed the bachelor's dreary cabin into a dwelling as bright and cosy as log-house could be. The well-scrubbed floor and pine table; the pale-blue chest of drawers with brass knobs; the beds amply supplied with feather ticks and pillows; the great fire-place, with steaming kettles hanging from the lug-pole, a fowl dangling on a wire to roast before the blaze, and bread baking in a pair of huge bake-kettles down amongst the embers—Mrs. Youmans pictures them all, as no doubt her mother had described them to her, for she was only three years old, when the family moved to a farm of 200 acres, with a larger house upon it, near Cobourg, and she says that her earliest recollections were of the "giant beech and maple trees that came thundering down" when this farm was being cleared.

Of the Creighton's six children, the eldest died in infancy, then came Letitia (named after the benefactress of her father's youth), three younger brothers and a little sister, who died in her tenth year.

Letitia went when four years of age to a typical settlement school, where the children sat on benches made of slabs, swept the floor with a broom of cedar boughs and watched the "noon-mark" on the floor for the hour of dismissal.

It was before the era of lady-teachers, and the observant little girl was taught successively by men, whose different characteristics were recalled vividly in her old age. One combined with teaching the business of hotel-keeping. Another, described as a "Roman Catholic in sentiment", opened a Sunday school, where he

taught the English Church catechism, and on one occasion marched all his flock several tedious miles to Cobourg to be examined by Parson (afterwards Bishop) Bethune.

A third of her school-masters, the son of a wealthy lumberman, in search of experience of life, deserves particular mention because it was he who gave to the future crusader for temperance the standard of total abstinence. In 1837 this teacher invited the boys of his school to sign the pledge. Greatly impressed by his appeal, Letitia signed also, for, though only ten years old, she had already seen something of the crimes and tragedies due to reckless indulgence in strong drink. In those days whiskey was deplorably plentiful and cheap. It was manufactured in numerous primitive stills throughout the settlements out of anything from pumpkins to damaged grain or frozen potatoes.

After learning all she could at these country schools, Letitia, still craving for knowledge, was set to work at home, baking, washing and helping when necessary in the hay-field. Better education seemed too much to hope for, when her father, after visiting the new "Ladies' Seminary" at Cobourg, promised that "If you and I live, Letitia, you shall be among the number at the next examination".

With such a hope to cheer her, the summer's work went by merrily, and in the autumn the girl became a pupil in the school of which Professor Van Norman was principal. She made such good use of her opportunities that in the following summer she was able to undertake the teaching of a country school, but winter saw her back at the Seminary. This time to save expense she shared a room in the town with another girl, and the pair were kept warm with fuel from their home farms and lived on provisions brought to them, often ready cooked, by their families. In 1845 Professor Van Norman opened the Burlington Ladies' Academy at Hamilton and Letitia went with him to finish her course and

become one of his teachers. Later she took a position in the Ladies' Academy at Picton, and became principal of the school in the spring of 1850.

In the autumn of that same year, she married Arthur Youmans, a miller and farmer, living four miles from Picton. By this marriage the young woman of twenty-three became the stepmother of eight children, of whom the youngest was very small and the eldest almost as old as herself. Her neighbours appear to have had grave doubts as to her housekeeping capabilities, but were convinced that book-learning did not necessarily drive out practicality, when Mrs. Youmans succeeded in making not only soft soap but hard, and won a prize against all comers from her own township for the excellence of her butter and cheese. For eighteen years she lived on the farm; then her husband, who had embarrassed himself before his second marriage by endorsing notes for other people, sold both farm and mill and settled in Picton.

Mrs. Youmans was an enthusiastic Sunday school worker. At one time she taught boys and girls together in a class that numbered ninety; and this had the effect of deepening her early interest in the temperance question. She soon discovered that many of the families of her scholars were suffering from the intemperance of parents or relatives, and that at least one of the members of her class was already on the high road to ruin from intoxication.

She invited her scholars "to sign the pledge", and organized a Band of Hope in Picton, beginning with twenty youngsters, whom she made leaders to gather in others. In 1874 she visited Chatauqua and there heard the story of that remarkable temperance movement in the States, the Woman's Crusade, which in a few months effected the closing of over 17,000 dramshops. She was present at the formation of the Women's National Temperance Association of the United States. Her husband, who was as

earnest in the cause of temperance as she was herself, asked "Can you take in Canada?" and was answered in the affirmative, but Mrs. Youmans thought it best to gain the support of other women before going forward.

A few months later, Canada's first Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized at Owen Sound. The second was formed by Mrs. Youmans at Picton, but she found the women very timorous about taking office. However, the new society soon showed that it was very much alive, by a strenuous endeavour to prevent the granting of shop licenses in Picton. Failing in this, the Union turned its energies, with success, into an effort to bring the county a second time under the provisions of the Dunkin Act. A majority had previously declared for this temperance measure, but their opponents had triumphed over them through a technicality.

Mrs. Youmans was a middle-aged woman, when she began her career as a public speaker by addressing the Picton town council. She spoke so forcefully, though at first somewhat averse to the idea of making formal speeches, that her services soon came into great demand. It was at Cobourg, where many people remembered her as a girl, that she made her first regular address from a platform. She suffered miserably from "stage-fright" when she had to stand up before the thirteen hundred people, packed into the hall, but her husband, who unknown to her, was in the crowd, was delighted with the distinctness of her utterance and the effectiveness of her arguments.

Soon after this she went to Cincinnati to attend the first convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the United States. She had gone thither to learn but was invited to speak at an evening mass meeting; and Miss Willard, then secretary of the American organization, tells how "her powerful voice rang out for the first time over the historic battle-field of this new and mighty war. Her

American sisters were electrified. What a magazine of power was here . . . From that time on the name of Mrs. Youmans has been beloved and honoured in 'the States', as it had already been 'in her ain country', and at nearly all the great summer meetings she was wont to be an invited guest".

Mrs. Youmans turned much to the Bible for her arguments against indulgence in strong drink; but she was always ready to seize on a local story or incident to drive home her point. In her work she was just as ready to spend herself for small places and little children as for great meetings and influential folk. Often she used to ask that a mass meeting of children should be called; and it is told that in canvassing the counties of Durham and Northumberland in the interest of the Dunkin Act, she spoke in no less than fifty places, reaching probably some 15,000 people in all. With her appeal to the voter to support temperance legislation, she almost invariably combined an appeal to the individual to range himself with the total abstainers.

Despite her intensity of conviction, she tried to be both "wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove". She talked little of "prohibition", preferring to use the phrase, "home protection". She said equally little of "women's rights", though when (after she became a widow in 1882) the Ontario Legislature gave widows and spinsters the right to vote at municipal elections, she said, "My duty was quite plain—to vote myself and to urge my sisters to do the same". She did more. On the morning, when women were first permitted to vote in the municipalities, she was the first woman in Picton to penetrate through the smoky antechamber of the polling booth to cast her vote. It was no very terrible adventure after all. In fact she was treated with such marked respect, that she comments, "that morning I was evidently of more consequence than ever I had been before".

In 1883 the Dominion W. C. T. U. was organized with Mrs. Youmans as its first president. In 1888, her strenuous labours of eighteen years in the great cause of temperance came suddenly to a close. Stricken with that most painful disease, inflammatory rheumatism, Mrs. Youmans lived for

eight years longer — long enough to see many an advance in the struggle in which she had enlisted “for life or during the war”. But only now is the country beginning to reap the harvest from the patient and persistent sowing of this “Canadian Great-heart” and her fellow-workers.

The subject of the next sketch of this series will be of Mrs. Kathleen Coleman, and is entitled “Kit: the Journalist”.

ANNETTE

BY EDNY AILEEN BEAUPORT

THROUGH the orchard, dewy-wet,
 Singing, smiling, came Annette!
 And the blossoms, virgin white,
 Shed on her their petals light,
 Kissing eyes and laughing lips,
 Falling on her finger tips!
 On her hair,
 Shining there!
 While a thrush
 From the brush
 Sang, Annette, Annette, Annette!
 Thus it was in June we met.
 Oh, those little dancing feet,
 And the smile divinely sweet!
 Oh, those glorious, shy eyes,
 Innocent, and yet so wise!
 Fleeting fears,
 April tears,
 Kissed away
 As they lay
 Shining on her cheek of rose.
 Oh, her dear, deep repose
 When she fell fast asleep
 On my heart (Quiet keep,
 Little birds, for awhile,
 Till my kiss brings her smile!)
 Oh, the morn's dewy-wet
 And the May days with Annette!

THE LIBRARY TABLE

REVERIES OVER CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

By W. B. YEATS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



YEATS fills his readers with a vague and delightful disquiet. Two lines of his which he once wrote out for me hang upon my study wall. They are:

"The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind."

There is something in the lines to which it is difficult to give definition. They are like an invocation importuning the shadowy unseen, calling down we scarce know what of wonder or despair. On a wintry twilight of February, 1914, as we sped in the train from Toronto to St. Catharines, Yeats said, "I believe in the Great Memory". As he said it he was looking out of the car window at the floating dimness. One did not need to have read his books and to know exactly what he meant to have strong feeling evoked by his words; one was conscious as he talked of the enwrapping realms of "other" reality that are always about us. His phrases were drenched with emotion and beauty as birds' wings with sea spray. Emotion and beauty and a strong ecstasy over the unseen and the immaterial were the environment of his words.

So it is with this book of his, "Reveries over Childhood and Youth". I have read it with a strange excite-

ment constantly filling me. The references to Sligo and its folk, to Ross's Point and the sailors and sea captains, to Knockarea and the Isle of Innisfree to watch which in the dawn the lad who was already a poet lay out all night in the wood of the mainland; the story of the cousin wakened at midnight calling to the kitchen for his sea boots and gloomily sailing the yacht out of harbour in order to let a young fellow who was thought mad listen to the sea birds waking that he might have truth of description in a drama called "The Shadowy Waters"—these references and tales have all moved me so that I have wanted to sit in a room alone and listen to the wind or walk on a deserted road through the woods.

The book is a reverie. One incident shades off and passes into another, with no shock of changing circumstances. The same sentence will dream over many different matters. To read the book from beginning to end is like passing down a quiet river in the dawn with things gradually drawing clearer, showing no greater beauty but only different beauties. The reverie is dear to Yeats, even when he is not writing a biography of his half-forgotten childhood and youth. Those who heard his lecture in Toronto in 1914 on "The Theatre and Beauty" will perhaps remember that he stopped abruptly, passed his hand over his forehead, and turned to the reading of his poems. He said afterwards that he had missed out part of his lecture, he was sure, because in Montreal it had taken him an hour and a half to give the same lecture and in

Toronto only an hour. Then he said that he lectured "simply out of his reverie".

This book of his becomes our own reverie as we read it. The personages in it, old women, uncles, aunts, servant girls, grandfathers, schoolmasters, the "athlet" at school, Edward Dowden, "A.E.", O'Leary, the father, the mother, are all of them in a certain sense people of the shadow land of memory. Yet in the telling of their story there has been such power to reveal in each case, the significant self, the real personality, that one feels one has read a book thronged with moving and aggressive individualities. Yet the sense that all is ghostly remains also; there is so little care for the circumstance of material environment. Perhaps the book is a book about disembodied spirits.

I shall not attempt a criticism of the book's implications for a philosophy of life and for methods in art, though it might be possible to develop an interesting treatment along both lines. It may be said, however, that those whose proneness is to identify the mystic aptitude and the love of dreams with a certain flabbiness of intellect will find no illustration of their contention in the work of W. B. Yeats. He is one who may be deemed noted for austere mental precision. His lyric utterance is cleansed in the fire of thought. There is no lyric today being written like the Yeats lyric. The Imagists, and the devotees of the free verse movements generally, whose care is for economy and propriety in words, would do well to study his pages. Not that the Imagists and Free Verse people do not constitute a legitimate trend in modern poetic development. They do constitute a legitimate trend, and their work often possesses the sincere austerity of the highest art. But their sin lies often in their repudiation of other methods than their own. An understanding of W. B. Yeats, in whose pages they would find, accompanied by rhymes and rhythms that weave about words

sometimes a cold wintry beauty, sometimes a warmth of summer sunsets, the object of their own high seeking, pictures concrete and vivid, images exact and tense, would open their eyes and free them from much unthinking narrowness. Yeats is as intellectually hard as the most imagistic lover of jade and flint. But he also has the secret of the subtle music of words which no imagist will repudiate if he is a poet. Indeed, it is a misunderstanding of authentic imagism that thinks of it apart from the music of the lyric cry. Just as it is a misunderstanding of authentic lyricism and the ability for dreams such as is manifested in the work of a writer like Yeats to think of it as something non-intellectual and flabby.

I remember Yeats as he alighted from the train in St. Catharines. The winter sunset was a ragged and blown saffron behind the railway station. It was cold, and fine snow was blowing in clouds about the platform. We had climbed from the train in a hurry and for a moment he stood against the sunset, his fountain pen in his mouth (he had been putting down the price of his chair seat for his manager), portfolio in hand, the great car flaps and tie strings of his fur cap blowing out in the wind. Then his host came up to greet him and we separated.

He says in Section 33, which is the end of his book:

"When I think of all the books I have read, and of the wise words I have heard spoken, and of the anxiety I have given to parents and grandparents, and of the hopes that I have had, all life weighed in the scales of my own life seems to me a preparation for something that never happens."

There is the prose and there is the Celtic mood which makes the book delightful and disquieting.

A. L. P.

A book of poems by Yeats, entitled "Responsibilities", is included in a recent list from the same publishers. We shall let Mr. Phelps's foregoing comment serve as an introduction, and

merely quote in full one of the poems:

TO A CHILD DANCING IN THE WIND.

I.

Dance there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won,
Nor the best labourer dead
And all the sheaves to bind.
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of wind?

Has no one said those daring
Kind eyes should be more learn'd?
Or warned you how despairing
The moths are when they are burned,
I could have warned you, but you are
young,
So we speak a different tongue.

O, you will take whatever's offered
And dream that all the world's a friend,
Suffer as your mother suffered,
Be as broken in the end.
But I am old and you are young.
And I speak a barbarous tongue.



MASTER SIMON'S GARDEN

By CORNELIA MEIGS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is a quaint charm to this book, in the style of writing, the things written about and the persons concerned, that will appeal to grown-up readers as well as to young folks. for whom, we presume, it was written. Throughout there is a delicate fancy woven into a panorama of American history, so that the reader is to a certain extent instructed as well as amused.



THE NEW POETRY

EDITED BY HARRIET MONROE and ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MUCH has been written and spoken about what many reviewers refer to as *vers libre*. In this volume it is distinguished as *new*. Whether it

is new or free, or anything else, the present volume is an unusually important addition to the discussion and presentation of current poetry or, rather, the poetry that both in form and in purpose within recent years has made some departures from the methods of what we might refer to as the standard poets in English. Anyone who wishes to examine some examples of the work of most of the poets who are in a sense the latest *vogue* can do so conveniently by going to this book. So it is explained by the editors (who are also the editors of *Poetry*), that the purpose of the volume is to present in convenient form "representative work of the poets who are to-day creating what is commonly 'the new poetry'", the poetry which strives for a concrete and immediate realization of life and discards the theory, the abstraction, the remoteness found in all classes not of the first order". Selections are given from the work of more than one hundred writers, including one whom we associate with a different period — Thomas Hardy. The list includes the names of several Irishmen, one Indian, one Japanese, many Englishmen, a few Jews, an abundance of Americans, but not one Canadian that we recognize. The largest number of selections is from the work of Ezra Pound. Edgar Lee Masters, author of "Spoon River Anthology", comes next.



THE MAN THOU GAVEST

By HARRIET T. COMSTOCK. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

HARRIET T. COMSTOCK knows her mountain world excellently well, also she can tell a good story, and these two facts make this a readable book. The story is clean and fresh, in spite of several matrimonial twists which might seem to promise the contrary. Fortunately circumstances (which have no morals) are responsible for most of the tangle, and everybody's intentions are so laudable that

fate appears in the end to have been the only criminal. The character of the wild little mountain maid, Nella-rose, is sketched delicately, and our only regret is that we do not see more of her, and of her curious sister Marj. These two girls, with the decayed gentleman their father, are by far the most interesting people in the book. The hero is an ordinary young man whose hold on the reader is small, and Lynda, the other point of the triangle, is perfect but commonplace.

*

ITALY, FRANCE AND BRITAIN AT WAR

By H. G. WELLS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ONE begins to read this book with the feeling that the author of "Mr. Britling sees it Through" should stick to his own *métier* and leave the war to experts like George Bernard Shaw, Rudyard Kipling, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and many Smiths and Browns. But on second thoughts one feels that, after all, there is really no reason why Mr. Wells should not write about the war or on the war, or at least around the war. Then, as one gets into the book, one begins to feel that this same Mr. Wells, who for almost a generation has been increasing his circle of readers the world over, has actually found something extremely interesting that we are bound to suppose is not fiction. About eight months ago Mr. Wells "did the Front". He went also to Italy. It is only necessary to say, therefore, that he not only entertains with his account of what he saw and heard, but he gives also a very vivid picture of certain aspects of the war. He interviews the King of Spain. He passes through many ruins of the war, he examines the various kinds of warfare, he describes the war landscape, compares the new arms with the old, and gives also a graphic description of the tank. From these things he goes back to England and discusses social

aspects of the war, the changes taking place and the ending.

*

MEN, WOMEN AND GUNS

By "SAPPER". Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton.

THE wonderful success of "Sapper's" stories, "The Lieutenant and Others" and "Sergeant Michael Cassidy, R.E." is sufficient recommendation for this the author's latest volume. Many readers, however, will prefer "Men, Women and Guns", because it is more a story than the others. It will be read with infinite zest and amusement.

*

YEARS OF MY YOUTH

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS is one of the unusually intimate and charming autobiographies that are encountered only once in a long time. Not only is the author now so old that he recalls many happenings that in our day appear to be quaint and even amusing, but he uses a delightful style in recording his recollections. He speaks of his childhood at a time when his father published a newspaper in Hamilton, Ohio, and relates that he himself could set type even, as it now seems to him, before he could read. He does not know how he got the idea of becoming a writer by profession.

"I should be interested to know, now," he writes, "how the notion of authorship first crept into my mind, but I do not in the least know. I made verses, I even wrote plays in rhyme, but until I attempted an historical romance I had no sense of literature as an art. As an art which one might live by, as by a trade or a business, I had not the slightest conception." From this beginning the reader is carried on through the many vicissitudes of the life of a successful American novelist.



From the Painting by G. Horn (Cassel)

HOUSES OF SAND

The Maritime Provinces are noted for the beautiful opalescent quality of the landscapes and seascapes in summer. The scene above shows children at play upon the sand on one of the many inlets of the Bay of Fundy.



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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The Jubilee of Confederation

BY THE EDITOR

NOTWITHSTANDING the doubts that prevailed fifty years ago, especially as regards the Province of Nova Scotia, the Canadian Confederation has been a conspicuous example of the successful operation of a self-governing dependency.

It began, everyone must admit, as an experiment, and it stands to-day, after many severe tests, with the powers of self-government completely expanded. Although the British North America Act, the instrument of Confederation, remains intact, we have expanded constitutionally almost in the same manner as the British Constitution has expanded. Although we have not the written right to negotiate a treaty with another country, we actually have exercised and are exercising that right. For the dis-

cussion and settlement of matters that commonly affect the United States and Canada—for instance, the International Waterways Commission—we appoint our representatives, and we know that whatever is done will be acceptable to the British Government. That is one of the remarkable developments under Confederation, and a glowing example of the democratic genius of the British system. Moreover, we are recognized now as a nation by our great neighbour, and our representatives receive at Washington practically the same status as if they were ambassadors. There is, then, no function of government that we do not operate.

Following immediately after Confederation, we had to settle for ourselves the question of provincial rights, and although slight difficulties still confront our statesmen, these

rights have been mostly, and happily, established, to the benefit of the Provinces, it must be confessed.

Fifty years ago the two Canadas embraced the people scattered along the waterways between Quebec City and the town of Windsor. There was no railway to the Maritime Provinces and what we now call the West was almost *terra incognita*. But we have built, not only the Intercolonial Railway, which was a condition of Confederation, but as well three great transcontinental railways. We have spent millions of dollars on our waterways and our great ocean and inland ports. We have opened up for settlement the vast grain Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and by peaceful exploration and absorption we have added greatly to our already immense territory. We have quelled two rebellions in the West, and have policed those vast regions so that the settler has been able to till the soil in safety. We have given of our blood

and treasure in the defence of the Empire, first in South Africa, and now upon the sanguinary fields of Flanders.

Our difficulties, some might think, have only begun, but those of us who are optimistic see in the present situation the elements that weld, even more securely still, the bonds that have held together the conflicting portions of the Dominion.

The statements of the present nine Provincial Prime Ministers and of the Minister of Trade and Commerce, given in this number, show a record of great progress and expansion. There is in every instance a spirit of pride and optimism, and in no instance is there any evidence of dissatisfaction. Confederation, therefore, is avowedly a success.

We begin these statements, not with the most westerly Province nor with the most easterly, but with one in the middle, Manitoba, the first Prairie Province to join the Union.

MANITOBA

BY THE HONOURABLE T. C. NORRIS
PRIME MINISTER



MANITOBA did not enter Confederation until July 15th, 1870. Prior to that time it did not even bear the name of Manitoba, being part of what was then known as Assiniboia. In 1870 the total population was 12,000, of which 10,000 were Indians and métis and the remaining 2,000 were whites or the half-breed descendants of the original settlers of Lord Selkirk's Red River Colony. In 1870 the population of Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, was 215.

Fifty years ago the little farms of the settlers did not even produce the necessities of existence, and the community imported most of its food stuffs. The fur trade was the only commercial activity, and the traditional policy of the old fur traders has prevented us from knowing the value of the annual shipments of pelts. In 1870 the area of Manitoba was 13,500 square miles. To-day it is 351,000 square miles.

The population of Manitoba to-day is more than 550,000. Total production in 1915 amounted to \$300,000,000.



THE HONOURABLE T. C. NORRIS

Prime Minister of Manitoba

Of this \$261,000,000 was from agriculture. Manitoba's mineral production for years past has been confined to building materials such as gypsum, cement, clay and building stone, which have amounted to more than \$2,000,000 yearly. Recent discoveries of gold, silver and copper are now of proved value, and it is quite reasonable to believe they will make Manitoba one of the leading mining provinces of the Dominion. Mani-

toba lakes produce fish worth \$1,000,000 annually, and only those close to transportation facilities have been touched. But a fraction of Manitoba's arable land has been cultivated. Her natural resources of minerals, fish, timber and water power have been barely touched. They are yet to be developed. The incurable optimism of the people of Manitoba should be therefore not difficult to explain.

T. C. Norris.

CANADA'S COMMERCIAL PROGRESS

BY THE HONOURABLE SIR GEORGE FOSTER
MINISTER OF TRADE AND COMMERCE



It is impossible to show exactly by statistics the commercial progress of Canada since Confederation. In the collection and tabulation of trade figures our customs statisticians have always paid more attention to values than to quantities, probably because the primary object of the customs tariff has been the collection of revenue. Prices fluctuate so that a comparison of trade values in one year with those of another year is apt to be misleading.

When we look at the comparative tables of customs statistics we find that in the fiscal year that ended on March 31st, 1917, the value of imports of merchandise was more than twelve times as great and the value of exports of merchandise more than twenty-two times as great as in the fiscal year 1868. War prices now prevail and general conditions are so unusual that a comparison of the fiscal year 1868 with the fiscal year which ended March 31st, 1914, four months before the outbreak of the war, will give a truer idea of the commercial progress of Canada than a comparison with the fiscal year 1917. During the fiscal year 1914 the value of our imports of merchandise was more than nine times as great and the value of our exports eight times as much as in 1868.

But foreign trade represents only a small part of the total trade of Canada. If we had the figures of railway freights for every year since Confederation they would give a more complete conception of our trade expansion than the customs statistics, because they include freight carried both for home consumption and for export. The railway statistics are also particularly valuable for comparison, because they represent quantities and not values, so that fluctuations in prices do not affect them.

Our methods of recording and compiling transportation figures were not very complete in the early years of Confederation, but the railway freight figures are available as far back as the year 1875. In the year 1914 the quantity of freight carried by the railways was more than eighteen times as great as in the year 1875.

Although immigration from Europe has been almost completely cut off since the outbreak of the war and we have sent an immense army of men overseas, our railways carried 3,265,099 tons more freight during the year 1916 than they did in 1914. The total freight carried by the railways in 1875 was only 5,190,416 tons compared with 106,393,989 tons in 1914 and 109,659,088 tons in 1916. Thus during these three years of war, although our man power has been so



THE HONOURABLE SIR GEORGE FOSTER

Minister of Trade and Commerce

greatly reduced, the increase in the freight carried by our railways has been actually equal to more than sixty per cent. of the total quantity of freight carried by Canadian railways in the year 1875.

It will be noted that the great in-

dustrial expansion since Confederation has not prevented large increases in imports. Usually when a factory is started to supply the demand for a certain article the new industry creates a demand for other articles that must be imported.

ONTARIO

BY THE HONOURABLE SIR WILLIAM HEARST
PRIME MINISTER



NTARIO'S early settlers were principally United Empire Loyalists who came to this country from sheer love of British institutions and ideals rather than from the prospect of material advantages. It was their lot to suffer many privations and hardships, but they have handed down to succeeding generations glorious traditions and inestimable advantages.

Fifty years ago this Province had a population of a million and a quarter inhabitants earning a somewhat precarious livelihood on the farm by primitive and laborious methods. At that time the outlook was obscure, and the thought of a great and Imperial destiny seemed merely a vision. On the faith of the leading men of Canada, irrespective of party, Confederation was undertaken. By virtue of their statesmanship, we in Ontario to-day have become the very heart and centre of a great democracy, rich in every endowment of nature and richer still in a noble inspiration of national and Imperial greatness and usefulness.

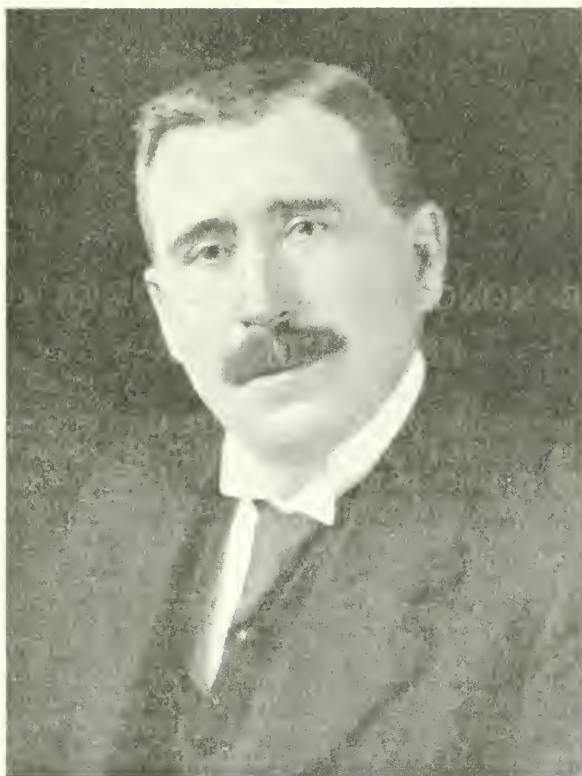
Our population has doubled; our wealth has expanded enormously; our future as a people has become settled and assured. In agriculture this Province has so improved its methods that though its farming population has increased only slightly, its production has doubled and trebled. To-

day the wealth of our farmers represents an invested capital of \$1,216,864,992. Great as has been the industrial growth of Ontario, and phenomenal as has been its mining development, we realize that the hope of this Province is in agriculture. No nation is truly great that does not live up to its opportunities in the production of food.

We have in Ontario as yet brought under cultivation some nine million acres of land with which we are endowed. There are still many millions of acres of tillable soil awaiting the husbandman, for this Province has a total area of 260,000,000 acres. With the improvements now made possible, so that one man will soon be doing the work that was formerly a burden to five, a new era is dawning for agriculture. Remembering that one ton of food produced in Canada to-day is the equal in the Mother Country, by the laws of transportation, to four tons produced in Australia, what an advantage we have in common with all Canada for food production.

When we add to this our unbounded forest resources, our great water powers capable of producing vast quantities of electrical energy, and our noble manhood and womanhood, which have not hesitated to sacrifice their highest and best on the altars of freedom, what limit can we place on the possibilities of this country?

Truly Ontario is fitted to do its share, hand-in-hand with its sister



THE HONOURABLE SIR WILLIAM HEARST

Prime Minister of Ontario


Provinces, in giving strength and vitality to this Canadian nation. The manifold resources and activities of our country, its unrivalled climate, the richness of its soil, the militant patriotism of its people, their love of everything Canadian and British,

their unflinching devotion to freedom—all these tell us that the Canadian Confederation is not a vision, but a glorious reality, with a still more glorious future under the flag we love so well and which means so much for us and for humanity.

W. H. Hearst

QUEBEC

BY THE HONOURABLE SIR LOMER GOUIN
PRIME MINISTER

HE remarkable progress of the Prairie Provinces is apt at times to overshadow the development in the older Provinces of the Dominion. We are all proud of what Western Canada has done and is doing, but I believe that Canadians generally have equal reason to be proud of the solid if less spectacular progress of the eastern portion of our country.

First of all, it seems to me to be important to re-state some facts regarding the area of Quebec Province. When this Province entered Confederation its area consisted of 120,000,000 acres. In 1898, the Territories of Abitibi, of Ashwanipi and of Mistassini were annexed to Quebec and, when the re-adjustment of the Provincial boundaries took place some years ago, the Territory of Ungava was also added. This had the effect of nearly quadrupling the area of the Province, which is now 452,373,760 acres, or 706,834 square miles.

This enormous extent of territory can better be understood when it is remarked that the Province of Quebec is the largest of all the Provinces of Canada. It constitutes one-fifth of the whole area of Canada, and is almost one-fourth the size of the United States of America. It is about three and a half times larger than Germany, France, or Spain, and six times larger than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

At the time of Confederation the population of Quebec was about 1,190,000. It is now about 2,400,000, or considerably more than one-quarter of the whole population of Canada. The density of population rose from about 3.30 to the square mile in 1867 to 5.69 to the square mile in 1911. It is now (owing to the annexation of Ungava) about 3.25 to the square mile. The railway mileage has increased from 575 miles at Confederation to 4,353 at the present time.

The value of our field crops is now more than \$100,000,000 per annum. The dairy products, which in 1871 amounted to \$124,000, are now in the neighbourhood of \$22,500,000 per annum. The mining products have increased from less than \$2,000,000 to \$13,000,000; and the forest products are now around \$30,000,000. Quebec's production from field crops, animals, dairy products, mining products, forest products and fisheries is now about \$300,000,000 per annum—a very respectable contribution to the wealth of the Dominion.

This Province has also made remarkable progress in manufacturing. The capital invested in the manufacturing establishments in the Province in 1871 amounted to \$28,071,868, and the value of the products to \$77,205,182. The census of 1911 showed that this capital investment had increased in the interval to \$326,946,925, and the value of the products to



THE HONOURABLE SIR LOMER GOUIN

Prime Minister of Quebec

\$350,901,656. The figures must be considerably higher now. Thus the total annual production of Quebec Province is now much in excess of half a billion dollars.

The exports of the Province have increased from \$39,021,706, or \$32 per capita of population, in 1871, to \$279,039,923 in 1916, or \$116 per capita, while the imports have increased from \$43,094,412, or \$36 per capita, to \$180,356,089, or \$75 per capita. Comment on these figures is superfluous. They speak for themselves. But I may be permitted to

point out the important bearing they have on the economic and industrial life of the nation, and how eloquent they are of the ultimate development of this Province.

We have a stable, industrious, clean-living, and progressive population. Education and scientific methods are making rapid progress. We look forward with every confidence to a glorious future, confident of fulfilling our destiny in fraternal emulation with the other Provinces of the Dominion, of which we are proud and happy to form a part.

Lomer Gouin

BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY THE HONOURABLE H. C. BREWSTER
PRIME MINISTER



THE first British Columbia Parliament was held in Victoria in 1868, and was followed conveniently by a Confederation at Yale in the same year, decision to enter Confederation being reached in 1870. The last meeting of the Legislative Council was opened on January 3rd. 1871, passing the terms of union on January 19th following.

Fixed settlement in the Province up to that date was confined practically to the Fraser Valley, the lower half of Vancouver Island, with adjacent islands and promiscuous isolated districts in several scattered parts of the interior. The rush of miners to the Cariboods in the fifties had resulted in the location of many sturdy pioneers in the country who had come in with the swarm of gold-seekers.

Not until the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway could it be said that British Columbia, or even her oldest settlers, felt themselves to be an integrant part of the Dominion. The population at that time was about 45,000. New Westminster, Victoria, and Nanaimo were the only noteworthy urban centres.

With the advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the construction of its branch lines, the establishment of transportation among the lakes and water-ways of the interior encouraged experimental settlement in

various sections, which since have become thriving agricultural communities. For the most part, however, agricultural settlement and development took place only in a narrow strip of the southern section of the Province contiguous to the American boundary.

Not until the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway—penetrating the northern hinterland of the Province and providing transportation from millions of acres of unequalled agricultural areas—with its terminus at Prince Rupert, were the eyes of settlers attracted toward the undoubtedly splendid agricultural, horticultural and stock-ranging possibilities of this section of the Province. Since this time another section of the Province has been traversed by the Canadian Northern Pacific Railway, and there is under construction the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, which, when completed, together with the railroads mentioned, will afford a network of steel transcending the immediate necessities of the Province and providing against the contingencies of many years. The population, in round numbers, now is 400,000, notwithstanding the considerable decrease incident to the large relative percentage of local enlistments for the war.

In common with other Western Provinces, the years from 1910 to 1914 were "boom" years. Speculative investments attracted the attention of



THE HONOURABLE H. C. BREWSTER
Prime Minister of British Columbia

companies, corporations and syndicates, which were among the first to realize the potential value of its natural resources, particularly in land and timber. Extensive purchases were made in respect of both these, which naturally procrastinated industrial development, and particularly the very necessary settlement and cultivation of the land. As early as before the outbreak of the present war the speculative exploitation of the Province had run its course and the inevitable depression followed, affecting commerce as well as industry.

In spite of the depression and

anxiety incident to the prosecution of the war—and I should say in this connection that because British Columbia is sharing her responsibilities to an extent pre-eminently to her credit and feeling the depression correspondingly—the stable interests of the Province have found their feet, are more than holding their own and are preparing for a generous participation in the revival of all varieties of prosperity which the termination of the war will substantiate and which must reach this Province with an incidence commensurate with the great potentialities of her resources.

H. C. Brewster.

SASKATCHEWAN

BY THE HONOURABLE W. M. MARTIN
PRIME MINISTER



ALTHOUGH the Province of Saskatchewan was formed on September 1st, 1905—something less than twelve years ago—its progress has been almost startling. It began with a population, according to the Provincial estimate, of only 136,000. Ten years later that number had increased to 750,000. In Eleven years 187,460 homesteads were taken up, representing 29,993,600 acres of land. In 1905 the amount of land under cultivation was 1,638,281 acres; in 1916 it was 11,623,710 acres. The following table shows the increase in the production of grain:

	1905	1915
Oats	19,213,000	171,765,000
Barley ...	893,396	10,497,000
Wheat ...	26,107,286	243,481,000
Flax	398,399	9,061,000

Since its beginning the Province of Saskatchewan has been a leader in progressive legislation. Not only was it the first Province to enact progressive temperance legislation, but it undertook early in its existence to give the people a Government telephone system, to establish creameries operated by the Government, and elevators under Government control. In 1905 the number of farmers supplying cream was 560; in 1916 it was 7,205. During that time the amount of butter manufactured had increased from 223,474 pounds, valued at \$47,577 to 2,538,061 pounds, valued

at \$771,092. Besides this, there were in 1916 fifteen private creameries making 1,772,608 pounds of butter.

In 1905 there were thirty-three agricultural societies. By 1916 the number had increased to 118. Although it is generally supposed that the increasing amount of grain and mixed farming throughout the Province had decreased the production of live stock, the statistics show the following increases:

	1906	1916
Horses	240,566	700,815
Cattle	472,854	987,454
Sheep	121,290	207,385
Swine	123,916	286,544

The amount of grain inspected from Saskatchewan during the "crop" year, 1905-6, was 22,871,730 bushels: in 1915-16 it was 271,385,600 bushels. The number of elevators of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company, which is controlled by the Government, increased from forty-six in 1911-12 to 258 in 1916-17. The entire elevator capacity of the Province increased from 8,951,600 bushels in 1905, to 52,943,000 bushels in 1916.

There have been other astonishing increases. The railway mileage in operation in 1905 was 1,551; in 1915 it was 6,101. The number of subscribers to Government telephones in 1908 was 3,615; in 1916 it was approximately 18,000. In 1908 the mileage of the rural telephone system was 147; in 1916 it was 24,856. In



THE HONOURABLE W. M. MARTIN
Prime Minister of Saskatchewan

1908 the number of subscribers was 119; in 1916, 25,141.

Education has kept pace with this wonderful development. The number of school districts in 1905 was 940; and in 1915 it was 3,702. The number of teachers employed in 1905 was

1,011; in 1915 there were 4,949. In 1905 the pupils attending the schools numbered 25,191; in 1915 this was increased to 119,279. In 1906 the number of teachers trained at the Norman School was 188; in 1915 it was 1,222.

W M Martin

ALBERTA

BY THE HONOURABLE A. L. SIFTON
PRIME MINISTER



THOUGH in 1867 what is now Alberta was still in the control of the Hudson's Bay Company, the employees of which were its only white inhabitants, and fur-trading was its only settled industry, this and other portions of Rupert's Land were constantly kept in mind in connection with the Confederation plans. As early as 1858 George Brown urged that "with the people of Canada must mainly rest the noble task, at no distant date, of consolidating these Provinces, aye, and of redeeming to civilization and peopling with new life the vast territories to our north".

No time was lost, after the British North America Act went into effect, in securing the transfer of these territories to the new Dominion. What had to be done in redeeming them to civilization was shown by the report which Lieutenant (afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir William F.) Butler made to the Government of Manitoba in 1871, following his famous trip to the Rockies.

"As matters now rest," he wrote, "the region of the Saskatchewan is without law, order or security for life and property: robbery and murder for years have gone unpunished: Indian massacres are unchecked, even in the close vicinity of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, and all civil and legal institutions are entirely unknown."

The change that has been wrought since then is a part, and an important part, of the general history of the Dominion.

The census of 1901 showed that the territory which four years later, on the granting of autonomy, was included in the Province of Alberta, had a population of 73,022. To-day it is estimated at 540,000.

In 1905 we had a total grain yield of 13,607,374 bushels; in 1915 this had risen to 164,332,483; in 1916 the yield was in the neighbourhood of 125,000,000. As yet only ten per cent. of our arable land is under cultivation. Live stock interests are developing rapidly, a value of \$120,000,000 being placed upon them.

Last year's coal production was 4,648,604 tons. Fourteen and a half per cent. of the world's coal supply is to be found within our provincial boundaries, and only a beginning has been made in its exploitation. Manufacturing, too, is only in its infancy, but it now accounts for \$40,000,000 worth of products annually.

While it is mainly to purely economic aspects of our expansion that attention has been directed, there has been consistent progress towards all the higher forms of civilized life. The lawless conditions pictured by Butler soon gave way to orderly government, and the self-governing principle has been gradually extended. Alberta to-day is an advanced democracy. Nowhere else in the Dominion is the de-



THE HONOURABLE A. L. SIFTON

Prime Minister of Alberta

sire of the people to control their own affairs directly more manifest.

Pride in the Province and steady regard for its particular interests are strongly developed. But the larger claims of the nation and the Empire are not overlooked. Our recruiting

figures are the best evidence of this.

Marvellous though the transformation of the past half-century has been, our achievements have been as nothing compared with those to which we look forward. To an exceptional degree Alberta is still a land of promise.

Arthur L. Sifton

NOVA SCOTIA

BY THE HONOURABLE G. H. MURRAY
PRIME MINISTER



CONFEDERATION implies that the union of the various Canadian Provinces was not a legislative union, which obliterates the individual State, but a federal union, which leaves each Province free to achieve its own destiny, although forming an integral part of the Dominion. Thus while managing its own local affairs, Nova Scotia has contributed in a distinguishable way to the life and progress of our united country.

At Confederation the population of Nova Scotia was about 330,000. It is now well over the half million. The agricultural industry has shown a regular growth, and the general financial standing of the Nova Scotia farmer has greatly improved. Organized dairying, which was non-existent fifty years ago, has made rapid strides recently, the output from the creameries increasing more than six hundred per cent. during the past ten years. We had then no agricultural college; to-day we have one of the best equipped colleges of this type on the continent.

At Confederation Nova Scotia had not begun to export apples. Our export of this fruit, which began in 1880 with 20,000 barrels, reached its maximum in 1911, with 1,800,000 barrels. Fifty years ago our coal output amounted to 684,000 tons: it has now reached a value of more than eight millions. Eleven hundred and seventy public schools, with 72,000 pupils,

were then in operation; to-day we have 2,837 public schools attended by 109,189 pupils. We had then no facilities for technical training; we have now a complete system of technical education that covers the entire Province. At that time one small iron works was in operation; to-day the largest steel plants in Canada are located in this Province.

Nova Scotia has been described as one of the cradles of the Canadian race, and certainly the sons of this Province have accomplished their full share in peopling the wide spaces of the west. Indeed the production of material things takes second place in importance to the contribution of that rare product—strong men. We may justly lay claim to pre-eminence in the part our sons have taken in the educational and political thought of the Dominion.

The country that produced Howe, the accomplished orator and statesman, continues to give birth to public men of national distinction. Since 1867 Nova Scotia has given to Canada a whole series of constructive statesmen of whom three have become Prime Ministers of the Dominion.

It has been said that intellect is the chief element in the greatness of a people. In the increase of that element Nova Scotia has been an important factor. Many college and university heads have gone forth from this Province, together with a steady stream of college professors,



THE HONOURABLE G. H. MURRAY
Prime Minister of Nova Scotia

while geologists, naturalists and physicists of Nova Scotia origin have helped to carry on the torch of knowledge.

Nova Scotia will endeavour to maintain the tradition of a trained intelligence, a reverence for knowledge.

a supreme devotion to freedom and justice. Nova Scotians will aid in guarding the superb edifice raised fifty years ago and committed by our fathers to the keeping of all true Canadians without regard to race or creed.

G. H. Murray

NEW BRUNSWICK

BY THE HONOURABLE W. E. FOSTER
PRIME MINISTER

NEW BRUNSWICK entered Confederation on the wave of a popular demand for the Intercolonial Railway. In the fifty years since union was consummated the Province has made great strides, particularly in railway building.

It has been said that New Brunswick has more miles of railway per capita than any other unit of government in the world. The Intercolonial was provided, skirting the entire eastern and northern shores of the Province, and now it reaches across the Province as well, comprising three great arms—the St. John-Moncton section of the main line; the Canada Eastern branch, from Chatham to Fredericton, and the recently-acquired Intercolonial, from Campbellton to St. Leonard's. The Canadian Pacific Railway practically parallels the western boundary from St. Stephen to Edmundston in addition to the St. John-Vanceboro' section of the main line and several branches. The National Transcontinental Railway bisects the Province diagonally, and there are numerous other branches in the provincial gridiron, to say nothing of the St. John Valley Railway, now building from Andover to Westfield, and which was originally destined to run from Grand Falls to St. John, a distance of 225 miles.

Progress in all lines of development has kept pace with railway building.

In population, New Brunswick has added one-third to the total of 1867 with a satisfactory growth of 100,000, contributing at the same time very largely to the upbuilding of the Western Provinces. This Province has given two Prime Ministers to British Columbia, a Governor to Alberta, and men high up in every walk of life to every Province in the West.

In manufacturing, lumbering, the fisheries, and agriculture, New Brunswick has advanced with the rest of Canada. Some products of our factories are sold on the Pacific coast and on the prairies, while others go overseas. Pulp and paper mills mark advances in the lumber industry, while our canners and packers of fish products are invading the markets of the world. The threatened food shortage and the call for increased production as a patriotic duty has revealed an awakened and progressive spirit on the part of our farmers, who have kept in touch with the new ideas of the time.

New Brunswick's contribution to the war can be taken as proof that the Province has caught the real spirit of a self-governing confederation. We are now on our second army division, having enlisted, it is safely estimated, more than 20,000 up to May 1st, 1917, for the common cause of Canada and the Empire. Owing to the unfortunate necessity of infantry units having been broken up in drafts in England, New Brunswick has been represented



THE HONOURABLE W. E. FOSTER

Prime Minister of New Brunswick

on the firing-line during the first three years of war by but one infantry battalion, though our men have gone to re-inforce many other units. The original New Brunswick battalion has all but disappeared, but has been filled and re-filled with men and officers from our own Province and as an organization is still at strength and going forward to fresh triumphs.

To "Carry On" must be our watch-

word at home. New Brunswick has had no cause to regret undertaking the larger responsibilities which came from concurrence in Confederation fifty years ago, and we can look forward with confidence and with courage to entering the new period which will come to Canada and to the whole world with the downfall of autocracy and the universal triumph of liberalism.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

BY THE HONOURABLE J. A. MATHIESON
PRIME MINISTER



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND became united with the Dominion of Canada on July 1st, 1873. Its progress since that date has been limited by its isolation in winter, by its lack of mineral and forest resources, the impossibility of geographical extension in which the central and western Provinces have shared, and the further fact that manufacturing development, except for local purposes, was impossible owing to inadequate transportation facilities. Its one supreme need was constant and efficient means of communication with the mainland and the outside world.

This great need is now about to be supplied by the inauguration of a car ferry service across the narrowest part of the Strait of Northumberland, where the water distance is but eight miles, and the widening of the gauge of our railway to that of the mainland railways. The decision of the present Government at Ottawa to undertake this important work gave great hope to our people, allayed the prevalent discontent and operated to check the exodus then going on. The opening of the car ferry service this year is confidently expected to greatly relieve the worst of our past disabilities, to stimulate production and trade, to enhance the value of our farm lands and of all our farm and fishery products, to promote the creation of new industries that will give

constant employment and to make Prince Edward Island an integral part of the Dominion in a sense that it has never been.

Although for the reasons stated the population of the Province numbers little more than at the time of union, there are many evidences of material progress. Since that date the Dominion Government has extended the railway to Cape Traverse, Murray Harbour, Montague, and Elmira, an aggregate distance of eighty miles; it has improved our harbours, provided rural mail delivery and last year took over the operation of the steamship service connecting the mainland railway systems and the Province.

Successive provincial governments have inaugurated various changes and improvements. The Legislature adopted the one-chamber plan in 1891 and the old Legislative Council ceased to exist. A prohibitory liquor law was unanimously adopted in 1901 and since then has been made more stringent. In more recent years, under the present administration, the highways have been greatly improved and permanent bridges of steel and concrete have been built. The educational system has been improved, teachers' salaries increased and more efficient inspection provided. The proprietary right in the oyster fishery has been acquired from the Dominion, and considerable areas have been surveyed and leased with a view to restoring this important industry. A plant has been established



THE HONOURABLE J. A. MATHIESON

Prime Minister of Prince Edward Island

for the excavation and shipment by rail and water carriage of mussel mud at cost, for use by farmers as a fertilizer, of which more than 1,300 carloads were shipped last year, the demand much exceeding the supply.

Other evidences of change and progress since the time of union are to be noted in the endowment by Sir Charles Dalton of a sanatorium for consumptives, which is now maintained by the Government; the incorporation of the towns of Summerside, Alberton, Kensington, Souris, Georgetown, and Montague; the extension of the telephone system throughout the

Province and the introduction of waterworks, sewerage and electric lighting systems in the large centres; the creation of the fur-farming industry and its development on an extensive scale. Generally speaking there has been since the time of union a very considerable increase in wealth and a higher standard of comfort in living, to which the widespread introduction of labour-saving machines and implements has contributed largely. High prices for farm products in recent years have made our farmers more prosperous than ever before.

J. A. Mathieson

The Fight for Confederation

BY M. O. HAMMOND

AUTHOR OF "CONFEDERATION AND ITS LEADERS"



TOWARDS the close of 1864 George Brown wrote to a friend that the "French Canadians are restive about the [Confederation] scheme but the feeling in favour of it is all but unanimous here [Upper Canada], and I think there is a good chance of carrying it".

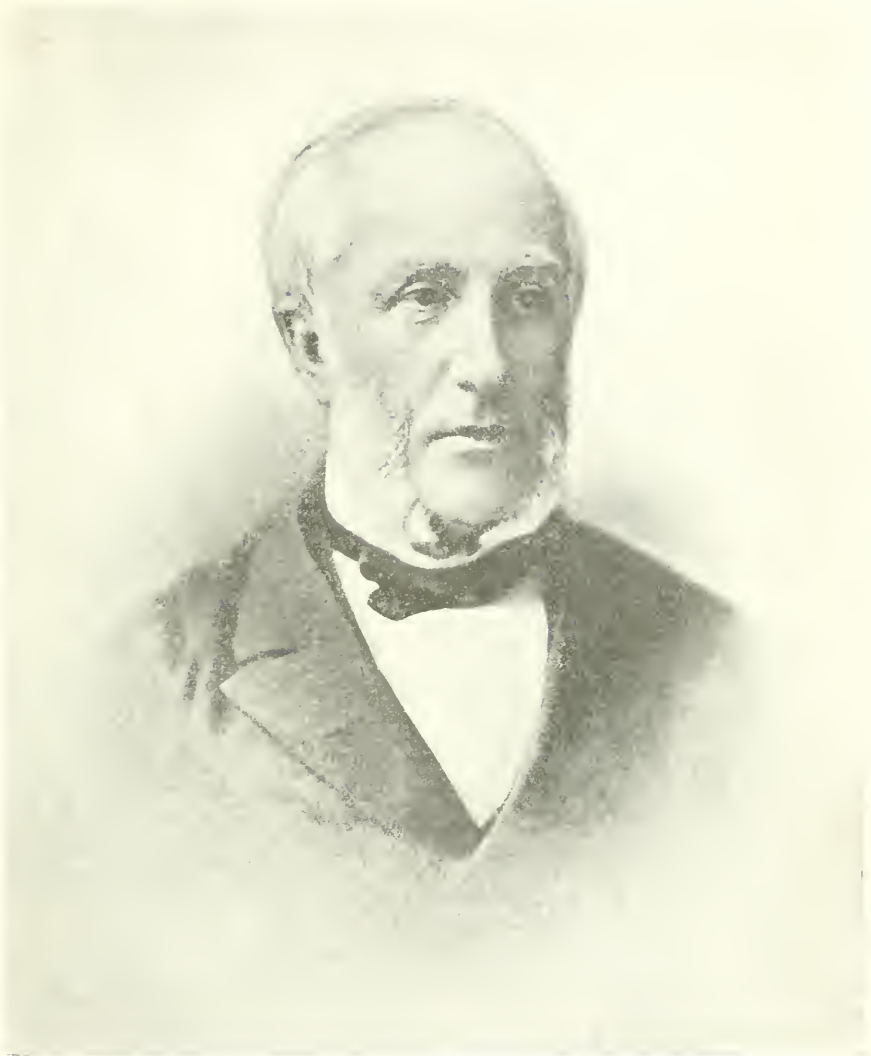
The Reform leader's diagnosis was correct. His own trumpet-calls for constitutional change during the previous decade had prepared Upper Canada for innovation, and the idea of a union with Lower Canada and the provinces down by the sea was not a new one. It is true his demand was for representation by population, in the two Canadas, and that he was not, until the coalition was formed in June, 1864, a convert to the idea of uniting all the provinces. John A. Macdonald had given passive support to the larger scheme when A. T. Galt entered the Cartier-Macdonald government in 1858 with the federation policy in his knapsack.

Macdonald was not, however, a serious propagandist of union until he joined Brown in the coalition. A few weeks earlier he had opposed the majority report of Brown's special committee on constitutional change, which favoured a federation of the two Canadas or, failing that, a federation of all the provinces. Galt had been the real pioneer of the Confed-

eration idea among the leaders of that day, for in his speech in the Assembly at Toronto on July 5th, 1858, he advocated a union of all the provinces and said that unless one were effected they would eventually drift into the United States. That speech converted George E. Cartier, the leader of the French Canadians, a circumstance most fortunate and far-reaching in the fight during the years to come.

Generally speaking, therefore, the leaders of the union cause in the Canadas began their battle in the summer of 1864 on a fair footing of equality. Brown had sown the seed which made Upper Canada ready for change. John A. Macdonald, once he espoused the movement, threw his dynamic personality at the head of it. D'Arcy McGee had preached far and wide the lure of a united Dominion. Galt was ready with abundant proof of its economic wisdom. Cartier, backed by the Church, was unrelenting and invincible in prosecuting the new cause.

Such opposition to Confederation as developed in Upper Canada came mainly from the secrecy which enveloped the negotiations, from mistrust of a measure not submitted to the people, and for a time, an antagonism to the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. The Canadian delegates slipped away to Charlottetown for the first conference, almost unnoticed. The proceedings were



THE HONOURABLE GEORGE BROWN

Who joined forces with the Honourable John A. Macdonald to form a coalition Government and bring about Confederation

private and their real significance not realized for weeks. When the delegates passed on to Halifax and St. John they uncovered the plans with vague messages of good-will and then proceeded to Quebec, where the scheme was matured. Here the meetings were again in secret, but enough leaked out to prepare the Canadas for a scheme involving great change. When the Quebec delegates, their

work completed, came on to Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, they were welcomed everywhere, though a minority of doubters remained in the background. The *Montreal Gazette* declared that "from first to last there has been a blunder committed in this matter of secrecy".

Against this was the buoyant leadership of Macdonald and Brown, supported by Oliver Mowat, William

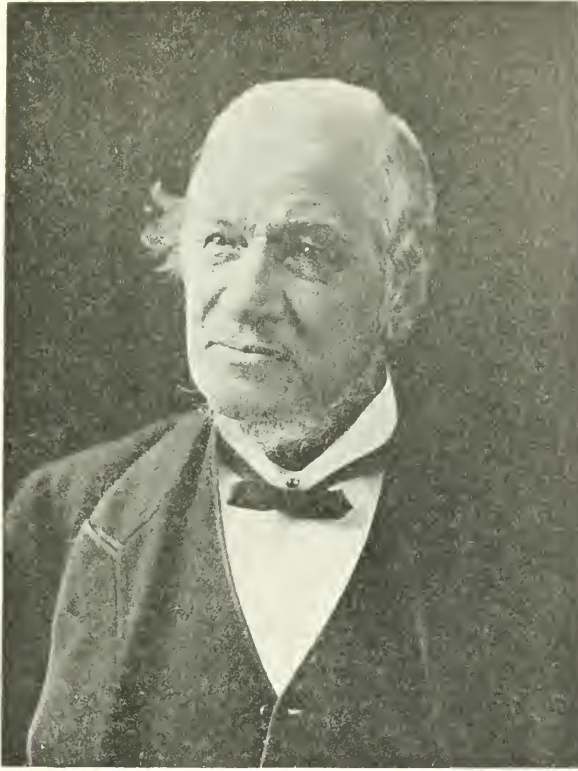


JOHN A. MACDONALD

Who invited George Brown to enter a coalition Government to bring about Confederation

McDougall and other skilful debaters in the Upper Province. There was first of all intense relief at the end of the deadlock, which had nearly paralyzed business for two years. "I

think there is no man from one end of this Province to the other," said Brown at Toronto, on November 3rd, "who will not say that whatever we may do after this union is accom-



SIR A. T. GALT

Who ten years before Confederation stated publicly that unless the Provinces united they eventually would drift into the United States

plished, we should at any rate forget our feuds for the present. It may be said that it is unnecessary for me to make this remark, but when I look over the meeting and see the friendly way in which Whigs and Tories are sitting together, I almost think the millenium has arrived."

While Brown and *The Globe* were leading the Reformers towards union, with here and there a dissenter, *The Leader* had misgivings which were uttered in varying form from day to day. "Public opinion favours a union of the Provinces," said the Conservative organ on November 25th, but it does not sanction the proposal of carrying it without giving the people an opportunity of saying whether they desire it or not." The sentiment was echoed by many smaller newspapers in the Province.

John Hillyard Cameron, an outstanding lawyer and member of Parliament in Upper Canada, had already taken the platform on the same issue, and before his constituents in Peel county had favoured a legislative rather than a federal union, and added: "Let no change be made without taking the voice of the people on the question".

Feeling on the Intercolonial Railway had been strong, but gradually weakened. Samuel Leonard Tilley, Premier of New Brunswick, had made his position clear at the banquet during the Quebec conference. "The question of the Intercolonial Railroad had not been lost sight of," he said, "and if a union was to be consummated it would not be worth having without that road. It was, in fact, impossible to have a union without it."



THE HONOURABLE A. A. DORION

Leader of the opponents of Confederation in the Province of Quebec

Such an ultimatum was something to handle carefully in Upper Canada. Observe the delicacy of George Brown, as he unfolded the details of the union scheme to a Toronto audience in November.

"Mr. Mayor," he said to the banqueters, "I now approach a rather delicate question—delicate, that is to say, as regards the people of the west [Upper Canada]. We have agreed—I announce it frankly—to build the Intercolonial Railway. [Cheers and laughter]. I have not been in favour of that scheme, *per se*, constituted as we have been. But I have at the same time been willing to admit—and I repeat it heartily to-day—that without an intercolonial railway there can be no union of these Provinces. [Cheers]. And after a careful consideration of the

question in all its bearings, and after counting the full cost, I am prepared to advocate the building of that road in order to accomplish the great objects we have in view in the scheme of federation [Cheers]. . . . In agreeing to build the Interecolonial, it should also be stated that due regard was had to the interests of the west. I am happy to be able to say that with the unanimous consent of the members of the conference, we have resolved on the extension of our canal system" [Cheers].

Opinion on union drifted on in a vague form until it was crystallized in the great Confederation debate in Parliament at Quebec in February and March, 1865. The stage was set for a historic occasion in a historic city, and the Canadian Parliament never rose to greater heights. John



SIR GEORGE E. CARTIER

Leader of the advocates of Confederation in the Province of Quebec

A. Macdonald and George Brown reached a lofty plane in their appeals for support of Confederation, and no Upper Canadian opponent approached them either in force or logic.

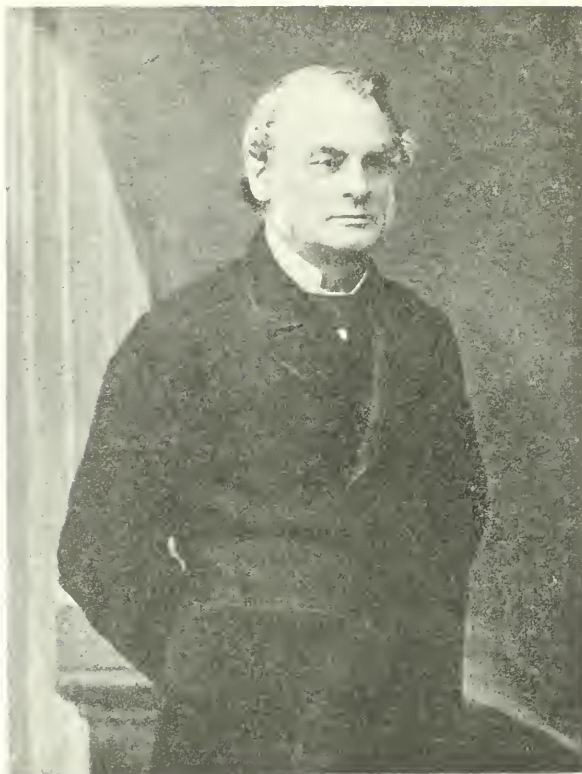
"If we do not take advantage of the time," said Macdonald in closing, "if we show ourselves unequal to the occasion, it may never return, and we shall hereafter bitterly and unavailingly regret having failed to embrace the happy opportunity now offered of founding a great nation under the fostering care of Great Britain and our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria."

Brown's speech was equally noble and was marked by close reasoning in support of the scheme. He presented seven principal reasons for the adoption of Confederation, as follows:

(1) Because it will raise us from

the attitude of a number of inconsiderable colonies into a great and powerful people; (2) because it will throw down the barriers of trade and give us the control of a market of four millions of people; (3) because it will make us the third maritime power in the world; (4) because it will give a new start to immigration into our country; (5) because it will enable us to meet without alarm the abrogation of the American reciprocity treaty in case the United States should decide upon its abolition; (6) because in the event of war it will enable all the colonies to defend themselves better and give more efficient aid to the Empire than they can do separately; and (7) because it will give us a seaboard at all seasons of the year.

Oliver Mowat was not in Parlia-



SIR LEONARD TILLEY

Who strongly urged the building of the Intercolonial Railway

ment at this time, having been appointed Vice-Chancellor of Ontario in the autumn of 1864. William McDougall, the other Reformer in the coalition government, took no part in the debate.

Upper Canada's minority voice was heard in the speeches of John Sandfield Macdonald, Matthew Crooks Cameron, John Hillyard Cameron, Joseph Rymal, and one or two others less prominent. Naturally conservatism was reflected in the attitude of John Sandfield Macdonald, whose speech as a whole was not a worthy performance. "Sir," he said, "I never was myself an advocate of any change in our constitution; I believed it was capable of being well worked to the satisfaction of the people if we were free from demagogues and designing persons who sought to

create strife between the two sections." "I think it is most monstrous," he added, "that this House should refuse the people an opportunity of expressing themselves before their constitution is taken away from them."

Sandfield Macdonald was a reluctant convert to the cause when it prevailed in 1867, but he accepted the offer of Sir John A. Macdonald to become the first Premier of Ontario, declaring at the same time his independence of the Conservative party. He lived to "hunt in couples" with Sir John and to face a formidable Liberal opposition which finally overthrew him in Ontario in 1871.

M. C. Cameron was a silver-tongued lawyer who was afterwards in Sandfield Macdonald's Ontario Cabinet and later Opposition leader in



THE HONOURABLE JOSEPH HOWE

The leader in Nova Scotia of the opponents of Confederation

the Province. "I feel it was not the interests of this country that have brought about these resolutions," he told the House, "but that it was the factious conduct of honourable gentlemen on the floor of this House." He opposed the Intercolonial Railway and the joining with the Maritime Provinces, because it meant much additional frontier and expenditure without men in proportion. He favoured a legislative rather than a federal union, and declared: "We should feel that if we are to be united it should be in fact as well as in name; that we ought to be one people and not separated from each other by sections; that if we go into a union it ought to be such a union as would make us one people. . . with strength to protect our interests in all time to come."

Picturesque "Joe" Rymal, whose appearance and language alike arrested attention, charged that John A. Macdonald had broken faith in preventing amendments being moved, while the Reform members had broken faith in not bringing down a measure for the federation of the two Canadas. The refusal to submit the scheme to the people was to him evidence there was something in it which the promoters did not wish the people to know.

"Now, the strength which we would obtain by consummating this union," he declared, "is just that kind of strength which a fishing rod would obtain by fastening to it some additional joints."

John Hillyard Cameron moved on March 13th that union be not effective until submitted to the people,

but the main resolution was carried by 91 to 33 in the Assembly.

*

While the members were debating at Quebec other far-reaching voices were heard in the distance. New Brunswick, the first Province to hold an election after the Quebec conference, had registered an unfavourable verdict in March, and the news caused the debate to "drag heavily". "It appeared," said a correspondent, "as if the members felt they were speaking on a dead subject, and the tendency was to cut the speeches short".

South of the border events were happening which were to stimulate union feeling more or less in all the Provinces. The American civil war was nearing its close, there was bitterness between the North and Great Britain, there was a fear of demobilized soldiers, and there was a real menace from the Fenians then spouting fire in various parts of the Union. A sample utterance is that of Colonel Mahoney, President of the Fenian Brotherhood, at Boston in February, 1865.

"Ours is the policy that can right the wrongs of Ireland," he said. "The day of peaceful agitation, of petition mongering and parliamentary humbug is passed forever in Ireland. The sword alone can win the liberty of that Green Isle. Away then with all associations that do not propose to win Irish liberty by the stalwart arms of Irishmen."

It is enough to add that the Fenians invaded Upper Canada in 1866, and also reached the border of New Brunswick, in time to help solidify sentiment there in favour of union.

Lower Canada was, as George Brown said, "restive" regarding Confederation. Brown's own anti-Catholic utterances and editorials accounted for much of the feeling in the Province against Upper Canada. When the coalition brought Brown and Cartier into the same Cabinet, after years of political and racial strife, it

went far to reconcile the Lower Canadians, if it also mystified them. "I am now allied with the Honourable George Brown," Cartier told the banqueters at Montreal after the Quebec conference, "with whom I have been in a state of almost continued antagonism for nearly fifteen years." The impetuous Cartier had been a radical with Papineau in the rebellion of 1837, but in later years was the natural political foe of A. A. Dorion, the leader of the Rouges. From his adoption of the Confederation policy from Galt in 1858 he had been a believer in it, and from 1864 to 1867 his beliefs and his strength were put to the severest test. Cartier feared absorption by the United States if Canada did not improve her condition, and with that, apart from severance from the Crown to which he was devoted, would go the peculiar privileges enjoyed by his race and religion in Canada.

While one party told the French Canadians they would be swamped under Confederation, another told the English Canadians in Lower Canada they would be threatened by the French majority. Cartier, backed by the Church, steered a resolute course, calmed the fears of both races, and appealed to the enterprise of the people. His speeches were dry as dust but he plunged ahead, risking much but carrying the majority with him. He was ably supported by A. T. Galt, who dominated the Protestant sections of the Eastern Townships, where he was brought up.

"The Provinces of British North America," Galt said in his memorable speech at Sherbrooke, in November, 1864, "if united would form a power on the northern half of this continent which would be able to make itself respected and which he trusted would furnish hereafter happy and prosperous homes to many millions of the industrial classes from Europe now struggling for existence."

The Quebec conference was not long concluded before the opponents

of union in Lower Canada found voice. Leadership naturally fell on A. A. Dorion, "a statesman," as J. S. Willison has said, "scarcely less great than any that Canada has produced". Dorion had favoured a federation of the two Canadas as far back as 1856, but now he opposed the wider scheme because of what he termed the excessive generosity to the eastern Provinces.

The gentle, courteous Dorion was no match for Cartier in the rough and tumble of politics; besides, he faced the power of the Church, which was to remain master and ally of the Conservatives in Quebec until 1896. Immediately after the Quebec conference Dorion issued an address to his constituents in Hochelaga denouncing the scheme. "It has appeared to me," he said, "that the present circumstances of the several provinces do not render such a union desirable, and that we might by a treaty of commerce and reciprocity assure to each province all the advantages which might be procurable or derived from a union." Dorion's utterances in the Confederation debate were an appeal for the rights of his race. "A million of inhabitants," he said, "may seem a small affair to the mind of a philosopher who sits down to write out a constitution. He may think it would be better that there should be but one religion, one language and one system of laws, and he goes to work to frame institutions that will bring all to that desirable state; but I can tell the honourable gentlemen that the history of every country goes to show that not even by the power of the sword can such changes be accomplished."

Christopher Dunkin voiced the protest of the Protestant minority against Confederation, in a lengthy and powerful speech. Dunkin was a skilful lawyer and his mass of objections to the proposed constitution form an interesting exhibit of the fears of the opponents, few of which have been borne out by experience.

Two other Lower Canadian Protestants, later to take a prominent place in public life, supported Dunkin—L. H. Holton and L. S. Huntington. "Everybody is in favour of a union, providing the details are satisfactory," said Huntington, who protested against providing imperfect details and trusting to the future. Holton sought to make strife between the members of the coalition. He recalled that in the session of 1856 or 1857 George Brown had "described the path of the Attorney-General West (John A. Macdonald) as being studied all along by the gravestones of his slaughtered colleagues". "Well," Holton said significantly, "there are not wanting those who think they deservy in the not very remote distance a yawning grave waiting for the noblest victim of them all."

When the vote was taken in the Assembly, of the forty-nine members from Lower Canada twenty-six had followed Cartier for union and twenty had gone with Dorion against it. A lively campaign in the Province followed, during which a score of counties declared for a plebiscite, and 20,000 persons signed petitions against final action without a popular vote. Dorion was supported by L. O. David, Méderic Lanctot and others, while Wilfrid Laurier, then a budding young lawyer, also appeared on the Dorion platform. Cartier was no less active, and with the appeals of the Bishops and the vigour of his own personality his party won a signal victory in 1867, only twelve seats out of sixty-five being carried by the anti-unionists.

*

The resistance to Confederation develops the farther east one surveys the field. Upper Canada was ready, but not enthusiastic. Lower Canada was lukewarm, with considerable opposition. New Brunswick resisted it for nearly two years. Nova Scotia was rebellious, and Prince Edward Island threw it over and waited eight

Etienne
Paschal
Taché

John A.
Macdonald

George
Etienne
Cartier

George
Brown

Oliver
Mowat

J. C.
Chapais

J.
Cockburn

Thomas
D'Arcy
McGee

Col. John
Hamilton
Gray

William
McDougall

Alexander
Campbell

Alexander
T.
Galt

Samuel
Leonard
Tilley

W. H.
Steeves

E. B.
Chandler

Charles
Fisher

Charles
Tupper

Hector
Langevin

J. McCully

Ambrose
Shea

W. H.
Pope

George
Coles

Edward
Whalen

Thomas H.
Haviland

A. A.
Macdonald

E. Palmer

Adams G.
Archibald

R. B.
Dickie

F. B. T.
Carter

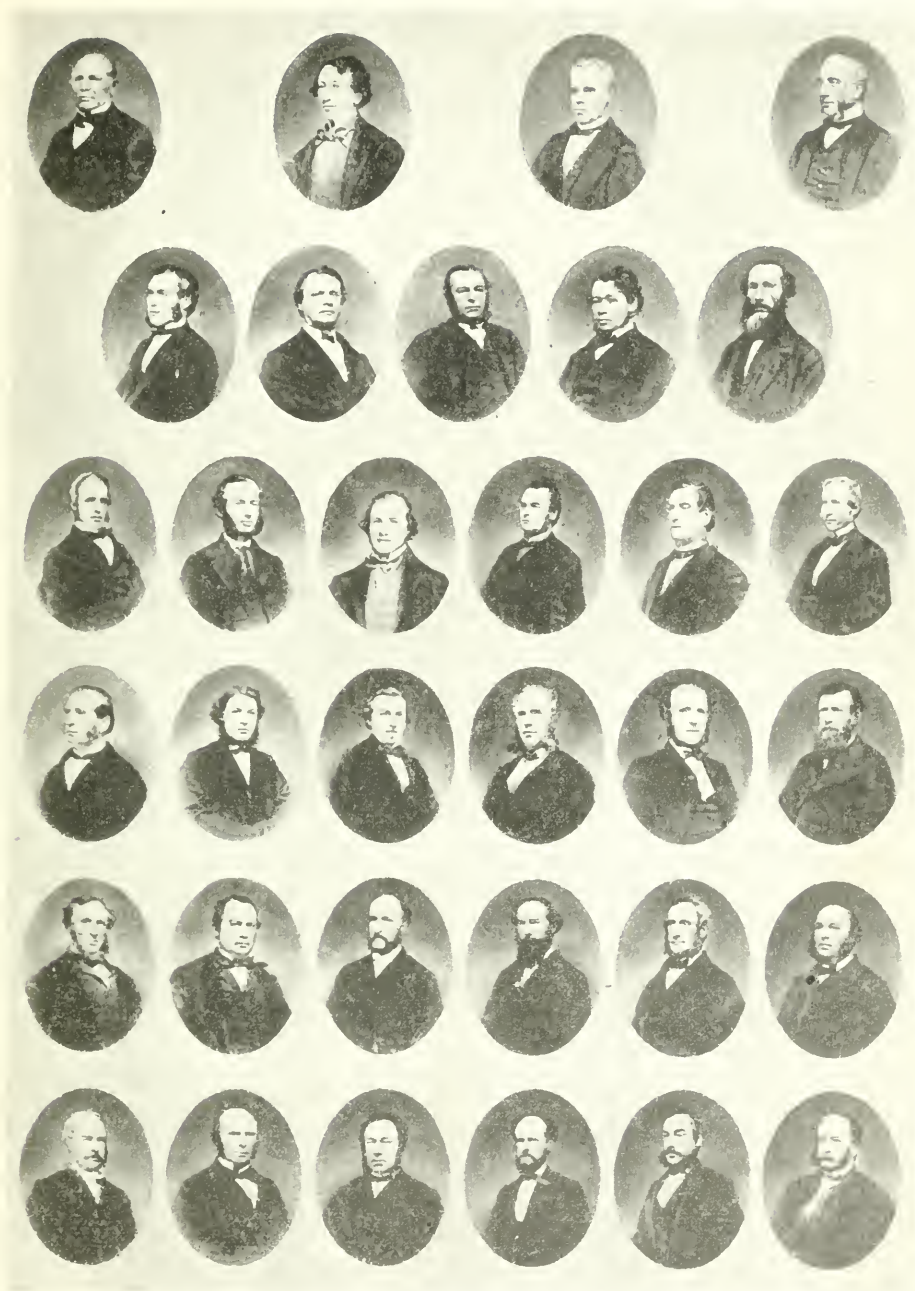
W. A.
Henry

Peter
Mitchell

J. M.
Johnson

J. H.
Gray

Names, in corresponding positions, of the portraits opposite to this page.



THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION

From Portraits in the Dominion Archives at Ottawa

years. Some years ago Senator John Costigan said at Ottawa of the Confederation fight in his Province of New Brunswick: "I hope the history of how it was carried will never be written. It was the case of the end justifying the means." The bitterness in Nova Scotia against union "being forced down their throat" persisted for years and is still voiced in a somewhat modified and even wistful manner by a few old men who took part in the battle. The jaunty impudence of Prince Edward Island in immediately cutting adrift from the Quebec scheme led D'Arcy McGee to remark in his characteristic vein: "Prince Edward Island will have to come in, for if she does not we will have to tow her into the St. Lawrence." Newfoundland, though represented at the Quebec conference, also dropped negotiations, being under a trade boom from reciprocity with the United States, and subsequent discussions have failed to result in an agreement on terms.

The ink on the Quebec resolutions was scarcely dry in the fall of 1864 before the people of New Brunswick were "filled with alarm and consternation". The delegates to Quebec, led by Samuel Leonard Tilley, the Premier, were soon on the defensive, with speeches and roseate pictures of the wide markets and prosperity that union would bring. Tilley had frankly told the Canadian delegates at Quebec that the Maritime Provinces "were not seeking this union". They were, he might have said, in later day jargon, "from Missouri". He now, however, backed the project energetically, but before 1864 closed he was committed to an appeal to the people of his Province. The "alarm and consternation" was now at its height, pamphlets flooded the country, picturing the disaster to follow union with overpowering Canada, and there was no chance for general explanations and the spread and assimilation of facts. The Tilley government was signally defeated in

March, 1865, and the setback to Confederation was felt through all the Provinces.

It was now that the real battle in New Brunswick began. Tilley had been a unionist as early as 1860 when he heard Dr. Charles Tupper advocate federation in a lecture at St. John. He now took to the stump in earnest and declared he would cover the entire Province in his advocacy of the Quebec scheme. He was ably supported by Peter Mitchell, a resolute character of much capacity and platform ability, who divided with Tilley the honours for final success.

The election of 1865 resulted in Albert J. Smith, a successful lawyer from Shediac, becoming Premier, and therefore naturally the leader of the anti-union forces. The battle of the hustings proceeded for a year, but in the end the result had diplomatic complications. Tilley's imposing presence and powerful voice made friends for the cause in every county. Mitchell's bluster and practical appeal carried conviction likewise to many minds. But Albert H. Gordon, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, was contributing unexpectedly to the history of the period. He had opposed union at first, but following a visit to England had evinced a change of heart. When the Legislature met in March, 1866, Gordon's speech contained these words:

"I am further instructed to express to you the strong and deliberate opinion of her Majesty's government that it is an object much to be desired that all the British North American Colonies should agree to unite in one government.

There were cheers from outside the rail of the Assembly at these words, thus indicating a change of sentiment. Gordon already had been negotiating with Peter Mitchell concerning ways and means of carrying union. The Legislative Council, of which Mitchell was a member, promptly responded to the Gover-

nor's speech with an address approving the sentiment regarding union. Gordon accepted this without asking or receiving the advice of his Cabinet, with the natural result that Albert J. Smith and his colleagues resigned. The retiring Premier maintained a dignified fight to the end. He sent a lengthy remonstrance to Governor Gordon, complaining that the latter course was not "in accordance with the true spirit of the constitution," and that "such proceeding violates every principle of responsible and self-government and is subversive of the rights and liberties of the people". Gordon replied with asperity, accusing his former advisers of vacillation and declaring that a vast change had taken place in public opinion on the subject.

As the crisis developed on the constitutional question the Fenians were reported in force at Eastport, on the Maine border. Troops were called out, and the external danger did much to strengthen the union cause. When the elections were held in May and June the confederates won a great victory, and the Province took part in the conference at London in the following December to frame the B. N. A. Act. Tilley and Mitchell joined the first Confederation Cabinet and had long and useful careers, while Smith became a member of the Mackenzie Cabinet in the 'seventies and leaves an honourable record in the wider field.

It is difficult for inland Canadians to appreciate the opposition of Nova Scotians to Confederation. Their leaders, Howe and Tupper, had been among the first to look beyond the sky line and crave union, but nowhere was the feeling so bitter and persistent when the issue was faced. To be sure, Canada wanted an eastern outlet, as her communications to the outside world through the United States were menaced by the complications of the civil war. As early as 1851 Joseph Howe, one of the greatest orators of his time, and the idol of

the Province, had looked forward to a railway to the Pacific, and in 1854 had aspired to a national existence for the scattered colonies. At intervals he voiced a sentiment for union, and as late as August, 1864, addressing the Canadian delegates of good will who preceded the Charlottetown delegation, said: "I am not one of those who thank God that I am a Nova Scotian merely, for I am a Canadian as well."

Those who accepted all these declarations at face value knew not their man. Howe was a powerful, gifted, masterful, but vain man. He could not brook opposition or a division of the honour accruing from a public service. He was already a bitter rival of Dr. Charles Tupper, and this rivalry throws much light on the fate of the union cause in Nova Scotia. Tupper was an aggressive, bulldog type of man, firm in opinions and resolute to implement a policy. He had favoured a federation of the Provinces since 1860, and in the spring of 1864, abandoning for the time the larger scheme, called a conference at Charlottetown to consider a union of the three Maritime Provinces. "I do not rise," he told the Nova Scotia Assembly, "for the purpose of bringing before you the subject of union of the Maritime Provinces, but rather to propose to you their reunion".

Impressed by Howe's sympathetic speech at Halifax in August, Tupper invited his rival to join in the Charlottetown deliberations, but the latter declined on the plea that he could not be absent from his duties as an Imperial fisheries inspector at that time. A few weeks later Howe wrote from Newfoundland that he had read the proceedings of the Charlottetown conference, and was "glad to be out of the mess". Later in the year he attended meetings at which the proposals were discussed, but his own attitude was in doubt until a series of articles in the *Halifax Chronicle* in January, entitled "The Botheration Scheme", revealed the hand of the

old master. Opposition rapidly crystallized and Tupper, then Premier of Nova Scotia, was forced to remain inactive and await events. Howe naturally took the lead of the anti-unionists, and with the aid of William Annand and others roused bitter feeling against Canada and the whole scheme. Early in 1865 Howe, writing to Lord John Russell, said that "if the Canadians, always in trouble of some sort, and two or three times in open rebellion, should repeat such eccentricities, we should be compromised and our connection with the mother country endangered".

Early the following year, as the situation was clearing in New Brunswick, Tupper regained his courage and taking advantage of a change of attitude of William Miller, a prominent "anti" up to that time, secured the passage in the Legislature of a resolution to open negotiations with the Imperial authorities. The Province was thus virtually committed to union and met the delegates from the other Provinces in London the following December. The new danger roused the opponents to fresh activity, and the League of the Maritime Provinces was organized. Howe and others of his party left for England in the summer of 1866, and for six months carried on a vigorous, resourceful, but finally hopeless propaganda. Howe's letters at this time, recently published by the Royal Society, are a somewhat pathetic chapter, as his own buoyancy is seen to fade and finally vanish in an expression of satisfaction at duty done. On January 19, 1867, a few weeks before the B. N. A. Act was passed, he wrote: "We are now approaching the crisis. . . . We are prepared for the worst, and if it comes the consciousness that we have done our best to fight it will always console us."

Confederation became law in Nova Scotia as elsewhere in 1867, but the motto in Halifax's first Dominion Day, "Yesterday a Provincial town;

to-day a continental city." had for most of its inhabitants a hollow sound. The anti-unionists swept the Province almost unanimously for both federal and local parliaments in the elections of that summer. Howe went to Ottawa with a weighty contingent of anti-confederate members, opposed only by the redoubtable Tupper. The two leaders faced each other in Parliament in a stirring debate early in 1868, and then Howe disappeared on a last quest in London for repeal. Tupper followed, and fought anew the old battle on English soil. In an historic interview he reminded Howe of the hostility of the English Parliament to the anti-union cause, and asked him what he would do next. There was a long discussion, and Howe wrote home that Tupper saw in a junction of their forces great power in the Dominion in the future. But Howe was already a broken man, and when he returned to Nova Scotia, having failed in his mission, he was an easy prey to the blandishments of Sir John A. Macdonald. "Better terms" for Nova Scotia was the offer held out and accepted, and Howe reluctantly entered the Dominion Cabinet in 1869. By so doing he alienated many of his old friends, who never forgave him for the desertion. The anti-unionist leadership fell on William Annand, who had become Prime Minister.

Senator William Ross of Halifax said in 1909 that Howe had told him in 1873: "It is a mistake to say that I was opposed to Confederation, because I was in advance of it. My position was that it should not be forced upon the people of Nova Scotia against their will." Howe served in the Cabinet at Ottawa until 1873, retiring to the Lieutenant-Governorship of his Province a few weeks before his death. Tupper's life was full of action and service until his retirement in 1900, and his death in 1915 removed the last Father of Confederation.

EPITAPH

BY ARTHUR S. BOURNINOT

Editor's Note.—Arthur S. Bourninot, who is reported missing from his place at the Front, has been a frequent contributor to "The Canadian Magazine", and is the author of a small volume of verse entitled "Laurentian Lyries". He is a son of the late Sir John Bourninot and Lady Bourninot. Recently he sent to "The Canadian Magazine" this poem, which, it is hoped, will not be his own epitaph. To our June number he contributed these lines:

And I shall see the cottage on the hill,
With all the loveliness of summer days,
Whose memories to me are haunted still
By love's sweet voice, the witchery of her ways.
And I shall climb the path and ope the gate,
When peace has come, if peace come not too late.

What a great thing it is to be a hero of the battlefield and to give also to the peaceful arts lines like these and the poignantly pathetic beauty of what here follows:

EPITAPH

L YING in No Man's Land, he sleeps.
Sleeps as well as they who rest
In the gardens by the sea,
In the grave-yards of the west.

Sleeping in No Man's Land, he dreams,
Dreams of those in other lands;
Friends he left with pensive lips,
Those he left with waiting hands.

Dreaming beneath a foreign sky,
Death was but the Evening Star,
Setting now to rise again
Past the Paradisal bar.

Lying in No Man's Land, he sleeps.
Sleeps as well as they who rest
In the gardens by the sea,
In the grave-yards of the west.



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

The First Prime Minister of Canada after Confederation

Our Eight Prime Ministers

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

DURING the past half-century Canada has had eight Prime Ministers. Only two of them, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, served for periods long enough to illustrate the effect of a commanding personality in prolonging the power of one party. Their united terms of office account for thirty-four years of the life of the nation. Each enjoyed an undisputed leadership, the more remarkable in the ease of the younger

man because his previous career, unlike Macdonald's, had not definitely marked him out for the supreme place. Macdonald was the creator, as well as the leader, of his party, and had been Prime Minister of the smaller Canada before the Union.

The withdrawal of George Brown from the Coalition Ministry which carried Confederation left Macdonald master of the situation. When Lord Monck called upon him in 1867 to form the first Dominion Cabinet the selection was an obvious one. For



ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

Who as Prime Minister divided Sir John A. Macdonald's two periods
as leader of the Dominion Parliament

twenty years he had been an indispensable factor in and out of Parliament. He had become the representative man in the Confederation group of statesmen. The influence which moulded his political opinions were restrictive, and never entirely lost their force. To the end he remained a party man in many things and keenly enjoyed the game. His qualities clearly indicated the talent for leadership, and to this aptitude were added intellectual gifts of a high order. His admirers have not over-rated his abilities. In any country at any period Sir John Macdonald would have filled a foremost place in public affairs.

When in 1844 his Kingston friends, who accurately gauged his powers, drew him into politics, the position of

the party was as hopeless as possible. The remnants of the old Family Compact formed the basis of a real Toryism. The rebellion had taught them nothing and they could not grasp the fact that the new Parliament, with half its membership from Lower Canada, created a new situation. They looked askance at the young barrister who actually shook hands cordially with the French members and who was not even a member of the Family. To keep him in his proper place was difficult, but at least he could be thwarted at every turn. Macdonald, with some misgivings, but encouraged by a group of ardent supporters, set to work at his task. He was optimistic or he never would have attempted it: he had a hardy constitution or he would have died young.



SIR JOHN ABBOTT

Who succeeded Sir John A. Macdonald as Prime Minister

Within three years after entering Parliament he was a member of Draper's Ministry when it was on its last legs. It was defeated in the elections of 1847, as Macdonald foresaw it would be, and for seven years the government passed into the hands of the liberal and progressive element under Baldwin, Lafontaine, and Hincks. One measure of this government brought on the outbreak of 1849 when the Parliament Buildings in Montreal were burned and the leaders of the Family Compact contrived to earn more than their share of the obloquy. "Our fellows lost their heads," was the philosophic comment of Macdonald long afterwards. At the moment his device, and he was full of devices at all times, was to support the British American League and thus divert his friends from the

snare of the annexation movement. This plan, after a time, succeeded. but the row over the Rebellion Losses Bill still further estranged the French, and it seemed as if all Macdonald's labours had been in vain. There did not exist, of course, what is known in our time as the Conservative party and the element with which he was identified permitted itself to be dominated by a reactionary and intolerant spirit.

In the strict sense Macdonald was never a Tory. He fought stoutly against the Liberal Government of the day, but he belonged to the Baldwin school of thought and was essentially a man of enlightened views, incapable of narrow bigotry and unhampered by stupid prejudices. He saw that to govern he must attract to his side men who had no mind to per-



SIR JOHN THOMPSON

Who succeeded Sir John Abbott as Prime Minister

petuate the traditions of the old Compact but were equally lacking in sympathy for radical measures. Some support from the French must be secured. Success crowned both these designs. In 1854 under the guise of a Coalition he proclaimed the birth of the Liberal-Conservative party which began its life with the official blessing of Robert Baldwin and which became in course of time an effective instrument for governing the larger state. It was a hard school of experience which produced our first Prime Minister.

He formed a Ministry of all the talents, for it included Howe, Tilley, Tupper, Cartier, and McDougall. There were giants in those days, lacking however the strength of unity, and Macdonald's long absence at Washington during the fisheries ne-

gotiations produced a form of political chaos which greatly weakened the Government in the general election of 1872. When the veil of secrecy was lifted from the subscriptions to the campaign funds by the discovery that Sir Hugh Allan, the head of the company formed to build the Canadian Pacific Railway, had made vast contributions to help Ministers carry the elections, the country revolted and Macdonald and his party were overwhelmed. Many thought he would rise no more. They reckoned without realizing his assured place in the popular imagination. By advocating protection he returned to office in 1878 and remained Prime Minister until his death in June 1891. It is the statesman of this period whom the present generation remembers—wielding unrivalled authority, recog-



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL

Who succeeded Sir John Thompson, as Prime Minister

nized in Great Britain and the United States as a force of growing importance, possessing a personality unique and fascinating, holding fast the affection as well as the confidence of the people. The best tribute to Edward Blake's leadership of the Liberal party is that Macdonald (a skilful judge of events) was doubtful of his own victory in the contest of 1887.

The ungenerous practice of estimating a man's merit by his success at the polls has detracted from the fame of Alexander Mackenzie. How he came to be Prime Minister in 1873 instead of Blake is not fully known. That he urged Blake to accept the position, offering to serve under him, is certain, because we have his own word for it. He had occupied the secondary place in the Ontario Govern-

ment, and when they gave up their Provincial labours and moved on to Ottawa, Blake's aloofness, or the nominal seniority of Mackenzie in the federal sphere, or some other cause never explained, led to the summons of Lord Dufferin going to Mackenzie. We may guess that George Brown preferred Mackenzie, but there is no evidence that this could have been the determining influence. John A. (who was also familiarly called the "Chieftain" or the "Old Man") was wont to picture Mackenzie as the henchman of Brown. This is one of the agreeable diversions of politics, but it gave a wrong impression of Mackenzie. His political creed, summed up in 1876 by some one speaking for him, reveals the genuine Liberal:

"Has always held those political principles—which by some in England may



SIR CHARLES TUPPER

Who succeeded Sir Mackenzie Bowell as Prime Minister

be considered peculiar—of the universal brotherhood of man, no matter in what rank of life he may have taken his origin. Has believed and now believes, in the extinction of all class legislation, and of all legislation that tends to promote any body of men, or class of men, to a higher position, for the mere fact of their belonging to a body or class, to a higher position politically than any other class in the country. . . . Believes thoroughly in party government and that it is utterly impossible to conduct the government of a new country without it. . . . While an earnest advocate and upholder of the present connection with the Mother Country he will always endeavour to maintain Canadian rights and to bring Canada into prominence in the eyes of the world.”

The spirit of his Administration was precisely what might have been expected from a man with these views. He took up his difficult task with courage, earnestness and sincerity. The people had voted emphatically

against dubious election methods and would, he felt convinced, welcome economy, a straightforward policy, and devotion to duty. Doubtless the country wanted these things, but it wanted prosperity more. A serious commercial depression had begun to settle down upon the world and Canada bent under the burden. Instead of improving, conditions grew worse. Brown failed to secure reciprocity with the United States; there were annual deficits in the revenue; and a hostile majority in the Senate hampered the new Government at every turn. Perhaps Mackenzie was uncompromising. Having no command of the arts that keep parties together, he assumed that appeals addressed to the intelligence, rather than the selfish interests of the people, were sterling coin. But protection car-



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Who succeeded Sir Charles Tupper as Prime Minister

ried all before it and the Ministry fell. Mackenzie passed out of office, as he had entered it, a poor man, but rich in integrity and the consciousness of having given the best of his energies and talents to the service of the state.

The death of Sir John Macdonald, whenever it came, was bound to be a shattering blow to his party. He not only kept discordant elements together, but in the eyes of the public he was the Government. He might gather around him colleagues who were not lacking in vigour and in ability. But he himself was the attraction which kept the Conservatives in office year after year. He died in June, 1891, during his second term, when the political conditions were more threatening than they had been for many years. Parliament was in session;

serious charges of scandal hung over the Ministry: the majority in the House of Commons was materially reduced by the recent general election. No one could really fill his place, and yet a successor must be chosen in a few days. There were not wanting persons who felt that they would adorn the post of Prime Minister, but in point of fact the possible candidates were limited to one or two. The senior Privy Council, Langevin, being implicated in the pending inquiry, had to be passed over. Sir John Thompson, the most brilliant of Macdonald's late colleagues, marked out by personal character and intellectual discernment for the highest honours, was open to attack on one ground and one only. When a young man, acting from motives of sincere conviction, he had joined the Catholic



SIR ROBERT BORDEN

Who succeeded Sir Wilfrid Laurier as Prime Minister

Church. The two most disturbing issues in the politics of Canada have always been race and creed. Thompson was a man of singular reserve and delicacy of feeling, and he shrank from any step that would make his religious views a subject of bitter controversy. Although urged by his friends to accept the position, he recommended the Governor General to send for Mr. Abbott, the Conservative leader in the Senate, and he prevailed upon his colleague—who, like himself, was neither selfish nor ambitious—to enter the breach. John Abbott, therefore, became the third Prime Minister of Canada. The selection caused surprise. Those who form cabinets (on paper) had not thought of his name. His promotion was not hailed as a master stroke of policy, and by many it was thought that the

days of the Ministry were numbered.

But Abbott was a man of sagacity, shrewdness and force of character. His parliamentary experience, it is true, was not great, but the leadership of Thompson in the Commons supplied that want. He had stipulated for a short period of service, because his health was failing, and he felt unable to address meetings or to endure the storms which beset an active political leader. In the Senate there were all the attractions of a quiet country home where constitutions, except that of the state, are mended and kept in good repair. But Sir John Abbott, as he soon became, exhibited unsuspected qualities, and it was discovered that behind the imperturbable countenance and courteous manners of the Prime Minister there was concealed a vigorous and

resourceful personality well fitted to rule a distracted party and to restore its confidence in itself.

Nothing is more futile in politics than to speculate upon what might have happened if some event had not occurred. Sir John Abbott possessed abilities of a high order; although an Orangeman, he was generally acceptable to the French; his legal skill had helped to frame the bargain between the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Government; and time might have enabled him to leave his mark upon Canadian development. But his health, as he had expected, broke down. He resigned his high office in less than six months and died shortly after.

The opportunity of Sir John Thompson had now come. A few months had proved his fitness to rule the state, and if there were elements in the Conservative party which were hard to reconcile, the general verdict of the country was in his favour. The long-delayed reconstruction of the Cabinet took place, and the Thompson Government began to make a good impression by reason of its vitality. The Prime Minister went to Paris as one of the Imperial Commissioners upon the Behring Sea Arbitration, and as a result Canada tasted the unusual joy of a victory over the United States in an international dispute. The prestige of Thompson, already marked, became secure, because it was seen that he was equal to any situation calling for the display of courage, decision and knowledge. His reserved demeanour and moderation in debate gained the confidence of Parliament and the respect of the people. There were hopes that when Sir John Thompson secured the ascendancy which success, a firm will, and lofty principles are bound in time to produce, the tone of political life would improve and new issues would take the place of old. The unexpected and lamentable death of the Prime Minister, after but two years of service, came as a shock to Can-

ada. In the Autumn of 1893 Sir John Thompson had gone to England on official business and the fact that he was suffering from a serious affection of the heart was known to very few. He had over-worked himself and the end came, suddenly and dramatically, at Windsor Castle where he was the guest of Queen Victoria. The honours paid to the memory of this able and distinguished man indicate the impression he had made both in Great Britain and in Canada. His remains were brought across the ocean in a vessel of the Imperial Navy and he was laid to rest in his native Province of Nova Scotia.

Political confusion once more reigned supreme. The decline of the Conservative party was now apparent, and its fall was seen to be not far off. Two leaders had tried, with some effect, to stave off the inevitable, but the loss by death of three leaders within as many years could not be repaired. There is never in any party, at a given time, an unlimited supply of the stock out of which prime ministers are made. The Conservatives had practically exhausted their supply of this material in the year of grace 1893.

There followed two more brief tenures of the office of Prime Minister, first by Sir Mackenzie Bowell and then, for a few weeks before the crash came, by Sir Charles Tupper. The political events that caused these changes need not concern us here. They do not make pleasant reading. Some of the actors in the drama yet live. Among those who survived the fray with untarnished reputation is Sir Mackenzie Bowell, still in Parliament at the advanced age of ninety-four. That a man is able to act in a great crisis, full of temptations, distractions, and pitfalls, with a scrupulous regard for his own honour and for the traditions of a historic office, is no slight tribute to his qualities. Tried by this test Sir Mackenzie Bowell was a success, but he was unable to dominate a situation which, even

before he essayed the attempt, had passed beyond control. A native of Suffolk, he came to Canada in youth, was a printer's boy in Belleville and ultimately by gradual stages attained a recognized place on the press, in Parliament and in the Government, finally reaching the chief position on account of the trust inspired by his integrity, zeal and simplicity of character and perhaps also by the accidents of politics which often designate a man for a post he has not consciously sought. Sir Mackenzie Bowell's career is one that a Canadian boy may, without injury to his prospects in life, contemplate with respect.

Sir Charles Tupper would certainly have risen to eminence in the medical profession if he had not left it for politics. In 1896 he was in the position of a skilful physician called in consultation regarding an illustrious patient who is about to die. The relatives and immediate friends of the sick man are in despair, but no great concern is felt in any other quarter, and the physician remains quite collected. Imagine such a case, and we have a fair idea of the situation with which Sir Charles Tupper was called upon to deal. He had no time to prove the sort of Prime Minister he would have made. He bore his part with intrepid courage, ingenuity, and the vigour of a young man. Already he had achieved enough to satisfy ambition and as a Father of Confederation—almost as essential in that movement as were Brown and Cartier—his fame was secure. It was not to any error in his tactics that a second career in a larger sphere was denied him.

The country turned with relief to fresh woods and pastures new. The chief of the Opposition in the elections of June, 1896, was Mr. Laurier who had held that post since the withdrawal of Edward Blake in 1887. His selection for leader was due to the advice of Mr. Blake, who afterwards declared with grim humour, at a meeting in Toronto, that, a political

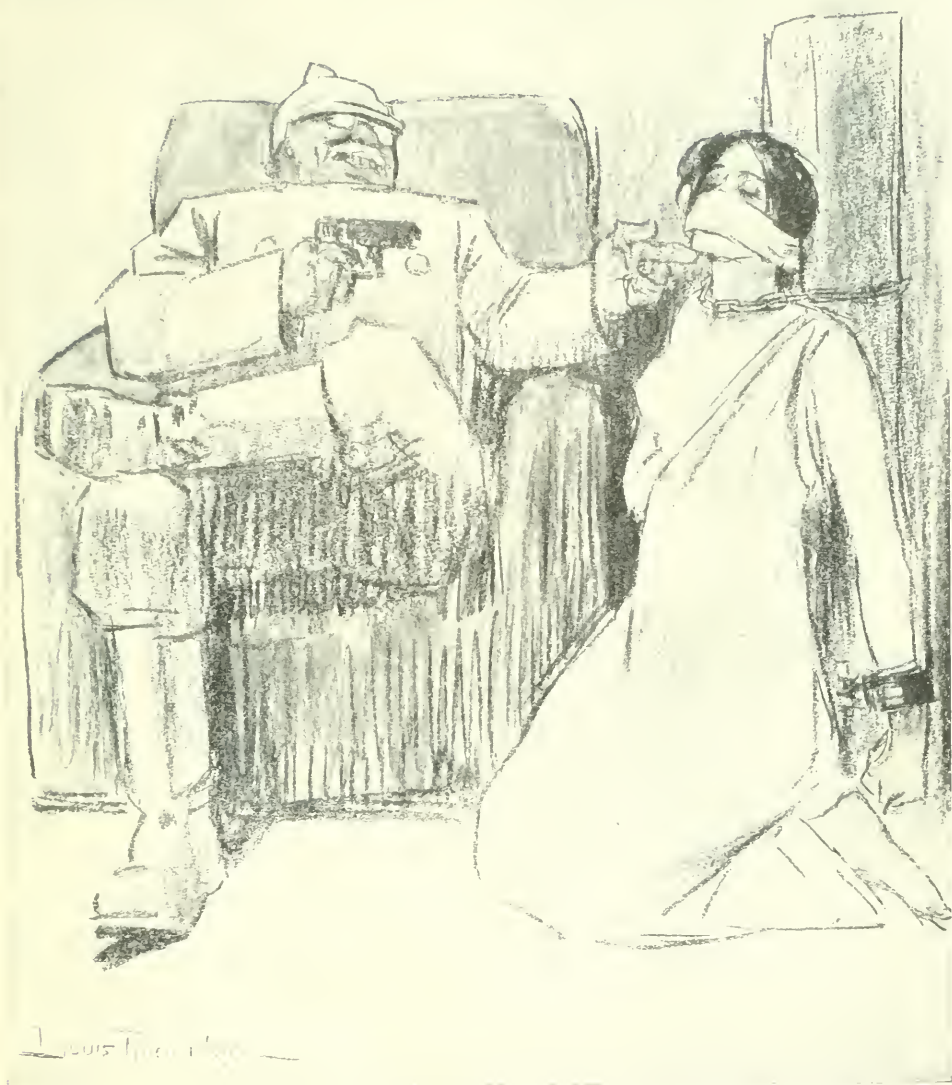
failure himself, he should be credited at least with knowing how to pick successors who were not failures—Mowat and Laurier. The new Prime Minister had been a member of the Mackenzie Government, and in his native province, despite a long fight on a losing side, he had acquired an assured place in the realm of politics. He had also made headway in the English provinces by reason of his eloquence and the respect inspired by his character. But there was no positive assurance that he would measure up to the standard of previous Prime Ministers. That was to be shown. He began well by forming a strong Cabinet. It included men who were not far behind their chief in prominence and experience. The diamond Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria's reign, when the various Prime Ministers of the Empire were invited to visit London, first brought the Canadian statesman into bold relief and compelled comparison with others. His oratory, his skill as a tactician, and his distinguished appearance in State ceremonials drew forth the plaudits of the English people. One of his triumphs was the termination of the British treaties with foreign countries which had hitherto fettered Canada's tariff policy. Never before had the influence of colonial statesmanship upon Imperial policy been revealed with the same emphasis. Perhaps for the first time the vision of a wholly new relationship between the mother and the daughter states definitely entered the British mind.

These events are now twenty years old and part of the history of the country. It is possible to think of them and to write about them with the calmness of mind and the detachment from the issues of to-day which are requisite to a true understanding of national development and of those who contribute to it. When we reach our own time it is not so easy to comment freely upon the careers of public men or to estimate their qualities with convincing candour. During Sir

John Macdonald's lifetime his name could scarcely be mentioned in a mixed company without evoking disputes. He had been dead but a brief period when the unveiling of monuments to his memory drew from men so strongly opposed to his views as Sir Oliver Mowat and Sir George Ross the kindest tributes to his work and services. No more eloquent speech in his honour was delivered than that pronounced in Parliament by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was soon to fill with dignity and distinction the same high office and to fill it for the longest continuous term which the Dominion has known. The personality of the seventh Prime Minister was in his favour and exercised the influence which integrity, charm of manner and eloquence have always produced in democratic communities. Lecky the historian complains of the readiness of democracy to succumb to rhetoric. But that gift alone does not long sway popular opinion. As Mackenzie believed, opposition and criticism are essential in a new country and in due course they prevail.

The head of the present Government was chosen leader of his party in 1900, when Sir Charles Tupper, defeated for the House of Commons in the elections of that year, relinquished the post. The task was a

thankless one. The fortunes of the Conservatives had reached their lowest point since the *débaîle* of 1874. To shepherd a beaten party and revive its energies and faith is a dreary business. In Canada the cold shoulder is turned to Oppositions. The idea that a heaven-born genius sitting to the left of Mr. Speaker can eject a Ministry by some clever move, or can quickly evolve a policy that shall capture the electorate (the technical term is "sweep the country"), is one of the illusions of youth. In practical affairs it is not so. Mr. Borden prepared his party for the day when it would be called to office, by unwearied attention to parliamentary duty, by discussion of current questions, and by exhibiting the qualities of public spirit and personal honour which, to our credit be it said, have always been indispensable qualifications for the chief of the State. These are the methods and these the virtues which fit a man to become Prime Minister, and if there is some secret process in addition it has never been revealed. The period which includes the Great War must make Sir Robert Borden's tenure of his office forever memorable, but, for obvious reasons, the events themselves and his part in them cannot appropriately be discussed here.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

SEDUCTION

Germany to Belgium: "Aren't I a lovable Fellow?"

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

PART III—LABOUR AND THE WAR

NO one is qualified to speak didaectically concerning the relationship of English labour to the war. The medley of events that should form a reliable basis for deduction is apt to leave one more at sea in the selection of general terms for describing that relationship than would a less complete sum of information. The Labour Party of England has been perhaps as consistent and fair in its attitude as would be any other organization that held together for entirely different purposes two and a quarter million men, including many thousands—perhaps hundreds of thousands—who, from lack of opportunity or time or ambition, have not developed that equilibrium of reason which alone is competent to control the daily routine of one's existence to rational lines.

Labour has lent itself to the most uncompromisingly inimical deeds—deeds which if persisted in, would have accomplished that which the enemy can never effect. It has struck with seeming ruthlessness and disloyalty at the very foundations of the Empire. It has demanded that which to grant would have been to yield to the Germans. It has thrown down tools absolutely necessary to victory. It has declared for peace at any price. It has, in fact, permitted itself to run

the entire gamut of treason at one time or another, in one locality or another.

But to judge from those black chapters in the history of an aggregation that must, like any other organization, be of motley sentiment in matters that do not immediately touch its *raison d'être* would be as disastrous to authoritative conclusions as to estimate the calibre of the German from isolated acts. If one must deduce from individual incidents, there are those which stand out with unquestioned authority, with undoubted right to claim precedence in any consideration of the manner in which Labour in England has conducted itself towards the great struggle. Put to the vote, Labour has expressed itself in no ambiguous terms. It has given of its numbers in millions to the perils of the front. And its leaders have stood out almost en masse as examples of British patriotism and determination to overcome the enemies of the Empire.

The chapter of Labour treason is black, but it is only as black as a few of its unlicensed leaders whose hold on the imagination of the workingman has been their ladder to everything their perverted intelligence has considered worth while. Such men as Ramsay MacDonald and Phillip Snowden, types of the agitator who along with a certain cleverness and

misused mentality, possess a keen appreciation of their sole claim to distinction, have never for a moment been Britons, even under the dire threat of the terrible war. And in their wake follow a number of lesser lights who are willing to emulate the worst of the "big" men they see as the simplest way of obtaining influence.

No consideration of the stand of Labour in England can arrive anywhere without first of all informing itself of the power of Labour before the war, as well as of its methods. Any numerically inferior political party that holds the balance of power in the nation's legislative chambers is certain to go astray in some vital particulars. However honest its legislative representatives, its unearned power will make it lust for more at the cost of fairness and unselfishness, will render unreliable its sense of proportion. And Labour was in that position in the British House before the war. Only a small fraction of the strength of the two parties in the House, it was yet of sufficient numbers to hold the weaker of the two in power, a condition which British law does not avoid even while fully conscious of its dangers. The Conservatives, easily the Government in point of numbers, were forced to remain in opposition. But only so long as the Liberals conceded to Labour its demands. The result was unavoidable without a change of Government; and the Labour Party was in a position to effect that at any moment it wished and as often as it wished with either party.

It might not be fair to say that Labour controlled Great Britain, but in theory it was so, and in fact, even as it is apparent to-day, it was nearly so. That Great Britain is what it is sums up the moderation and wisdom with which Labour must have yielded its almost unlimited power. The one outside restraining influence was that it knew it had little to expect from the party it has kept so long in opposition.

That accounts for the first stage in Labour's official connection with the war, as well as for most of the unfortunate acts of misjudgment it has indulged in since. Premier Asquith, perhaps the *cleverest* Prime Minister England has ever had, was not a free agent. Labour responded to the voluntary appeal for soldiers in a manner that did it credit, but when conscription was introduced it naturally, as the real party in power, refused to submit without question to that which it had not dictated. As has appeared since, the South Wales miners proved themselves the irreconcilables. Bluntly they refused to acknowledge conscription as applicable to them. And, since their number was so large and the stress too immediate and serious to risk coercion, Asquith could see nothing to it save submission. His political position did not depend upon it—at least not immediately—for by that time the Government was Coalition, but his impotence during the previous few years to fight Labour had put muscle into Labour's arm, and that muscle it was now exercising.

There was plausible ground for submission, since skilled labour was even then recognized as a necessity at home. Subsequent events have proven that the same principle should have been applied in a score of industries that did not fight to remain out of khaki. But both reason and subsequent events have more unquestionably proven that no body of men should be exempted as a body. The success of the miners put the idea into many other unions, and what had been granted to one could not be denied others of as great, or even greater, importance to the country. By November, 1916, no fewer than twenty-four unions had been exempted from conscription and Labour was creeping more and more beyond the encompassing arms of the recruiting officers. Only the substitution of Lloyd George for the weakening Asquith put an end to a condition that

was growing more intolerable every day. And even the new Premier, as the latest attempt at combing out reveals, is unduly the slave of Labour, since he has agreed that no member of indispensable unions should be forced into the army save by the decision of a tribunal composed half of Labour.

Of these agreements of exemption for entire unions we have one sample. On September 28, 1916, Asquith had given out an undertaking that "skilled men (by which I mean men who from natural ability or training, or a combination of both, have special aptitude for particular and indispensable kinds of national work here at home) ought not to be recruited for general service". A month later the Amalgamated Society of Engineers demanded something specific for themselves, and Asquith granted it. The terms of that agreement are interesting as an example of failure by a war Prime Minister to reconcile union rights with the necessities of the nation. The first clause granted that the engineers, whenever they ceased to be fully employed should enroll—not as soldiers—as War Munitions Volunteers, "in accordance with arrangements now in existence under the new War Munitions Volunteer scheme". That is, an engineer—and he was but one of twenty-four unions similarly treated—should never under any condition be exposed to the trenches, even when his work ceased to be of a nature for which exemption was supposed to be granted. The second clause limited the application to men who were journeymen or apprentices prior to August 15, 1915, a year after the war started. Clause three stipulated that, when enrolled as Munition Volunteers, they be given exemption cards which prevented their removal without the consent of the War Office, "which will not be given without reference to the Ministry of Munitions and the executive of the man's union". In clause four it was inserted that statutory powers

might be used as a last resort if the unions failed to supply sufficient skilled men for the Artificers' Corps in the Army or as Munitions Volunteers. And clause five assured the union that if it would furnish the names of its members now in the Army they would be transferred out of danger to the mechanical units.

These details are essential to an understanding of the powerful grip the unions have had on legislation. It was an unfortunate result of this immunity from service that many of the unions openly solicited membership on the ground that it carried with it such immunity. Scores of every-day incidents in factory life to-day might be added to prove Labour's power, but they are unnecessary here.

With such a record of irresistible strength it is no wonder that certain sections of Labour have shown instances of the seamy side of some of their members, even while it has in the mass demonstrated its loyalty. Strikes have been frequent, but fortunately of limited duration. Some of them—most, indeed, when Asquith was Prime Minister—were settled by the submission of the employers under pressure from the Government. Since Lloyd George took the reins the experience has changed. And once again Labour has shown its honesty by backing the new Premier as it never did the old.

The record of strikes during wartime will always stand to the discredit of Labour in England. Even Russia has been free from them in the nation's peril. But back of it all stands the spectre of Capital's treatment of it throughout the ages. For Capital in Great Britain has exhibited to its most disastrous extent the ridiculous distinctions of class that have done more than any other single thing to handicap England.

Just a word on this feature of English life. There never has been sympathy between Capital and Labour in England. The entire idea of the employer was to get all he could out of

his workingmen at as little cost as possible. The workingman was but a cog in a wheel that was supposed to turn out dividends. As a human being he did not seem to count. No better proof of this calamitous relationship can be given than by mentioning the one insuperable obstacle to Labour contribution to the War Loan in hundreds of factories. "No," objected the workingman, "I won't contribute to the Loan, because I do not want the boss to know I'm saving money. He'll cut my wages if he does." I do not speak from hearsay; I personally faced such a refusal many a time.

So that it was no wonder Labour, feeling its power in the individual as well as in the organization, went to excess in spots.

The first menacing strike occurred most fortunately within the sphere of Lloyd George, although he was not then Prime Minister. In March, 1916, a serious strike was declared on the Clyde among the shipbuilders. It was the more serious in that it was engineered by the men themselves, directly against the leaders' wishes. Some half dozen shop stewards, who have since been declared to be in German pay, roused the men against the dilution of labour, and, catching them at an hysterical moment and after months of unbroken and unusual strain, combined them in a walk-out. As it happened, the Department immediately concerned was Lloyd George's. With a firm hand he promptly deported the six leaders and the strike broke up. It is interesting to follow the incident through. In January, 1917, one of the deportees appeared unexpectedly at the Labour Congress at Manchester—unexpected to the rank and file but not to the leaders, for the Government had given its consent that he should attend—and, wild-eyed and fervent, declared his intention of returning to Glasgow. The Congress cheered him, although the leaders tried to turn the tide. Kirkwood, the deportee, was as good as his word, although the Gov-

ernment, now under Lloyd George, immediately announced that he would be arrested. The Government, too, was as good as its word. And Kirkwood, finding the Government not now to be trifled with and his friends few, signed an undertaking to keep quiet. As that was all the Government had ever demanded of the deportees its victory was complete. Also the Labour Party, by staunchly refusing to support Kirkwood, proved its virtues.

Another threatened strike that would have disorganized the conduct of the war throughout the Allied countries was proposed by the South Wales Miners. This was their second interference with the course of the war. Both sides seem to have been to blame, the employers for the low level to which they had always ground the men, and the men for their unpatriotic demonstration at a moment when Italy and France, as well as England, were absolutely dependent upon English coal. The story is too long to tell here, but the South Wales miner, already having obtained various advances in wages since the beginning of the war, amounting to seventy per cent., was still unsatisfied. And the employers, although making higher dividends than ever before, thought they saw an opportunity of increasing them. While the miners demanded a fifteen per cent. increase, the owners asked for a ten per cent. decrease. Where the miners secured public sympathy was in agreeing to submit their case to an audit of the owners' books, which the owners refused. The crisis crowded closer and closer, and at last the Government stepped in and took over the mines, immediately granting the miners their higher wage. This, too, was in Asquith's time.

There have been other strikes and threatened strikes by the dozen, but none of equal seriousness, largely because nipped in the bud. The different attitude adopted by Lloyd George has had its effect. Since he came into

power strikes have been of short duration because the Government was not minded to parley to the nation's menace. The new Premier's metal was tried on the very day Asquith resigned. The boilermakers of Liverpool took advantage of administrative chaos to declare a strike. But Lloyd George took the Labour Party into his Cabinet by means of some of its strongest and most patriotic leaders, and thereafter he could not be accused of lack of sympathy. Hodge, the new Labor Minister, a Labor man himself, simply wired the boilermakers that no consideration whatever would be given their case unless they returned immediately to work. It was a new system, and it worked. The boilermakers returned. They realized what subsequent strikers are finding out, that the nation will not stand for strikes until the war is over. The Tyne engineers declared a strike towards the end of March, 1917, led by the shop stewards and opposed by the leaders. Once more the strikers were informed that their demands would not be listened to while they were idle, but this time they thought to make a real test and voted to remain out. When, however, a wire reached them from the Government warning them that if they did not return to work immediately drastic measures would be taken, they knew their stand was hopeless and took up their tools.

But the two great obstacles to the production necessary to victory came from the threatened breach of union rules demanded by conditions. One was the dilution of labor. The Clyde strike arose from the workingman's opposition to the introduction of women into domains that had always been his; and a hundred smaller strikes and a thousand disagreements have had their origin in the same cause. The Government could not but insist, however strong the opposition. Without women the war would never be won, for there are not enough men to do the fighting and

the work. But even yet daily opposition arises from individual unions or branches of them. Labour has, however, sized the necessity as a body and has yielded to it.

The other handicap was the recognized scale of output by the English workman. It is almost incredible that any man would openly support the deliberate limitation of his output as a system vital to his well-being. The idea has sometimes been secretly preached in America. But in England it was a recognized union principle to "ea' canny". In that, too, the employers were largely to blame, for the wages they persisted in paying were unbelievably small. No workman could do good work on them; no workman could maintain his self-respect on such inadequate and miserly pay.

And along with the limitation of output came the attendant evils that assisted its development. Absenteeism was a habit. In part it was due to liquor, but there was nothing in his life to make a workingman desirous of limiting his potations to reasonable quantities. Every holiday—and the English year is full of them—was followed by two for recovery from the effects of the day's sport. In a few words, England was producing much less than half her capacity and had grown accustomed to it. That was why she was losing her grip on the world's markets. But half-production did not gibe with war necessities, and an alteration was demanded. To a great and surprising extent it has come about. Many a labourer has seen the necessity as well as the Government and has buckled down. To some extent liquor was put beyond his reach, by shortened hours of sale, by the closing of the more dangerous saloons, by an increase in prices, and by the anti-treating law. But some effect also was wielded by the hearty way in which the women assumed their share of production. They were not broken to limiting production as a principle, and factories have boom-

ed for no other reason than that the men see that their very living after the war depends upon a demonstration of their capacity. Pride does the rest.

There are, of course, certain sections of the Labour Party which as a whole have opposed the war. The Socialists are divided, one group expressing its unalterable fidelity to the national cause, the other exhibiting only the worst side of Socialism. The Independent Labour Party is frankly for peace as a body, although a few of its leaders cannot agree to peace at any price. But these two disloyal sections count very little in the numerical strength of Labour and less in influence, despite the publicity given the peace meetings that are usually broken up by fellow unionists or soldiers.

It is in Labour's vote that it shows its soul. The Congress of 1916 supported Asquith's war policy by something less than four votes to one. In the Congress of 1917 the support for Lloyd George was more than five to one. When Lloyd George proposed to comb out the unskilled from the South Wales miners for the Army, thus daring much in the teeth of the most troublesome union, the union at first voted against the proposition and then rallied and supported it by three to two. And whenever a complete vote has been taken there is unmistakable evidence of the patriotism of Labour.

In its leaders Labour has been favourably represented. There is no hesitation there, no willingness to sacrifice the nation to union principles that held in peace time. With very few exceptions the chiefs of the organization are patriots. Much of their active co-operation has been induced by their incorporation into Government offices where they not only see the need of the times more clearly but are on their honour to cater to it. From the beginning, however, they have aided the authorities in bringing home to their fel-

lows the demands of the fighting front. "Whatever is needed to win the war will be given," says the secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions. J. H. Thomas, M.P., general secretary of the Railwaymen, one of the strongest unions, while watching the Government closely, is a staunch supporter of any measures that promise to win the war. The heads of the British Workers' National League condemn all labour disputes in war time. The British Socialist Party has repudiated enemy Socialists. Will Thorne, M.P., is a tireless advocate of aggressive war measures. Bent Tillet, whose influence over Labour has been frequently proved, visited the front early in the war and returned one of the best recruiting agents the country has had.

The effect of the war on Labour no man can foresee with accuracy. The longer the struggle continues the better the results for England and the workingman, so far as the establishment of desirable principles and methods are concerned. Much depends upon the attitude of the returned soldier—and where he will stand even he himself does not know. Should he settle down with the idea that he has completed his life's work and that hereafter the country should keep him, there will be years of unsettlement and disorganization. Should he resume his tools under the spur of years of military discipline, of widened outlook, of gratitude for peace, English Labour will carve a new groove for itself. There is talk in some unofficial corners of a great strike to come with peace, intended, it is said, to revive immediately the old methods and laxness. But against that will stand determinedly a nation and many Labour leaders who see that only in grim hard work will England be able to hold her own in the world's reconstruction. Did Labour stop to think it would realize that anything it does to interfere with that great end will react upon itself.

The strike among the engineers en-

gaged on munitions was not a Union affair. Indeed, it was strongly condemned by the leaders. It was organized entirely by the shop stewards, who had a secret union of their own, and was the result of the fear of youthful shirkers in control of the local unions that they would be taken from their jobs for service at the Front. Other strikes had to some extent the support of their immediate

leaders, but there were conditions that mitigated the treason of downing tools when the Empire was at stake, although nothing could justify such an act. Thoughtful union leaders tremble lest Trade Unionism has dug its own grave, for, after all, it is the rank and file that make up the Union.

One thing is certain, that Capital and Labour will work on new levels, new understandings, new agreements.

ODE FOR DOMINION DAY, 1917

(In commemoration of Vimy Ridge)

By ALFRED GORDON

WHAT song of ours, O England, were not shrill
Beside thy silence? Though art old, art old,
The memory of centuries is thine.
Though thy throne crumbled and at length there rolled
The fate of Greece and Rome upon thee, still
Thou shouldest live on, a portion of God's will.

For thou, indeed, as time itself art slow,
As slow and imperturbable as God.
And 'tis small marvel if some fret, Is this
She from whose arm Spain reeled as from a rod,
Who crushed Napoleon, and once more—ah no!
Glories are these, but of times long ago.

So long, so long, thou hardly dreamest them:
Thou makest for them neither fast nor feast—
Only a note within thy calendar:
Yet what would he not give to boast the least,
(Aye, he, thy foe and ours), the smallest gem
Thou settest not in any diadem?

Thou art too scornful of a proper boast,
And men mistake thee. Lo, she lies asleep,
Sated with triumphs. They know not the pride
Towered in silence in the soul's last keep.
Where speech were sacrilege, and ghost on ghost
Rises in splendour and an endless host.

No statue hast thou set within thy gate,
Thou hast no charter on a blazoned scroll,
Yet for all this is freedom thy heart's core
And liberty thine everlasting soul:
Who stemmed the onset of a despot's hate
Not in its death-throe, but its first, white spate.

Thou didst not cover thine extremity
 With unctuous horror. Thou didst draw not back
 To have war thrust upon thee in the end.
 Never in Armageddon didst thou lack:
 No *word* man's solidarity to thee
 Who staked thine all therefor, what e'er might be.

Therefore, thou reignest of a natural right,
 And needst no braggarts to proclaim thy meed;
 Royal by carriage, stature, and the mien
 Of one accustomed to command and lead,
 Not by the baubles of a child's delight,
 Nor even the great names of thy great might.

England, our mother, we, thy sons, are young;
 Our exultation this day cannot be
 Bounded as thine: but thou wilt pardon us.
 Thou wilt forgive us if we cry now, "See!
 See now, our mother, these are they that clung
 Once to thy breasts, and are they not well sung?"

Not that we had not glories in past days,
 Yet did our fathers have their home not here:
 These, O our mother, loving thee not less,
 Cherished in Canada one yet more dear:
 They were our fathers—well won were their bays:
 These are our sons and have our greater praise.

Our fathers fought for and obtained this land
 When but an outpost, and it was but part
 Of thy great history. Our sons now fight
 For thine whole Empire shaken to the heart.
 The names they wrote they did not write on sand,
 But this these write before the world shall stand.

Aye, not since France herself first stood at bay
 To conquer or to die on Marne's green banks,
 Driving at last across its crimsoned flood
 The flower of Germany in shattered ranks,
 Has there been crowded in a single day
 More breathless glory for heroic lay.

England, our mother, once our boasting hear!
 And in thy streets let flags and banners fly!
 To drums and bugles let the people march
 While Vimy Ridge is shouted to the sky!
 Aye, although *there* so many that were dear
 Lie yet unburied, still let cheer drown cheer.

Thereafter of our pride let nought be said,
 Saying on stone, inscribed with but one line:
 CANADA—VIMY RIDGE—1917
 Our hearts the tablets of a secret shrine:
 Though henceforth we shall lift a higher head
 Because of Vimy and its glorious dead!

Life, Latent Life, and Death

BY PROFESSOR D. FRASER HARRIS



TO the ordinary person nothing seems easier than to distinguish between life and death or, to be more exact, between a living and a dead animal. Such a person at once thinks of the warm, breathing, moving organism with its beating heart and its perceptions of the outer world in contrast with the cold, still, unconscious corpse in which the heart has stopped forever. But there is a state known as "latent life", which is a particularly interesting one, for the organism, having all the appearance of death, can nevertheless once again manifest vital characteristics. Ever since the discovery of the dried rotifers by the diligent Dutch histologist, Leenwenhoek, in 1719, we have known that animal organisms can exist for years in a dried-up state in mud or dust and "come to life again", as it is said, on being moistened.

Of course, they have never been dead, for death is the permanent impossibility of manifesting life in that which once lived. Not only rotifers, or wheel-animalcules, but tardigrada, or bear-animalcules, can survive this extreme degree of desiccation. Both these classes of animals are by no means of the most primitive type, for they actually possess digestive and nervous systems. They take from twenty minutes to an hour or two to

revive on being moistened. Other animals capable of withstanding the abstraction of water are the anguillulidae or paste-eels, and certain infusoria, if we set aside as apocryphal the tales of frogs shut up inside pieces of marble and jumping out of them when the blocks were broken open. In the plant world we have dried seeds retaining their vitality for very long periods; although the stories about grain from Egyptian mummy cases being able to germinate are not now believed. We know that grain dug up from subterranean granaries in Roman camps is carbonized or black as though scorched, and that it does not germinate on being planted. Mariette, the Egyptologist, definitely denies that mummy-wheat can germinate: when placed in water it disintegrates to a clayey pulp. Nevertheless, it is quite true that seeds in a dry state for as long a time as two hundred years have produced seedlings, in other words, have been alive. Bacteria, the lowest plant organisms, have enormous powers of resisting conditions that tend to death. The late Professor Macfadyen showed that bacteria of certain diseases frozen at the temperature of liquid air (about—200 degrees centigrade) were not killed, but could survive so extremely drastic a procedure as this and yet retain their specific, vital, pathogenic characteristics. When frozen so brittle that they could

be powdered in a mortar, they were nevertheless in a state of latent life. Coming to the cold-blooded animals, we have many instances of suspended animation among such creatures as snails, water-beetles, frogs and fish. Fish seem to withstand great cold. Sir John Franklin, in his polar expedition of 1820, reported carp frozen so solid that the intestines of some of them could be taken out en masse, and yet others of them, thawed before a fire, "revived and moved about actively".

Preyer, the German physiologist, had evidence that frogs frozen solid could be revived if their internal temperature had not fallen below 2.5 deg. C. Fishes frozen in a block of ice to —15 deg. C. have been known to revive, although some of their companions were frozen so hard that they could be powdered up along with the ice. According to the French experimenter Raoul Pietet, frogs endured a temperature of —28 deg. C., and fish a degree or two below—15 degrees C. These are all cases of latent life at low temperatures. The application of this principle of cold arresting life is that of the storage of carcasses killed abroad, in New Zealand or Australia, for instance. The bacteria of decomposition are in a state of latent life all the time of the "cold storage". They are not killed, for when the temperature rises putrefaction can set in, as everyone knows, and destroy the meat. The meat is, of course, dead, but not the bacteria on it. Sir Ernest Shackleton reports that in the South Polar seas there are marine organisms frozen motionless in the ice for ten months of the year, so that they move about actively only during the other two.

Ascending to the warm-blooded animal and coming to man himself, we do not find such extreme instances of suppression of vitality as in the lower organisms, creatures with more sluggish and, therefore, less easily deranged metabolism. All states of trance or narcolepsy, extremely deep

and prolonged apparent sleep, such as the famous case of Colonel Townsend, belong to this category. It was very carefully reported on by Dr. Cheyne, of Dublin. The case is well known to medical men, but is perhaps not so familiar to others that the following quotation of Dr. Cheyne's words would be superfluous:

"He could die or expire when he pleased, and yet . . . by an effort he could come to life again. . . . He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time. . . . I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least soil on the bright mirror he held to his mouth. . . . could not discover the least symptom of life in him. We began to conclude he had carried the experiment too far, and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead. . . . By nine in the morning. . . as we were going away we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily and speak softly."

Still more extraordinary are the narratives of fakirs of India, who are said to allow themselves to be built up in sealed tombs for weeks without food, and to be alive at the end of the time. Reports of these cases of human suspended animation are now too numerous and too well authenticated by European eye-witnesses of unimpeachable integrity to be set aside as either in themselves untrue or as due to collective delusion. James Braid, the first investigator of hypnotism, has narrated a case typical of many others, in which a fakir was tied up in a sealed sack, which was placed inside a locked box, which was left for six weeks in a sealed-up dark room in the palace of Runjeet Singh. The man's ears and nostrils had been blocked up with wax, which was still

there when the body was brought into the light at the end of the six weeks. On the sack being opened the muscles were found quite stiff, the jaws tightly clenched, and no trace of a pulse-beat was anywhere to be detected. By degrees the man revived, the muscles softened, the pulse began to be perceptible, and in a feeble voice he asked, "Do you believe me now?"

The interesting inference from all these cases of latent life or suspended animation is that, though vitality cannot be said to have vanished, yet the organism during the time of the latency is giving none of the signs of the possession of vitality. It is not taking in any food, oxygen, or water; it is not giving out carbon dioxide or other chemical result of livingness; it is not moving; in the higher animals both the cardiac and respiratory activities are in abeyance. No state could be more like death, infinitely more like it than sleep. Latent life and not sleep is the true "image of death". Revivability, however, was there: life was depressed, inhibited, masked but not abolished. Recently some interesting and successful efforts have been made to revive the apparently dead heart in the actually dead body. The following quotation is not from a book of fairy tales, but from a highly technical work on physiology published several years ago:

"Hearts can be revived many days after death, even the hearts of children dead of disease. In ten such cases only three gave negative results. The heart of a boy dead of pneumonia revived in all parts twenty-four hours after death. In the case of an ape, Hering recovered the heart after four and a half hours and then froze it. After twenty-eight hours thirty minutes the heart was again resuscitated."

Of course this does not mean that these hearts were effective in carrying out the circulation again, but that they had been sufficiently revived to give a series of spontaneous

beats. Now, on reflecting on these examples of latent life it will be seen that we must here have cases of interference with the full mobility of the molecules of the living substance, whether that has been brought about by abstracting water or by abstracting heat. The absence of food as in hibernating animals tends very much in the same direction, enfeeblement of the vital processes, so that the bears, dormice, hedgehogs, tortoises, frogs, and many other animals which enter on a winter sleep and eat nothing during that time, although they are not in the state of typical latent life, are yet in a state of extremely depressed vitality. Some of them actually cease to breathe though the heart continues beating; it is a question of *degree* of livingness.

We must, in fact, recognize that there are degrees of life or of livingness in each cell, tissue, organ, and organism. Some tissues are intensely alive; some are already dead, for instance, enamel of tooth and horn of nail. At the very time when Horace said—"Non omnis moriar," he was not even altogether alive. We can, in fact, construct a scale passing through all degrees of corporate livingness from the tremendous physical and mental power of a Gladstone, a Kelvin, or a Helmholtz, down to the somnolent stupidity of the country yokel or the hopeless sufferer from acute melancholia. In melancholia all the tissues are demonstrably less alive than in the normal person, less oxygen is taken in, less urea and carbon dioxide are excreted, and less heat is evolved. There is, in other words, for any given tissue no hard and fast line between the fullest vitality at one end of the scale and eternal death at the other. As we near the death-point we pass through the stage or state of "latent life". While the extremes are quite distinct, the intermediate stages are indistinguishable from one another. Just as in the case of the visible spectrum, no one can fail to distinguish the red from the

violet, yet there is an infinite number of gradations of colour between red and green and between green and violet.

Assuming in the meantime that we can get no better conception of the *modus operandi* of living matter than by conceiving of it as due to molecules—no doubt of great complexity—endowed with chemical affinity, and therefore obeying certain chemical laws, we seem to have to admit that, within limits, life is more intense as the temperature rises, and less intense as the temperature falls. This behaviour is exactly that of substances capable of chemical interaction, so that, viewed from the purely physico-chemical standpoint, life is the outcome of chemical activities. This is by no means a new position, but it is at present the only position from which one can advance to explain latent life. Latent life is the temporary immobilization of the molecules of living matter without the destruction of those atomic affinities which are the chemical basis of life, whereas death is such permanent, molecular immobilization that certain characteristic atomic affinities are abolished.

Of course, death is not the destruction of all atomic affinities in molecules of the once living stuff, but it is the abolition of such that enables the living matter to link on to itself material from outside, incorporate some, oxydize some, and reject the rest—in short, feed, absorb, and excrete. In intensely living matter the molecular whirl is at the intensest, in latent life the molecular whirl is arrested, but when the arresting state, loss of water or heat, is removed the whirl can recommence. In latent life the weights

of the protoplasmic clock have been seized by a mysterious hand, in death they have descended to the utmost length of the cord. The vital clock in the one case has only been arrested and can go again, in the other it has run down and cannot ever be wound up. To take another analogy, in life "the sands of time" are rapidly running out, in latent life the stream has stopped, in death the sand is all in the lower globe. To abolish consciousness, we administer chloroform, a substance which, by uniting with certain of the chemically active radicles constituting the living matter, immobilizes the whole molecular complex. This immobilization of the molecules of the cells of the brain has its psychical correlative in the disappearance of consciousness. Thus the solution of our problem—What is latent life?—seems capable of being stated in terms of what is already known. The organism in latent life is not dead, for it is capable of living again: it is, however, very far from being actually alive, for it is manifesting none of the attributes of livingness. Without a chemical theory of living matter, "suspended animation" would be inexplicable; and while one would freely admit that a chemical conception of vitality is at present only a partial one, yet at the same time we gain a greater insight into what life is and what death is not than if we attempt to describe either state in terms outside of physics or chemistry altogether. In a sense very different from what the author of the lines meant, yet in a sense profoundly true,

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Our Governors-General Since Confederation

BY WILLIAM LEWIS EDMONDS



SINCE its birth at Confederation fifty years ago the Dominion of Canada has had eleven Governors-General. Of these five are still alive. They are the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Grey, the Duke of Connaught and the present occupant, the Duke of Devonshire.

When, on the 3rd of February, 1865, Sir John (then Mr.) Macdonald submitted to the Canadian Parliament the resolutions which had been adopted the previous year at the Quebec Confederation conference, among his references to the Governor-Generalship were the following:

"Whether, in making her selection, she (the Queen) may send us one of her own family, a royal prince, as a viceroy to rule over us, or one of the great statesmen of England to represent her, we know not. . . . But we may be permitted to hope that when the Union takes place, and we become the great country which British North America is certain to be, it will be an object worth the ambition of the statesmen of England to be charged with presiding over our destinies."

That this hope has in the main been realized there can not be much doubt. There may be some doubt as to whether or not every occupant of the Governor-Generalship has been a

great statesman. But all have at least been outstanding men in the Empire, while some of them can undoubtedly be classed as statesmen of great ability. Sir John's hope that we might have as one of our Governors-General a member of the Royal family has also been realized, although the appointment was not made until a grandson, and not Victoria herself, occupied the Throne of Great Britain and the Dominions beyond the seas. While no proof of merit, it is interesting to note that of the eleven men which have been appointed to the Governor-Generalship since Confederation nine were members of the House of Lords at the time of their appointment, and that of the two remaining, one, Sir John Young, was gazetted during his term of office, while the other, the Marquis of Lorne, later reached the Upper Chamber by right of succession.

At the Quebec conference of 1864 it was agreed upon by unanimous vote, and subsequently embodied in the British North America Act, that "the Executive authority or Government shall be vested in the Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and be according to the well understood principals of the British Constitution, by the Sovereign personally, or by the representative of the Sovereign duly authorized."

While this clause met with general approval in the country, its acceptance can scarcely be said to have been characterized by the same unanimity as appeared to prevail at the Quebec conference when the draft constitution was being prepared. Goldwin Smith, who then as always was critical regarding the terms of Confederation, wrote an article in a British magazine while the Quebec draft was before the Canadian Parliament in 1865, in which he sarcastically remarked that "the authors of this solemn declaration know perfectly well that they would never permit the representative of the British Sovereign, much less the Sovereign personally, to ever perform a single Act of Government".

The delegates at the Quebec conference and the various legislatures which subsequently concurred recognized this just as clearly as did Goldwin Smith. But what other alternative was there? The framers of the constitution could have insisted that the Governor-General should be appointed from the ranks of resident Canadians. This was the least acceptable of all, for this would have meant the introduction of party politics into the Governor-Generalship. They could have suggested, as the Queensland Government did in 1888, namely, that the name of a proposed governor should be submitted to them before the selection was definitely decided upon. On this occasion her Majesty's Government went so far as to invite Sir John Macdonald to express his opinion on the point at issue. "The Canadian Government," he replied, "consider the present system of appointing the Governor-General perfectly satisfactory, and would greatly regret any change. Reference to Government here for nomination or approval would introduce a disturbing element, and might eventually lead to the election of Governor, a change to be deplored." That he and his colleagues were of similar opinion in 1865 there can be no doubt, for

during the course of a speech in Parliament in that year he declared that "we have provided that for all time to come, so far as we can legislate for of the Executive power the Sovereign of Great Britain. . . . By adhering to the monarchical principle we avoid one defect inherent in the constitution of the United States". The framers of the Constitution might have resorted to a still more drastic alternative, and declared for independence, pure and simple. While that might have found favour in Great Britain, where there were at that time a number of statesmen who were quite ready to assist in "cutting the painter", such an innovation would have been decidedly unacceptable to the great mass of the Canadian people. Sir John, in the words quoted above, was expressing Canadian sentiment as well as that of himself and the framers of the Constitution.

After an experience of fifty years the fact must be acknowledged that the principles upon which the Governor-Generalship was established have worked satisfactorily. The Governor-General possesses the powers of prerogative. He may give his assent to a bill which has passed Parliament, he may veto it, or he may reserve it for the Crown's approval. But he has never adopted either of these courses, at any rate upon his own initiative. Sir John Macdonald, who served under five Governors, once declared that his Ministry had never submitted a bill to a Governor without obtaining his assent. This, of course, in the language of the clause above quoted, is "according to the well understood principles of the British Constitution".

As a matter of fact the powers of the Governor-General have been a diminishing quantity since the birth of Confederation. The Governor still has the right to select Canadians upon whom honours may be conferred by the Crown. But it is said that even in regard to this it is now the practice of submitting such names to

the Premier for approval before they are forwarded to London.

When the Quebec resolutions, after being endorsed by the respective provinces entering Confederation, were submitted to the Home Government exception was taken by the latter to the clause which provided that the pardoning power should be reposed in the Lieutenant-Governors of the different provinces. "The reason assigned for the Imperial objection," wrote Sir John Macdonald some years later to Sir Oliver Mowat, "was that the Crown could not part with its prerogative of mercy, which must be vested in, and alone administered by, her Majesty's representative, the Governor-General". And yet eleven years after Confederation had been consummated, among the instructions which the Marquis of Lorne carried in his pocket was one to the effect that henceforth the Governor-General was to act upon the advice of his Ministers in regard to pardons and not upon his own initiative. The secret of this change was the propaganda which Edward Blake had carried on while Minister of Justice in the Mackenzie Administration.

Another memo in Lorne's revised instructions was to the effect that it was no longer the rule that measures enacted by the Dominion Parliament imposing differential duties should be reserved for sanction by the Government in London.

Although the prerogative powers of the Governors-General have, through disuetude, become more apparent than real, the office of Governor-General has not been a mere sinecure. It can be said without exaggeration that each and every occupant of the office since Confederation has exercised an influence, both in the Government of the Dominion and in the general development of the country's industrial and social life.

In a new country like the Dominion, with a constitution that was a new experiment in British colonial enterprise, there were necessarily in

its working out many problems to be solved and many difficulties to be surmounted. This was particularly so during the first twenty-five years of Confederation. To the solving of these problems and in the surmounting of these difficulties some of the Governors-Generals lent, by their counsel and judgment, valuable assistance. Monck, Lisgar, Dufferin, and Lorne were of particular value to the Dominion during the first two or three decades of its history.

To Lord Monck, the Dominion's first Governor-General, Canada owes a debt of gratitude. During the negotiations that were carried on between the different provinces with a view to Confederation, he was Governor-General of Canada and British North America, and was as keen for the consummation of Union as any Canadian born. This keenness he manifested in more ways than one. It was he who during the dead-lock of 1864, when Canadian politicians were at their wits' end, persuaded George Brown to enter the Cabinet in order that the machinery of Government might again be put in running order and the scheme of Confederation advanced. Brown, although a strong advocate of Confederation, was adverse, on principles, to associating himself in a Cabinet with Macdonald. Brown, however, was eventually brought into line by Monck, who, in a letter dated June 21, 1864, declared that "the success or failure of the negotiations which have been going on for some days, with the view to the formation of a strong Government on a broad basis, depends very much on your consenting to come into the Cabinet. Under these circumstances I must take the liberty of pressing upon you, by this note, my opinion of the grave responsibility which you will take upon yourself if you refuse to do so". That clinched the matter, and within a day or two Brown was in the Cabinet as president of the council, having acknowledged in a private letter to a political friend

that it was the extreme urgency of the Governor-General which induced him to do so.

Two years later Monek took a stand which was even more imperative than that which he had taken in regard to Brown. And the circumstances under which it occurred were anything but pleasant. During 1866, the year following the adoption of the Quebec resolutions by the Canadian Parliament, a period of inaction developed, and there was a disposition to give precedence in the House to certain measures which were of minor importance, instead of to those bearing on the subject of Confederation. According to Young, however, the root of the inaction was conviviality. "It is too widely known to be a secret," he says in his "Public Men and Public Life in Canada," "that during the lengthened political agitation the customs of the period led to a good deal of conviviality among a small circle of leading statesmen both at Quebec and Ottawa."

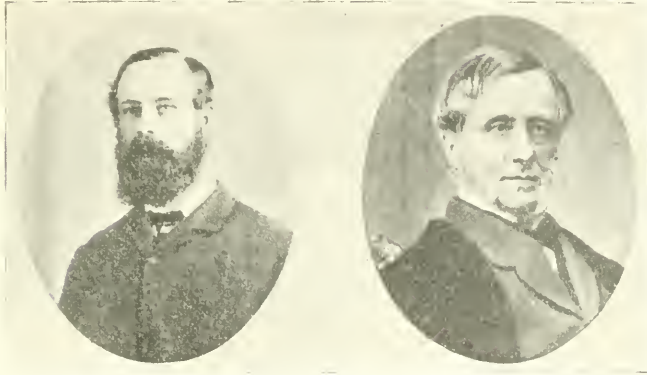
At any rate the inaction burned into the soul of Monek, who, by-the-way, was a warm-hearted and impulsive Irishman, while, to add to his discomfort, the Imperial Government was urging him "not to remit his exertions in the course of Union". Patience having any longer ceased to be a virtue with him, he accordingly sat down on June 21, 1866, and wrote a long letter to Macdonald in which he severely took the Government to task for its delay in passing resolutions providing for the local Legislatures of Upper and Lower Canada, until which no action could be taken by the Imperial Parliament. In this letter he expressed himself as getting uneasy at the inaction of Parliament "with respect to the completion of our portion of the Union plan" and saw "a great many accidents. . . which might change the mood of the House, and so render it impossible to keep the members together and complete the scheme this session". But his strongest language was couched

in these words: "I entertain so grave an apprehension of the evil results which might flow from such an occurrence, that I shall feel bound to take the strongest measures to dissociate myself personally from all responsibility for it. Under ordinary circumstances, my constitutional course would be to break up the Ministry and have recourse to other advisers. I am quite aware, however, that I have it not in my power to adopt this line. . . . I have come to the deliberate conviction, if from any cause this session of Parliament should be allowed to pass without the completion of our part of the Union scheme . . . that my sense of duty to the people of Canada and to myself would leave me no alternative except to apply for my immediate recall."

This letter had the desired effect. The necessary legislation was passed in due time. But it is quite possible that had not Monek taken the vigorous step he did the Dominion would not this year be celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Confederation.

Another direction in which Lord Monek rendered good service to Canada was in the handling of the various subjects which concerned her and the United States. As he became Governor-General of Canada and British North America in 1861, he was in office during the whole of the American war, during which the relationship between the two countries was at times of such a delicate nature that a little spark might have caused a great fire. But we have it upon the word of Sir John Macdonald that Lord Monek "managed the relations between Canada and the United States ever since he had become Governor, and during all the American war, with infinite discretion".

But in spite of his good offices Monek was not popular in Canada, and when in the 1867-'68 session of the new Dominion Parliament it was decided, in spite of the protests of the



MACKENZIE, 1867-68

LISGAR, 1868-72

Government, to cut the salary of the Governor-General down to \$32,000, he was very much hurt and in November, 1868, resigned. His unpopularity seems to have been largely due to his supposed leaning toward the anti-colonial party, which at that time was an influential force in Great Britain.

The circumstances under which Lord Lisgar, at that time Sir John Young, was appointed Governor-General were rather peculiar. The original appointee was Lord Mayo, but when he learned that the Canadian Parliament had reduced the salary of the Governor-General from \$50,000 to \$32,000 he refused to accept the office. So did a number of others to whom it was subsequently offered. But just then Sir John Young, who had completed his term as Governor of New South Wales, arrived upon the scene with the intention of returning to politics. Although a Liberal he was opposed to Gladstone's ballot policy, and so when he was invited to accept the Governor-Generalship of Canada he readily consented to do so.

Although a colonial by birth, having been born in Bombay, Lisgar sympathized with the school of British statesmen and saw little value in colonial connections, and six months after his arrival in Canada delivered a speech at Quebec which was interpreted by many Canadians as a suggestion to the new Dominion to seek political independence.

"Canada," he said, "has its destinies in its own hands, and its statesmen and people are recognized as competent to judge of their interests as to what course to pursue to conciliate those interests. England looks to them for her guidance, and whatever their decision may be, either to continue the present connection or in due time and in the maturity of their growth to exchange it for some other form of alliance."

If it was really independence that Lisgar had in mind it will be seen that he did not so definitely state it. But at that time, when *The London Times* was thundering against the colonies and British statesmen were considering them as millstones around the neck of Great Britain, it was not a difficult thing for the Canadian people, by implication, to take this meaning from his words. At any rate, whatever the real meaning of his words may have been, he made a good Governor-General. "In Sir John Macdonald's opinion," to quote from Pope's authorized life of the latter, "Lord Lisgar was an ideal Governor, the ablest of all those under whom he served." He even found favour with Goldwin Smith, who in an article published in 1881, declared that "Lord Lisgar was a veteran public servant. . . . He had no objects of personal advancement, or desire to fill the papers on his own account. . . . If, among English noblemen



DUFFERIN, 1872-78



LORNE, 1878-83



LANSDOWNE, 1883-88

and public men his counterpart could be found, supposing that the office is to be retained, Canada might go further and fare worse."

During Lisgar's term of office Canada passed through both a trying and interesting period in her history. The first Riel rebellion came upon the boards during the second year of his régime, and this no doubt gave him as well as the Government a great many uncomfortable half hours. In the preliminary negotiation which led to the creation of the famous Treaty of Washington, Lisgar necessarily played an important part, he being the medium through which the early correspondence passed, but it was not until the year after he had retired from office that the treaty, which was satisfactory to neither party to it, came into operation.

One thing for which the régime of Lisgar was noted was the further rounding off of Confederation. When he took office the Dominion consisted of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario. Before retiring he had the pleasure of assenting to measures which included all the territory lying west of the Great Lakes, Prince Edward Island alone being left out.

Lord Dufferin, who in 1872 succeeded Lisgar, was probably, as a statesman and diplomat, the greatest all-round Governor-General that Canada has so far possessed. And during

his régime he was more than once called upon to exercise these qualities.

The first occasion on which he was called upon to exercise his diplomatic qualities was during the Ministerial crisis which followed the exposure of the Pacific Railway scandal. The storm which the scandal had created had burst three months before Dufferin arrived in the country, but it had lost none of its force. Dufferin's difficulty was in steering a course which would be straight, fair and just to all concerned.

Five days after Huntington had made his charges in the House, a committee, on motion of Sir John Macdonald, had been appointed to investigate them. As it was deemed necessary to examine witnesses under oath a special Act was also passed empowering the committee to do so. There were two things, however, which caused the investigation to be deferred. One was the absence in England of two members of the committee. The other was the opinion of the law officers of the Crown in Great Britain to the effect that it was ultra vires of the Constitution for the investigating committee to examine witnesses under oath. It was this latter decision that was at the root of Lord Dufferin's subsequent troubles in connection with the railway scandal.

When the House, which had in the meantime adjourned, met according



STANLEY, 1888-93



ABERDEEN, 1893-98



MINTO, 1898-1904

to prior agreement, on August 13 to receive the report of the investigating committee it was of course not ready, no investigation having been made. The Government then proposed a royal commission in order that witnesses might be examined under oath. When this proposal was rejected the Opposition, through a petition signed by some ninety of its members, urged the Governor-General to reject the advice of his Ministers and insist that Parliament, instead of being prorogued, should proceed with the investigation. Dufferin, first verbally, and subsequently in a carefully written document, refused to comply, holding that it would be contrary to the "maxims of constitutional Government" to reject the advice of his Ministers and act upon that of the petitioners.

The wrath of the political storm then extended itself to the Governor-General. In the press and from the platform he was denounced as no occupant of the office had before or has since been denounced. He was compared to King John, to James II., and to Charles I.

But Dufferin lived it down. And we have it from Cartwright, who was one of the petitioners, that "Lord Dufferin acted with strict impartiality all through".

Another matter of importance in which Dufferin displayed his skill as a diplomat was in regard to the diffi-

culty with British Columbia over the settlement of the railway terms under which that province came into the Confederation. James D. Edgar had been sent to British Columbia in 1874 to try and unravel the difficulty, but had failed. Then the matter was submitted to Lord Carnarvon, Secretary of State for the Colonies, for arbitration. His decision, one part of which provided for the completion of the transcontinental railway by 1890, was accepted by the Dominion Parliament, but the fat was again in the fire when the Senate refused to concur.

It was at this point that Lord Dufferin stepped in, feeling it was a case for his intervention. He accordingly journeyed to British Columbia, and in a speech at Victoria, which we are told was a masterpiece of diplomacy, showed that responsibility for the delay lay, not with the Mackenzie Government, but with the Senate. As a result of this speech, and the subsequent efforts that Dufferin made, harmony was restored in the Pacific Province, and in 1885, five years ahead of time, the last spike in the great transcontinental railway was driven, and the Dominion had fulfilled its promise to British Columbia. While Dufferin had not the honour of being Governor-General when this last-named event took place, he was of course in office when the Intercolonial was completed from Halifax to Quebec, when another perplexing condition of Con-

federation was complied with by the Federal Government.

Among other important events during the régime of Lord Dufferin were the creation of the Supreme Court; the entry of Prince Edward Island into the Confederation; the Halifax award, whereby Canada obtained \$5,500,000 from the United States for the use of her fisheries; and the according by the Imperial Government the right of Canada to determine whether or not she should be included in any treaties which the former saw fit to make with foreign countries.

Not only was Dufferin a man of outstanding skill as a diplomat and statesman, but he possessed a high sense of duty, while his speeches, touched as they were by a fine sense of poetic fancy, stamped him as an orator of more than usual ability.

Canada's interest in the Marquis of Lorne when in 1878 he assumed the duties of Governor-General centred around the two-fold fact that he was the husband of a royal princess and the scion of the House of Argyll. He had been a member of the House of Commons for ten years, but it was from his marriage and his birth that his fame came. When he arrived in Canada the Letellier case, which was destined to give him much perturbation before it was finally disposed of, was already on the boards, it having been projected there some eight months before by Letellier summarily dismissing his Cabinet because it had failed to consult him regarding a certain measure before submitting it to the Quebec legislature. As Lieutenant-Governor Letellier was a Liberal and the Government he had dismissed Conservative, the matter at once became a political issue. Sir John Macdonald brought the matter up in the House of Commons with a motion condemning Letellier. But while the Premier, Mr. Mackenzie, thought Letellier had been imprudent in his action, considered it was a matter the people of Quebec should settle themselves, and so the motion was nega-

tived. But Sir John was not to be outdone. A few months later, having in the meantime again returned to power, he induced the House of Commons to pass a resolution condemning Governor Letellier. His next move was to advise the Governor-General to dismiss him from office. As this meant the establishing of a precedent new in colonial experience Lorne thought it best to consult the Colonial Secretary. This, with the consent of his Ministers, he did. The reply of the Colonial Secretary was to the effect that while the Lieutenant-Governor had the right to dismiss his Ministers, the Governor-General must act upon the advice of his Ministers. This he ultimately did, and the head of the impulsive Lieutenant-Governor ultimately fell into the basket.

The year following Lorne's assumption of office was conspicuous for the inauguration of the National Policy, on the issue of which the Conservative party had been returned to power the preceding election. In 1880, he gave his assent to the annexation to Canada of all that part of British territory lying within the arctic circle, thereby making the Esquimaux citizens of the Dominion. The same year also saw the appointment of Canada's first High Commissioner to Great Britain. Nineteen-eighty-one was conspicuous for the turning of the first sod on the C.P.R., and on July 1st, of the following year Regina was selected as the seat of Government of the North-West Territories.

During his tenure of office Lorne did considerable literary work, some of which had a distinctly Canadian flavour, while both he and H. R. H. Princess Louise did much to the cultivation of art in the Dominion. The Royal Society for the promotion of literature and science in Canada was distinctly the outcome of his effort. For his efforts toward the promotion of literature and art he received a warm encomium from Goldwin Smith, while from Sir John Macdonald we

learn that he always worked in harmony with his Ministers.

Lord Lansdowne, who in 1883 succeeded the Marquis of Lorne, was described by Sir John Macdonald as the "ablest Governor under whom I served, with possibly the exception of Lord Lisgar".

During his régime several events occurred which had an important bearing upon the industrial and political development of the Dominion. The year following his assumption of office saw the settlement of the boundary question between Ontario and Manitoba. The question was a relic of Confederation, and during the ten years preceding its settlement had been a bone of contention so serious that it was feared at one time that bloodshed might ensue, thanks to the machinations of politicians who were engaged in playing off one part of the country against the other. By this settlement Ontario acquired an addition of about sixty million acres to her territory.

An event which extended the Dominion's powers of self-government occurred in 1884, when the Imperial Government consented to allow the Canadian Government to hold direct negotiations with foreign countries through its own representative acting in conjunction with the British ambassador. Before this all intervention had to be done through the Colonial Office. The following year was

marked by two important events in the Canadian West. The one, and an untoward one, was the outbreak on March 26 of the second Riel rebellion. The other was the driving of the last spike in the process of constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway, four years and six months from the turning of the first sod under the régime of the Marquis of Lorne. The year 1887 was noted for the extension of the protective tariff to the iron and steel industry, the meeting of the first Colonial Conference, at which Canada was represented by Sir Alexander Campbell and Mr. Sanford Fleming, and the inauguration of the first line of C.P.R. steamers between Vancouver and Yokohama.

Lord Stanley of Preston, who assumed the duties of Governor-General in June, 1888, had prior to his coming to Canada occupied the portfolio of Secretary of State for the Colonies. Consequently he already had some acquaintance with Canadian affairs.

His régime was marked by several historical events. One of these, and probably the one of first importance, was the inauguration of the McKinley tariff in the United States, which, while indirectly, at least, aimed at Canada, greatly stimulated the efforts of Canadians in the direction of cultivating their export trade with Great Britain and other countries. Then came the sharp and vigorous Com-



GREY, 1904-'11

CONNAUGHT, 1911-'16

mercial Union campaign of 1891 and the subsequent death of Sir John Macdonald, followed a year later by the death of his old political opponent Alexander Mackenzie. Eighteen-ninety-three was marked by the retirement of Abbott from the premiership and the elevation of Thompson to the position. This year was also marked by the formal opening of the Court of Arbitration for the settlement of the long-deferred and irritating question regarding the seal fisheries of Behring sea.

Lord Stanley was a man of kindly and unaffected disposition, and although practically nothing occurred during his term of office to call for the exercise of great talents in statesmanship or in diplomacy, he was highly respected and on his departure left many friends behind him.

The most important and far-reaching event during the régime of the Earl of Aberdeen, who assumed the Governor-Generalship in September, 1893, was the inauguration of the Preferential Tariff. This, it will be remembered, took place in 1897, the year following the advent of the Laurier Administration to office. As originally introduced the tariff allowed for a preference of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on British imports. Owing, however, to the favoured-nations treaties with Germany and Belgium the preference had necessarily to apply for the time being to the imports from these and several other countries. On August 1 of the following year, the treaties with Germany and Belgium having in the meantime been abrogated by the Imperial Government, the preference was increased to twenty-five per cent. and confined wholly to imports from within the British Empire. Subsequently this was increased to 33 1-3 per cent.

The year following his assumption of office Aberdeen had the honour of welcoming to Canada the delegates to the Colonial Conference. He termed the occasion "in no small degree unique". And it was, for it was the

first, and so far only, occasion on which the Conference had met outside the British Isles. It was also unique in still another respect, for among the resolutions passed was one which urged the Imperial Government to abrogate those treaties which stood in the way of preferential trade within the Empire. Although this was only three years before the treaties were actually abrogated, the Imperial Government at that time was by no means ready to comply with the wishes of the Conference, as the subsequent correspondence of Lord Ripon, the Colonial Secretary, clearly shows.

"Such denunciation," he said in course of one of his lengthy letters to Lord Aberdeen, "would be a step of the greatest gravity, and while her Majesty's Government are fully alive to the desirability of removing any treaty stipulations which may hamper the action of the Colonies in regard to trade relations, they consider that the advantages to be derived from such a step should be very clearly shown to outweigh the disadvantages before it could be properly resorted to." He even went so far as to assert that the Colonies themselves would suffer from the abrogation of the German and Belgium treaties.

But three years later, when the Canadian Parliament adopted the Preferential Tariff, and Mr. Chamberlain was in command of the Colonial Office, the Imperial Government viewed the matter in an entirely different light and forthwith abrogated the offending treaties.

Eighteen ninety-eight, the last year of Aberdeen's régime, was noted for three things. One was the decision of the Privy Council to the effect that while the exclusive power to make fisheries regulations is vested in the Dominion, the issuing of licences and the collection of revenue belonged to the provinces. The other was the submission of a plebiscite on the question of legislative prohibition of



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

The present Governor-General of Canada

the liquor traffic. Although the vote was 278,380 in favour as compared with 264,693 against, Parliament pigeon-holed the subject and took no action. The third was the creation of the

Joint High Commission for the purpose of once more trying to settle the outstanding difficulties still existing with the United States. Among the questions at issue were the Alaskan

and Atlantic fisheries, the Alaskan boundary, trade relations, and war ships on the Great Lakes. The Commission first met in Quebec and subsequently at Washington. The Commission, however, came to naught, for while on the one hand Canada insisted that the boundary question must first be disposed of, either by agreement or reference to arbitration, "Congress was adverse to any liberal agreement with Canada, either for the extension of trade or for the adjustment of other disturbing questions".

Earl Minto, who became Governor-General in November, 1898, was no stranger to the Dominion, he having for three years served as military secretary to Lord Lansdowne. By profession he was a soldier, and consequently when the war broke out in South Africa in 1899 he was in his element. That he strongly sympathized with the proposal that Canada should participate in the affair there can be no doubt. In sentiment he was a strong Imperialist, and no doubt with pleasure assented to the legislation in 1900 which increased the preference on British products to 33 1-3 per cent. of the general tariff.

The third year of Minto's régime was marked by the death of Queen Victoria, the ascension of King Edward and the visit to our shores of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, now the King and Queen. Still another interesting event of that year was the taking of an Empire-wide census, which showed that the population living beneath the British flag was 397,659,316. As far as Canada was concerned the census was not very satisfactory, the population during the ten-year period having only increased a fraction over eleven per cent.

Earl Grey, who became Governor-General in December, 1904, had the honour of occupying the office for seven years, a longer period than any of his predecessors. Before coming to Canada he had served six years as

a member of the British House of Commons and one year as administrator of Rhodesia. From the first he took a live interest in Canada and its affairs, and probably saw more of the Dominion than any other Governor, before or since his advent to office. He saw every province and nearly every district. He even took a journey through the arctic regions. He was also in closer touch with the United States than any of his predecessors, and in this way did much toward increasing cordial relations between the two countries. With Roosevelt and Taft he was in close relationship, and during his term of office made frequent trips across the border.

One thing for which he will be greatly remembered was the effort he consistently made during his régime to establish closer relationship between the British and French races of the Dominion, and to encourage the study of the French language in the English-speaking parts of the country.

The most important political events in Canada during his term of office were the creation in 1905 of the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan and the attending bitter controversy over the question of separate schools, and the reciprocity campaign of 1911. A month after the close of the latter his term of office expired.

During his régime he had the gratification of seeing the ratification of a treaty providing for the demarcation of the boundary line between Canada and the United States. In the same year as this took place occurred the tercentenary of the founding of Quebec, in which celebration he was an active participant, while for the acquisition of the plains of Abraham as a national park credit is due more to him than to any other man.

When the Duke of Connaught was appointed Governor-General in 1911 there were not a few people in Canada who looked askance at the appointment. They feared that it

might mean the creation of a court, with all its attendant flummery. But it was not long before they realized that their fears were ill-founded. The Duke was a member of the Royal family which Sir John Macdonald hoped at Confederation might some day occupy the Governor-Generalship, but in practice he was about as democratic as any of his predecessors. From the very start he exhibited great interest in the Dominion and solicitude for its welfare, and when he departed from our midst no Governor carried away with him a greater measure of popularity. When appointed it was for a period of two years only, but the outbreak of the war upset these plans, with the result that he served for the usual five-year term.

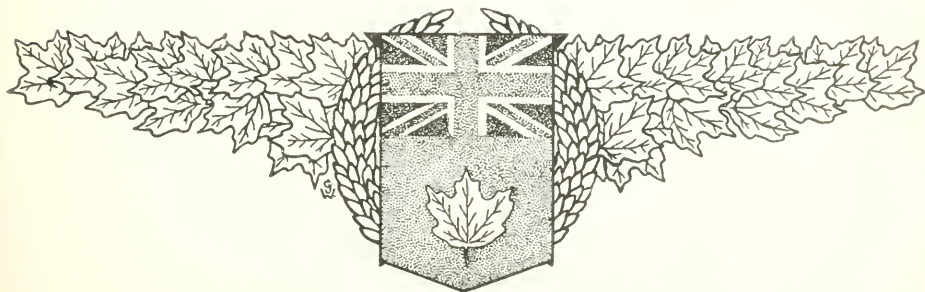
The most important political matter before the Canadian people during the Duke of Connaught's régime was that which was precipitated by the proposal of the Government to appropriate the sum of \$35,000,000 for the purpose of constructing and equipping three battleships and placing them at the disposal of the British Admiralty, which, while endorsed by the House of Commons, was defeated in the Senate.

The Duke of Connaught's Governor-Generalship was not the first and

only capacity in which he had served Canada, he having, when a lieutenant, participated in the ranks of the Canadian volunteer militia in the Red River Expedition of 1870. The name Prince Arthur's Landing, the point at which the inland route of the expedition began, was so designated by Colonel Wolseley as a tribute to the young prince who accompanied him.

The present Governor-General is the ninth member of the Cavendish family to bear the title Duke of Devonshire, having succeeded to it on the death of his uncle in 1908. For seven years prior to that he was member of Parliament for West Derbyshire. His wife, being a daughter of Lord Lansdowne, already had some acquaintance with Canadian life when she landed in Canada last Autumn to preside over the destinies of Rideau Hall.

The nature of the duties the Duke of Devonshire may be called upon to perform is known only to the gods. In the meantime he is evincing a great deal of interest in Canadian affairs, and like his predecessors in office, seems to be a man of good judgment, with a disposition to lead where he can without in any circumstance attempting to rule.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

CONFEDERATION AND ITS LEADERS.

BY M. O. HAMMOND. Toronto: McClelland, Goodechild and Stewart.



ALTHOUGH the war has prevented the people of Canada from celebrating the jubilee of Confederation as openly and elaborately as under other and happier conditions they might have celebrated it, there are a few things that will serve to commemorate the occasion. This book is one of them. While to many persons still living the event of Confederation and indeed important events that led up to it are even yet fresh in memory, to the great mass of the people this book will serve as a ready means of enlightenment. Numerous volumes there are on the careers and activities of many of the public men who took part in the Confederation debates, but nowhere under one cover but in this book can one find sketches of the leaders in that great movement. While much of the material is not new, a considerable portion of it is, especially in the chapters on William McDougall, Christopher Dunkin, William Annand, and John Sandfield Macdonald. The great value of the book lies in the fact that from the mass of material relevant and irrelevant to Confederation, Mr. Hammond has gleaned and assembled the material necessary to a proper and convenient understanding of the men and the movement. From Lower Canada (Ontario) the men selected for

consideration are John A. Macdonald, George Brown, Oliver Mowat, William McDougall, and John Sandfield Macdonald; from Lower Canada (Quebec), George Etienne Cartier, Alexander T. Galt, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, A. A. Dorion, and Christopher Dunkin; from Nova Scotia, William Annand, Charles Tupper, and Joseph Howe; from New Brunswick, Samuel Leonard Tilley, Peter Mitchell, and Albert J. Smith; from Prince Edward Island, David Laird.

As Mr. Hammond well observes, the acquaintance of the Provinces that went into the federal system was slight. "There were many incongruous elements, and there were protesting voices that could not soon be stilled." But there were giants in those days. "It required courage to unite provinces distant and dissimilar and to face the many differences that beset them. The same courage bridged the waste places with railways, carried canals over the resisting hills and opened new frontiers with a fresh summons to the world's pioneers." That, in a sentence, sums up the meaning of Confederation. It did, indeed, demand courage and foresight. For what Macdonald and Brown in Ontario, Cartier and Galt in Quebec, and Tupper in Nova Scotia stood for was stubbornly opposed by men like Sandfield Macdonald in Ontario, Dorion and Dunkin in Quebec, and Howe and Annand in Nova Scotia. To appreciate properly the attitude of these men of differing shades of opinion demanded of the author a great

amount of research, elimination and deduction. The result condenses for the reader all the necessary information regarding Confederation to be found in scores of volumes, many of them biographies and public documents, and imparts as well the note of authority obtained by interviewers with contemporaries. Apart from the fabric of Confederation history, which must be regarded as the body of the volume, the biographical sketches are compact, analytical and illuminating. For instance, we see John A. Macdonald, followed by a crowd who unblushingly address him as "John A.", while Edward Blake, "despite his great parliamentary ability and his all-encompassing brain, was beside him a cold and austere figure." William McDougall was the "victim of an unexplained coldness and a mental inertia which handicapped his progress". George Brown was "as earnest as a crusader, as courageous as a knight at arms, and as unyielding as an oak". "An under-sized, slim, wiry man, with a nervous, energetic air, a lawyer whom D'Arcy McGee called a 'hair-splitter'"—this was Christopher Dunkin, who introduced temperance legislation into the Province of Canada, and who delivered the ablest speech against Confederation in the memorable debates of 1865." And so on. These are familiarizing, visualizing touches, and the book is full of them. The style throughout is concise and dignified, with a good literary flavour. There are seventeen full-page portraits and a double frontispiece. This book should be in every library in Canada.

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UP THE HILL AND OVER

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

ONTARIO life is portrayed in few works of fiction; it is adequately portrayed in a still smaller number. Mrs. Mackay has added a most



MR. M. O. HAMMOND

Author of "Confederation and Its Leaders"

worthy volume to this sparse collection. There is humour, colour, and a sympathetic and true picture in this charming volume. The author has done for Ontario what Mary Wilkins Freeman has done more extensively for New England; she has recorded with patience and illumination the everyday happenings in an obscure hamlet. Her pages show that not all the world's interest lies in great centres, and that the humble folk of Coombe are not only interesting to one another but possess a charm for the outside world.

Dr. Callandar is a clean-cut, manly figure, a strong man broken down and seeking health in this out-of-the-way place. Esther Coombe is a winsome heroine, human and with enough dash to provide variety and heart interest. The drug-enraptured Mary Coombe is a pathetic figure, while the sacrifices of the home under these conditions make a sombre background



MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Who has published a new Canadian novel entitled "Up the Hill and Over"

for the romance of the story. "Mournful Mark" is so droll we wish there was more of him in the book. Several juvenile characters are full of the real verve and mischief of childhood.

There is a temptation to quote extensively from these enticing pages, but the reader must be bidden to seek for himself the beauty of this story and thereby put a quietus on the theory that Ontario rural life is drab and uninteresting. On second

thoughts, and as a foretaste of the book's humour, we quote a portion of the conversation that took place between Dr. Callandar and Alviry's husband when the former was accepting a "lift" on the way to Coombe:

"Very warm day!" said Callandar tentatively.

"So-so." The farmer slapped the reins over the horse's flank, jerked them abruptly and murmured a hoarse "Gid-dap!" It was his method of encouraging the onward motion of the animal.



DR. R. M. McIVER

Assistant Professor of Political Science, University of Toronto, author of "Community"

"Is it always as warm as this hereabouts?"

"No. Sometimes we get it a little cooler 'bout Christmas."

The doctor flushed with annoyance and then laughed.

"You see," he explained, "I'm new to this part of the country. But I always thought you had it cooler up here."

The manner of the rustic grew more genial.

"Mostly we do," he admitted; "but this here is a hot spell." Another long pause and then he volunteered suddenly: "You can mostly tell by Alviry. When she gets a sunstroke it's purty hot. I'm going for the doctor now."

"Going for the doctor?" Callandar's gaze swept the peaceful figure with incredulous amusement. "Great Scott, man! Why don't you hurry? Can't the horse go any faster?"

"Maybe," resignedly, "but he won't."

"Make him, then! A sunstroke may be a very serious business. Your wife may be dead before you get back."

The deep-set eyes turned to him slowly. There seemed something like a distant sparkle in their depths.

"Don't get to worrying, stranger. It'll

take more 'an a sunstroke to polish off Alviry."

"Was she unconscious?"

"Not so as you could notice."

"But if it were a sunstroke—look here, I'll go with you myself. I am a doctor."

"Kind of thought you might be," he responded genially. "Thinking of taking on Doc. Simmonds's practice?"

"I don't know. But if your wife—"

The rustic shook his head. "No. You wouldn't do for Alviry. She said to get Doc. Parker, and a sunstroke ain't going to change her none. But if she likes your looks she'll probably try you next time. Terrible fond of experiments is Alviry—hi! giddap!" He slapped his horse more forcibly with the loose reins and settled into mournful silence.

"Going to put up at the Imperial?" he asked after a long and peaceful pause.

"I want to put up somewhere where I can get a good meal and get it quickly."

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COMMUNITY

By R. M. McIVER. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS volume is, as the sub-title denotes, a sociological study, an attempt to set out the nature and fundamental laws of social life. It is therefore timely and significant. In its main drift it mines subtly and powerfully the whole intellectual foundations of militarism, and gives a clear analysis of what the author believes are the true laws of social progress. Professor MacIver states that though the pursuance of "like interests" as, for instance, the hunt for food among the lower animals and uncivilized men, does engender conflict the progress of intelligence even among the lower animals, and of civilization among peoples, is a growing perception of the deeper bonds of "common interests" in the attainment of which "the law of co-operation", not of conflict, "is the law of success". The progress of society is not won at the expense of individuality, for "individualization and socialization are two sides of the same process". This is the key sentence of "Community". We have not to choose between a life flow deep and narrow or broad and

shallow: between a cultured aristocracy and a dead level of democratic mediocracy, for the richness of man's nature is measured by the breadth of his sympathies, and the deeper rooted his personality in the things of the spirit the nearer he can reach out in responsive fellowship to the outermost rings of community. Community does not mean any social grouping within external bonds, legal or political, but "the living with others" of a common life. And in this common life loyalty to the more intimate relationships such as marriage and the family are the only assurance of loyalty to those more remote. When nationhood is attacked war may be inevitable, but the nation which deliberately chooses war as a means of so-called progress is really backstepping into barbarism. Democracy is the only road of development and majority rule, with all its imperfections, the means to the attainment of social justice. While reducing to absurdity the Hegelian doctrine that the State is a sort of composite mind which, made up of separate fallable minds, is itself divinely infallible, Professor MacIver believes that with the growth of intelligence the majority "will" tends more and more to approximate to the ideal will. The failures of democracy are, therefore, not to be remedied by a return of paternalism or autocracy, but by the growing wisdom of popular governments which, having the right to make their own mistakes, grow also in the discernment to profit by them.

In following its main line of exposition, Professor MacIver's book clears a plain way through the underbrush of confused popular thought on many subjects of great present interest. "Society is nothing more than individuals associated and organized". Detailing the laws governing the co-ordination of community, the author shows a remarkable astuteness in "untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony". This section by itself would serve as a guide

to keep many an organizer off the rocks of avoidable dissention. The advisability of restricting associations to the specific objects for which they were formed, the danger when they encroach on preserves of others and the functions of church and state and of the church and the state are here clearly outlined.

The man "in the street" who is apt to regard a good deal of philosophy as the vapourizing of learned fools will enjoy the author's happy faculty for letting the light of common sense, or a sense that it were well if *more* common, in upon the back premises of thought. Professor MacIver delights in piercing with the daylight of plain English the adumbrations of philosophic verbiage behind which some of the great or "near great" thinkers screen their ambiguities. To him nonsense is nonsense even garbed in terms philosophic and sponsored by however impressive names.

His own star-born abstractions are harnessed to some serviceable purpose and put to the test of common human experience.

Fearless in attack, "Community" is as modest in its statement of its own contribution to sociological study. Its style is vigorous and graceful and free from extravagance. There is much, therefore, in it helpful to any thoughtful and intelligent reader, while to the student of sociology it is pregnant with suggestion.

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CANADA AND NATIONAL DEFENCE

BY COLONEL WILLIAM HAMILTON
MERRITT. Toronto: The Macmillan
Company of Canada.

THIS book is openly and avowedly an advocate of some form of compulsory military training and service in Canada. It was written before the present conscription bill before Parliament was even discussed, for the author, in private life and as president of the National Defence

League, has for years carried on a campaign in favour of the nation making proper preparation to defend itself. The subject just now is before Parliament and the people, and therefore anyone who wishes to know the arguments in favour of compulsory military training and service should read this book.

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A ROUND-THE-WORLD CRUISE

BY FRANK CARREL. Quebec: The Telegraph Printing Company.

THIS well-illustrated book of travel takes the reader from the city of Quebec, the home of the author, across the continent to San Francisco, and thence westward along the main routes of travel around the world. The observations by the way are interesting and instructive and the illustrations are illuminative. The places visited are Honolulu, Japan, Macoa, Manila, Java, India, and Egypt.

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MEN, WOMEN AND GHOSTS.

BY AMY LOWELL. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

HERE is a volume of superfine free verse by one of the best of the American group of poets who have appeared within the last few years as exponents of this particular style of poetic rendition. In her preface the author confesses that some of the piano pieces of Debussy first tempted her to experiment with what she divined as a kinship between music and poetry. The movement of the music appealed to her like the movement of words and sentences. She explains that in "A Roxbury Garden," which is at least a beautiful poem to read, she has attempted to impart to the first two sections the circular movement of a hoop bowling along the ground and the up and down, elliptical curve of a flying shuttlecock.

Other experiments are given, for instance, in "The Cremona Violin," so that while the book is worth while as poetry it is furthermore interesting as a demonstration of what the author herself has had in mind to do.

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"SPEAKING OF PRUSSIANS"

BY IRVIN S. COBB. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS little book by one who writes of what he has seen is not so much a revelation as a confirmation: it will confirm many persons whose opinions as to Prussian cruelty and despotism have been wavering. Scarcely any more severe castigation could be penned than the one set down in this book. The author had personal interviews with several Prussians, and his diagnosis of egomania he applied to the few, but, as he says, "In the light of what has happened since we all know that the disease affected a whole nation . . . and that the programme itself can never be carried out until Europe and America both are graveyards".

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I SOMETIMES THINK

BY STEPHEN PAGET. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a charming book for children. It does not contain fairy tales, or indeed tales of any kind. It contains essays—little discussions on things that interest most children, and the style is delightful. They are written by one who avows that one ambition of his life is to be called some day "Old Fossil". If he should ever be able to put O. F. to his name he should be the proudest man in England. The essays discuss "The World, Myself, and Thee", "The Beauty of Words", "Handwriting", "The Way of Science", "Moving Pictures", "London Pride", "Unnatural Selection", and "The Next Few Years".

TWICE-TOLD TALES

DECORUM

A country girl returned from her first year at college. An old beau called and found her quite superior. He asked for a tale of her college days and was told to say "narrative". Later on he remarked that if he didn't put the window down the wind might "put the lamp out". "Why don't you say 'extinguish'?" she asked him.

Soon they heard a racket outside. The young man rushed out. After a long while he returned breathless, saying that he had found a pig in the yard and the young lady's father trying to get it out.

"Well, what did you do?" he was asked.

"Oh!" he replied, "I caught it by its narrative and extinguished it!"—*New York Post*.

*

James Ross and his daughter Janet, from Canada, visited relatives in Chicago recently. Day after day Janet and her father went sight-seeing, always together.

Janet's aunt, noticing this, one day suggested that she let her father go downtown alone some time, jokingly adding, "Men do not like to have women always tagging along."

"Aye, ahnty, but he wahnts me," explained Janet earnestly. "He canna thole to stir ont o' the hoose his lane. Ye warn a beleeve ho fasht he is onywhere wi-oot me. Ye see, father taa'ks sic braid Scoatch that stranger folk dinna ken what it's a' aboot, an' I hae tae gang wi' him tae dae the converssin."—*Everybody's*.

THE CAPTAIN'S HOBBIES

"Cuss me if I know what to send?" ejaculated Pte. Stubbs, Capt. Lieker's flunkey.

"Wot's up?" queried Pte. Green.

"Why, 'ere's my bloke tells me he's off on a little trip in the mountains while on furlough, and asks me to send his drawing materials."

"Well, that's plain enough. You know what a hartistic chap he is."

"Yns; but we know he's something else, too! Ye see, I'm wondering if it's only a corkscrew wot he wants!"

*

VAIN POMP

A diner at a dinner in Nice said of New York's new rich:

"It is incredible how many servants these people have tumbling over one another. Pass their palaces of pale limestone fronting the park and you'll see a lackey at every window and two at every door.

"They tell a story about a Fifth Avenue food king, who, blustering into the house at four o'clock in the morning, growled:

"'Hello, where's all the servants?'

"'If you please, sir,' the butler answered respectfully, 'when it came three o'clock I thought you was spendin' the night out, and ventured to send most of the footmen off to bed, sir.'

"'Humph,' growled the food king. 'Ventured to send 'em off to bed, eh? Fine piece of impudence! Suppose I'd happened to bring a friend home—then there'd only have been you seven to let us in.'"—*Washington Star*.





From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

THE BATHING-BEACH

When the tide is at the flood the salt water bathing in the Maritime Provinces is unexcelled. Along any of the inlets, like this one from the Bay of Fundy, the water usually is temperate and clear as crystal.



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No. 4

Canada's Amateur Soldiers

BY EDWARD W. REYNOLDS

RECRUITING in Canada, under the voluntary system, is practically at an end: there are a few enthusiasts who will deny such statements. Canada's army of 350,000 full-blooded volunteers is located in French trenches, British concentration camps, and on troopships proceeding "east." Practically all the men who have enlisted for overseas service are out of the country, and the question of procuring more is now before Parliament—a burning national issue.

Since April, 1915, we have been reading of the glorious exploits of our men overseas. The name of Canada has taken on a new meaning. Congratulatory messages have been received by Sir Robert Borden, as the chief representative of the Dominion, and by the Generals commanding the Canadian forces overseas. Such place-names as St. Julien, Festubert, St. Eloi, The Orchard, Ypres Salient, Somme, Courelette, Ancre, Vimy

Ridge, and Fresnoy, are names that will receive the special attention of the future historians, because in these places Canadian valour was tested, in these places Canada plighted her troth with the liberty-loving nations of the world.

Who did this? Amid the distractions of the clash and clang of war, the bereavements and the sacrifices of the past two years the recorders of war events have failed to draw attention to the classes and types of men who composed the immortal First Contingent, and of the contingents, battalions and units which have followed in its train.

At the recent sitting of the Parliamentary Committee in Toronto, when evidence was obtained with a view to guiding the Federal Government in its legislative plans affecting the returned soldier, Mr. Fred Pardee, M.P., asked Major Wilson, of Military District No. 2, what type of officer or military man should control the military hospitals.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER D. McRAE

A British Columbia merchant, who is now assistant to Major-General Turner commanding Canadian Forces in England

"A professional soldier," declared Major Wilson.

"But there are no professional soldiers in Canada," replied Mr. Pardee.

This is the sum and substance of Canada's military force. The men who have vanquished the cream of many Prussian units (the German generals honoured the Canadians by pitting their best men against them) knew practically nothing of the military arts before the outbreak of war. Canada was treading the peaceful paths of national development. Her sons were devoted to her soil. When the call came they were busy in the fields, at the bench, in the factory and at the office desk. They went to fight an army that had forty years of preparation behind it. The results are the subjects of daily discussions in the

newspapers. The object of the writer is to call attention to one of two examples and records of men who left their peaceful occupations to win fame as military leaders, and to demonstrate the type, and the general make-up of the various Canadian divisions.

The Canadian army is the most democratic of all the forces now engaged in hostilities. In its ranks are to be found college professors, lawyers, financiers, and even members of parliament, while among the officers are to be found plumbers and artisans of all descriptions from Canada's industrial army. The Canadian force is cosmopolitan in every possible respect.

A British Columbian real estate agent led the Canadians to the brilliant victory at Vimy Ridge. Horne's



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ARTHUR W. CURRIE, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., C.B.

Commander of the Canadian Forces in France



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL (DR.) HERBERT A. BRUCE

Author of a much-discussed report, and now in charge of a large hospital area in France

army, of which the Canadians form a part, was engaged in heavy fighting around Arras, and Major-General Currie's Division was located opposite the Ridge. He, therefore, had to plan the actual details of the now-famous attack, and the success of that operation is what probably led to his appointment to the command of the Canadian Army in the war zone, although his earlier exploits had brought the attention of the higher command to his qualities of leadership.

From teaching school on a concession line to the command of a big army, succeeding famous British Generals of wide, life-long experience, is a far cry, but this Canadian citizen soldier has achieved this distinction. Arthur W. Currie was born at Naperton, Middlesex County, Ontario—it cannot be found upon the map. The

spirit of adventure got him at an early age, and he sought his fortune on the Pacific coast. After trying to make his way at teaching school, he engaged himself to a realty firm, and spent his evenings with the militia. He later formed his own real estate company, and for fourteen years gave his spare time to improving the efficiency of the garrison artillery. Latterly he joined the Highland Regiment at Victoria, and went to Valcartier in 1914 as Officer Commanding the 50th Victoria Regiment. At the concentration camp Lieutenant-Colonel Currie rose to the rank of Brigadier General, and took command of the 2nd Infantry Brigade. When made Commander of the First Canadian Division he became Major-General. He is now Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur W. Currie, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., C.B., and the pos-



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. H. MITCHELL. D.S.O., Officer's Cross, Legion of Honour, C.M.G.

First Staff Officer, Second Army, British Expeditionary Force

essor of several allied decorations. He won fame as a military strategist at Ypres, Courcellette, Thiepval, and at Vimy Ridge. He typifies Canadian adaptability, initiative, independence, and courage. His rise to fame assures the success of a democratic militarism, like the Canadian militia system, over the junker militarism of Prussia.

Lieutenant-General Currie's record is but an example of what has been accomplished by thousands of other Canadians. Hundreds of them who left Canadian shores attired in their first khaki suit, ranking as privates, have since jumped the wide gap between non-commissioned and commissioned rank, and large numbers of them have gained their seniority, and make clever and courageous field officers. The Canadian Army has, therefore, triumphed in its leadership as

well as in its victories over "the best trained troops in the world".

When the European war clouds were gathering, Mr. Alexander McRae was selling real estate in Vancouver. He had spent a busy life in the lumber camps and on the real estate markets. He was busy putting something by for a rainy day. A typical Canadian to whom the pomp and circumstances of military parades did not appeal. The Canadian militia to this and many other Canadians now occupying prominent positions in the army, was a plaything for those who would copy the military spirit of the European countries. He was devoted to his business interests, and knew little, and previously cared less, about fighting. But the call to arms led him to Valcartier. He proceeded overseas as a commissariat officer. He became a valued



MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID WATSON

A Quebec Journalist, who has distinguished himself as a military officer

officer and is now Quartermaster-General under Major-General Turner, V.C., D.S.O., at the base in England, with the rank of Brigadier-General, red and gold inclusive. Here is an example that is particularly apropos to a description of the make-up of Canada's army.

Bill O'Hara, played baseball in the big leagues. He outfielded for the New York Giants and St. Louis of the National League, but he ended his baseball career—for the time being—with the Maple Leafs of the International League. When war was declared O'Hara forsook the baseball diamond for the parade-ground. He proceeded to Shoreham, England, where he took an aviator's course, but met with an accident, and was declared unfit for air service. He then joined a Canadian infantry battalion, became its

bombing officer, and was mentioned in the Canadian press for his work on the Somme, where he was wounded leading his men.

Mat Weyman was a Socialist, a typical soap box orator in Toronto, who spent his time telling the "proletarians" that the class struggle was the only fight worth while. But he finally enlisted, and his soap-box orations gave place to recruiting appeals. He became a sergeant-major in the 169th Battalion, C.E.F., and his Commanding Officer declared him to be one of the most efficient and zealous non-coms. in the battalion. He served and fell wounded in the fighting around Arras, according to unofficial reports. This man had often declared that a soldier "was the legalized murderer of the masses for the aristocratic few", but when the real peril



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT RENNIE, D.S.O., M.V.O.

A seed merchant devoted to military work

confronted the Empire he was actuated by a patriotism that only a real child of democracy can experience. And thousands of such men as these threw business and employment to the winds, to demonstrate that it is not generations of preparation and training that after all makes an army measurably successful, but it is brains with initiative and individuality, mixed with some military strategy, that really count.

Colonel George G. Nasmith, C.M.G., Ph.D., etc., would be considered by the ordinary observer to be too frail for strenuous work in the war zone, but notwithstanding his inexperience in military matters, he went to Salisbury and to France, where he accomplished great things in the interests of men of the First Canadian Division, and later a whole British army corps.

As a sanitary expert he gave the fighters pure water, and when the first gas attack occurred around Ypres he succeeded in discovering the nature of the gas and a successful antidote. The contributions of this tyro in military work earned for him a Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and the thanks of the Minister of Militia.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Bruce is perhaps one of Canada's foremost surgeons. He was plain Dr. Bruce until appointed to investigate hospital conditions in England and France. He knew very little of army red tape, and his report came like a bolt from the blue. As a result of the controversy that arose he sought a new field of military work. The Imperial authorities saw the value of this expert civilian, and he has now been placed in



COLONEL GEORGE B. NASMITH, C.M.G., PH.D.

Formerly Head of Laboratories for the City of Toronto. Discovered an antidote for gas.

charge of a very important hospital centre in France.

Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Gow, recommended by Sir George Perley for the position of Deputy Minister of Militia, overseas, was a busy counsel for Brazilian and other traction interests until he enlisted in August, 1914. He was associated with the late Dr. F. S. Pearson, a well-known financier who went down with the *Lusitania*, and with Sir William Mackenzie. But after taking out a commission with the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, where he got his first taste of military work, he became adjutant of the 35th Battalion, C.E.F. From being a complete *rookie*, he rose by dint of perseverance, step by step, until he attracted the attention of the authorities, and earned the important position he now holds.

Major W. G. MacKendrick was a road builder, with a penchant for horticulture. He, too, knew nothing of military work, but offered his services. He finally proceeded to England, where he obtained a commission on the road-building staff of the Canadian army. His efficiency and expert knowledge was soon brought to the attention of the authorities, and to-day he is in charge of general road construction on Field Marshal Haig's Headquarters Staff.

To step from a consulting engineer's office to the Intelligence Office of Britain's whole army in the course of a few months, is a record that Colonel Charles Hamilton Mitchell, D.S.O., might well be proud of. Before the war he gave much of his spare time to the Civic Guild of Art of Toronto, helping to beautify the city. In Sep-



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. G. MCKENDRICK

A Canadian who is in charge of Road Construction in Field-Marshal Haig's Headquarters Staff

tember, 1914, he journeyed to Valcartier and to Britain, where he served as Intelligence Officer for the Canadians. In France he introduced many new methods of gathering enemy information, which were subsequently adopted by the British and French Governments as the official methods. For this work he received his D.S.O., and high appointment.

At the top of Canada's honour roll probably will be the name of the late Major-General Mercer, who died fighting with an infantryman's gun and bayonet at Zillebeke, Belgium. He gave his life fulfilling the task for which he had prepared himself during many years of local militia work, though ordinarily engaged as a barrister. As Colonel of the Queen's Own Regiment, Toronto, the authorities naturally looked to him to form the

first overseas battalion in Toronto. He proceeded overseas with this unit, but in the reorganization of the Canadian forces, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier. For his excellent work in the Ypres salient, he received a Major-Generalship. His friend and fellow-soldier, Brigadier General Rennie, is still doing good work in France.

A typical example of what firms engaged in ordinary work are prepared to do while the crisis is upon us is given in the record of the firm of Chadwick and Beckett, Toronto. Both partners went overseas in charge of battalions, while their staff enlisted to a man. Colonel Beckett died leading his men in a trench raid.

Men (amateur soldiers) are serving their country equally well at home. These officers and men have passed through the monotony of daily drill

and routine, fitting the men for the sterner tasks in the war zone. The work of men like Major-General W. A. Logie, a lawyer, who has been responsible for training nearly 90,000 men in Military District No. 2, has earned prominent mention in the country's appreciation of a service well rendered. What has happened in Mili-

tary District No. 2 has happened all over Canada. Thousands of the brainiest business and professional men who were engrossed in the ordinary pursuits before the war have added their quota to the great cause and helped the Dominion to win fame as a defender of small nations and a fighter for freedom and justice.

TWILIGHT

BY GRACE MURRAY ATKIN

Night falls around us.
Above the pale moon, clad in cloudy draperies,
Drifts and moves. The sounds of day have ceased.
Draw close to me,
And let us sit together quietly,
Just I and thee.

The twilight stirs one
Strangely. Faint hopes that dare not show themselves by day
Emerge then. And moods oft feared return.
Life leads through lonely ways, but I have all,
Since I have thee.

Love holds thee lightly,
But fate has not a greater prize in all her store
To give man than this understanding,
Perfect, complete.
To be close friends who see as with one eye,
Speak with one tongue.

Why are you restless?
And I have not begun to tell you all that love
Would make me. How I might touch the sky
And still the wind,
And do fine things in the world, my spirit
Made strong through yours.

But you would withhold
Your soul aloof. Well, have no fear. Each preserves his
Solitude. And to fire my spirit
By the flame of
Yours was but my dream, dear. For you are you,
And I am I.

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

VII — "KIT," THE JOURNALIST



"KIT" was Irish through and through—in her ready wit, her quick sympathies, her way of flashing from the gay to the sombre and from the commonplace to the droll or the poetic. She was Irish by right of birth and race. Born in 1864, at Castle Blakeny in the west of Ireland, Kathleen Blake was educated in Dublin and Belgium. At the age of twenty she came to Canada, which was henceforth her home.

Half a dozen years later, in 1890, she began her brilliant career as a journalist, by taking charge of the woman's department in the *Toronto Mail and Empire*.

In looking over her work it is interesting to note that at first her "Woman's Kingdom" to a great degree followed the conventional type of pages for women, rife with suggestions as to dress and fashion, recipes and household hints. But even at the beginning, "Kit" threw in a few book-notices and so forth. Later she broke away almost entirely from fashion plates and cook-books, to carry her readers into the wider world, where real human interest comes to

its own, and gowns and good things to eat are relegated to the subordinate (though not negligible) place to which they properly belong.

It is not that one would belittle that modern estimate of women's activities which insists that girls need training to fit them for the duties of mothers and homemakers and endeavours to lift the often despised details of domestic routine to the level of household science. But it remains true that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment," and the vastly important questions of food and clothing can never be solved satisfactorily by women, with outlook bounded by their own kitchens or ambition limited to keeping abreast of the fashion. War has taught us something of the greatness of the task (in such large measure the woman's task) of feeding and clothing the people. It is not less great in times of peace, but often the individual toiler sorely needs a larger vision of humanity to lift her work from triviality, and, at its best, there was fine inspiration in "Kit's" conception of a "Woman's Kingdom," not all kitchen, or even nursery, but a realm vast and varied as humanity itself.

During the intervals when "Kit" was absent on some special mission for her paper, it might chanced that her page was again invaded by a grand array of recipes or fashion notes. On the other hand, "Kit" was seeing the world, and painting it in vivid impressionistic style, for those left at home. The bright individuality of her letters lent distinction not only to her own page, but to the *Mail* itself.

"Kit is as much read by men as women," said a writer in the "Galt Reporter" in 1898, adding the involved but appreciative comment, "All her work is such as to raise the ideal conception of what good strong literary production a competent exponent of the other sex can add to the moulding of contemporary thought." That she was thus teaching newspaper men the potential value of women's work was a veritable triumph of pioneering for women.

In the exercise of her profession, "Kit" travelled far and saw much. She endured discomfort and faced danger with a "pluck" that won the admiration of her male competitors; she enjoyed strange sights and adventure with eager zest; she could work for long hours with marvellous rapidity; and she scored many a notable success as special correspondent at the "World's Fair," of 1893, and other exhibitions, at more than one famous trial, at the "Diamond Jubilee," and in the Cuban War.

In 1892 she wrote a series of papers on localities which had supplied to Charles Dickens the setting for many of the scenes in his novels. She called these articles "Tramps with the Genius of London," and hither and thither into the strangest nooks of the old city, she followed her shadowy guide, often on foot, sometimes failing to find the spot she sought, but frequently succeeding in discovering the very court or house, which the master of detail in world-painting had peopled with the creations of his vivid fancy.

"Kit" loved Dickens for this, amongst other reasons that he "taught us to look around and see the misery and distress lying at our doors; taught the beauty of compassion and kindness for the lonely and the miserable; taught us to be less selfish and brutal and cowardly; to be braver and better and more healthy in mind and soul than we were before."

She finished her pilgrimage by buying a little nosegay "of the wildest and most simple flowers" she could find in "Covent Garden, where little David Copperfield—little Charles indeed—used to stare at the pine-apples when he had no money to buy any dinner;" and then she went into the quiet Abbey to slip her bunch of flowers into a cranny close by the spot where Dickens sleeps in the "Poets' Corner," and as she laid it there, "a glorious shaft of purple and crimson" streamed across the letters of his name.

Five years later, "Kit" was again in London to see for Canadians who could not go that tremendous festival of the British Empire, Queen Victoria's "Diamond Jubilee." "Gray old London, with the soft blue mist of June enveloping her," and her strange glory of purple and gold, of ropes of greenery and garlands of flowers, was a wonderful thing to see. To go into St. James's Street, which was covered with a swaying green roof was "walking into fairyland," but the old palace at its southern end was unadorned and, for impressionable "Kit," "London seemed to end before these gaunt gray walls, pierced with the narrow peering windows that had seen so much. One realized at this full moment that, despite her frivolities, her gay trappings, her make-believe joyousness London, heavy, sad, very old, faced you, uncompromising, stern, a warrior always, a great creature, whose hand was the mailed hand of Britain, one that gripped the edges of the world."

"Kit" was fortunate enough to have an excellent view of the amazing



MRS. KATHLEEN BLAKE COLEMAN ("KIT")

A Pioneer Woman Journalist in Canada

state-coach, with its eight cream-coloured horses, hidden under "gorgeous crimson coats and headstalls," more fortunate to see the face of the Queen, "far and away handsomer than any late picture" represented her—grave, serious, "seamed by grief and pain and yet full of benevolence, of dignity, of sympathy." "Right and left she bowed, smiling very little, and bowing oftenest to the poorer people on the edge of the pavement."

The roars of applause with which the "Colonials" were greeted went to "Kit's" heart. "To see these bronzed and black faces; these gallant well set-up handsome Canadian boys and know that they served under the same old flag . . . that they had come from far places to honour the same Queen so adored by the London populace, and above all that they told—as nothing else could tell at the moment—the might and strength of

the British Empire, visibly affected the people of England. A frenzy of enthusiasm took them."

When it came to the illuminations at night, even "Kit" could hardly find words to describe London. Yet her pictures of the old city in the nights of that great time "when fire" seemed "to run with the people along the ways and all that Science, Art and inventions of the Victorian era in the way of illuminations" were being exploited, call up visions of this still greater time when London, more than ever the heart of the Empire, in her determination and her sorrow lies in black darkness.

Nowadays, when searchlights send up their beams above the shadowy roofs of London, it means that they are feeling after some raider of the air which seeks to pour down death on the crowds below, but the searchlights which at the Jubilee, illuminat-

ed the huge dome of St. Paul's and young and "not nearly ready," and turned it into the semblance of a "solemn, snow-capped mountain" raising "from the very heart of the city," gave to "Kit," a "vision, mystic, wonderful, suggesting Martin's picture of the New Jerusalem."

Amidst all the wonders, "Kit," representing a "Colonial" newspaper, turned again and again to thoughts of the Empire. In describing the review of the Fleet, she wrote, "You get an idea of the immensity and solidity of the British Empire, which you could get nowhere else but at these Jubilee festivities. You saw all about you here how much the colonies meant to Britain; what they would do for her; how they loved her."

But "Kit" lived just long enough to see the same truth expressed in still more unmistakable language, when, in 1914, the whole Empire sprang to arms.

In less than a year after that great peaceful Jubilee, "Kit," the first woman war correspondent in the world, "had seen something of war as it really is. On the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain in April 1898, "Kit" confessed that in youth, after reading a certain type of romances, she had had "wild longings to turn vivandière and go out to the wars," though later studies in realistic literature had opened her eyes to the real horror and brutality of war. However the old thirst for adventure re-asserted itself, or the ambition of the journalist carried her away. She volunteered to go to Cuba as war correspondent for the "Mail and Empire," and a few days later she was in Washington trying to wring from General Alger, United States Secretary for War, permission to go. It was granted at last, but despite this she had the greatest difficulty in getting off.

She spent six weeks at "the slow little town of Tampa" in Florida, where the great "volunteer army" of the United States was being got into shape. The "boys" struck her as very

the hardships of camp life (then as now) were trying to patriotic enthusiasm. At Tampa, these took the shape, in part, of hot sun, unappetizing rations of beans and bacon, uniforms not forthcoming, black ants and scorpions.

This is one of "Kit's" pictures of the place at evening. "The long waste of brown burnt land ran to the edge of the sea. The little white camp cities lay stretched out along the shore. The sea, grey and sad, shivered under the evening wind. An immense melancholy took possession of the soul. For a moment, it all seemed futile, useless, so much pain and grief and parting and misunderstanding."

About this time, the "Daily Mail" of London, had an article on "The Lady War Correspondent," describing her as "a tall, healthy, youngish lady with a quiet, self-reliant manner . . . an alert, intelligent, enterprising look" and "the prettiest touch of the Irish brogue."

"The censorship appears to harry war correspondents greatly," said "Kit." "War news comes high and is hard to get at any price," but "journalists trot discreetly in the rear of things." When the departure of the troops was under way, the newspaper men were cooped up on one boat out of the way of news or hope of "scoops." The one woman was in even harder case. She was left behind. She then went to Key West, was disappointed again in her hope of sailing on a Red Cross ship, but after being three times turned back, reached Cuba on an old government boat, the "Niagara," some three weeks before Santiago surrendered to General Shafter. The soldiers suffered sadly from fever and as "Kit" saw things, there was woeful mismanagement.

She returned on the transport *Comal*. She was the only woman on board. Though there were twenty-seven very sick soldiers on the

boat, it was sent out without a doctor, medical supplies, or proper provisions. There chanced, however, to be one doctor amongst the passengers and he did his best for the invalids, with drugs collected from his fellow-travellers. The vessel was quarantined for a week near Tampa, but still there was no ice, no limes, no water fit to drink for sick or well.

In this year, 1898, "Kit" married Dr. Theodore Coleman, but she continued her work with the *Mail* till February, 1911—completing twenty-one years of her "Woman's Kingdom".

During the short remainder of her life she wrote many magazine articles and syndicated her "Kit's Column" for women, in various newspapers.

In 1904, she was elected President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, and it is told that many of the younger toilers in her profession received most kindly encouragement from her. "Look at Kit, surrounded

by her court!" said one writing woman to another on the occasion of a Press Club excursion; and, behold, the "court" consisted chiefly of girls, essaying to penetrate the difficult country of journalism, through which "Kit" had blazed her own way.

It has been said by another woman, who has scored a notable success in the profession, "Newspaper work was no sinecure for a woman in the days when 'Kit' entered journalism. Women entered it on sufferance and had to do practically as much as two men to prove that they were half as good as one man. And that 'Kit' triumphed in the face of obstacles such as will never be told meant much, not only to herself, but to all the women who ever will come after her."

In the late spring of 1915—in her birth-month, May—"Kit" was seized with pneumonia, and, after a brief two-days' illness, her busy, full life came to an end.

The subject of the next sketch of this series is Dr. Marion Oliver; Foreign Missionary.

BEHIND THE GUNS

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I'VE forgotten, you forget
Whose sad eyes are dim and wet;
Here with many things to do,
We're not human, I and you.

Some machine has got us thrall'd;
We move out when we are call'd,
Glad to go and glad to die—
Once I watched the quiet sky.

This is all a thing we dream,
Guns and battle and shell scream;
We shall waken and be men
In this or some good world again.

. . . Once I heard a small bird's note,
I was cooling a cannon's throat :
Before we fired our guns off next
I was shaking and all perplexed.

. . . Somewhere there are grasses green,
Somewhere slipping in between
Daisy banks a little creek ;
. . . Then I smelled the powder reek.

This is dreaming when we fire,
Careful, with the muzzle higher ;
Yesterday we laughed aloud
When they rolled at us like a cloud.

This morning just at gray daylight
You kicked hardly out of sight
That green purple rotted head
Of that old man too long dead.

Oh, it's dreaming that we are :
Last night there was one still star
Up above black clouds alone ;
That's you and me when we are done.

I want to waken up and see
Things all like they used to be ;
I don't want to laugh at souls
Being shot at from black holes.

I've a garden ; it is queer
To think while we are wild out here
Doing things without a name
The green stuff's growing just the same.

My wife says sweet peas are up ;
We've our teeth in a broken cup
Of dirty rum. They're cool there
While we are choked in this black air.

Maybe when this trouble's done
There's a heaven, and one by one
We'll creep in ; but my wife's eyes
Are red with crying, I surmise.

I've forgotten, you forget
Whose sad eyes are dim and wet ;
Here with many things to do.
We're not human, I and you.

The New Trail

BY A. GERTRUDE JACKSON



IN August, 1899, the second summer of the great Klondike gold rush, six men set out over the old Edmonton trail for the greatest mining camp on the continent—Dawson City. But the way was long, and the trail inexpressible; within two weeks two of the party turned back. Then the dark days came, and the cruel cold; and two more, wearied unto death, took their long last sleep by the silent trail. Desperate, but not despairing, the remaining two struggled grimly northward. The long winter melted into spring, and still they were mushing by day and camping by night. When at last they came to the end of the trail, June had come, with its almost perpetual daylight and its scorching summer heat.

We have just finished reading that old, faded diary written by one of those men on that journey. Sixteen years have yellowed its worn pages and dimmed some of the writing into illegibility; but it holds an honoured place in the library of one of the finest soundoughs in the Yukon. We have marvelled at the revelation of those simply-written pages; we have laughed hysterically, and cried shamelessly. It is the story of the first gold-seekers who came all the way over what was known as the Edmonton Trail. Those who preceded them turned aside, one by one, to the trail whence no one ever returns. Ten months of but half-revealed bravery

cry out to us from those time-honoured pages. Ten months! Edmonton to Dawson—ten months!

The days of the old trail—the famous trail of '98—are gone; but in their place has come the new trail, and already the eyes of the world are upon it, for it leads through such a fairyland as we had thought existed only in dreams. Swiss mountains and lakes, Italian skies, Norwegian fjords, gorgeous sunsets—the beauties of the new trail are as cosmopolitan as was the throng of gold-seekers who broke the terrible trails to the gold fields. Had there been no great war the new trail would have come into its own more gradually; but the unceasing stream of American travel was diverted abruptly from its European channel in August, 1914. The old trail to the north had been merely a means to an end, and at that no pleasurable one; but the new trail is an end in itself and it called at an opportune moment. At first its newness lent it charm, till people awoke to the wonderland that lies at our very gates, and the floodgates of tourist travel were flung open into the new trail.

"It is too far," people objected when the new trail was first suggested to them. "It is too dreary. It is a dozen and one things we shall not like, and it is too tame. If it had been '98 now we might have been glad to go!"

They listened politely to assurances that it was a wonderful trip. They read advertising literature, but they spoke doubtfully of the possibility of



A PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSION OF THE TOTEM POLES AT KITWANGA

seeing anything new. But some few, more credulous and adventurous, heard the call of the northland, and answered it by leaving Edmonton on almost the first train that travelled over the new transcontinental line to the coast.

Night trains leaving Edmonton are far from the prairies by dawn; and the traveller awakens to a glory of mountain and snow and flaming gold. The colours brighten and change into a thousand shades till the sun itself looks down from the white peaks above, and smiles on Jasper Park. This great national park is destined to be one of the most famous playgrounds in the world. On every side loom gigantic, time-scarred peaks. A crowd of tourists, standing on Jasper platform one June morning were reading aloud the names of the mountains from the signboards. They came to the name of Mount Edith Cavell, and a gray-faced man lifted his hat and looked almost reverently at the great peak.

"Edith Cavell!" he repeated slowly, and the others turned towards him at the sound of the emotion in his

voice. "At the Front her name was like a battle cry."

"The Front!" someone echoed. "Then you were in the trenches?"

"Princess Pats!" he said briefly and stood silent, with bared head, his tired eyes looking at Mount Edith Cavell as though he were gazing into some distant pathway of time. And the crowd respected his silence.

The possibilities of Jasper Park are as yet unimagined. It covers over four thousand square miles, and is the first bewildering suggestion of a real elfland, with its snowy mountain crests, its flower-covered valleys, and its panorama of lakes. With the rapidity that characterizes dreams, the scenery changes from river valley to lake, from shady trail to sullen cliff, from canyon to forest. Already the white tents of the summer camp gleam through the trees, and the light touch of the paddle ripples the shadow of its mirror-like lakes.

Mount Robson Park is a continuation of the great tracts of land set apart by the Government for the recreation of the nation. Here all minor attractions sink into insignificance.

ance beside the stupendous grandeur of Mount Robson, that incomparable king of the Canadian Rockies. Isolated, majestic, he lifts his mighty head above the clouds like some great brooding giant of the ages.

The influence of silent towering mountains has always been an elusive, over-mastering thing: at the foot of Mount Robson one is lost in it. It is like the domination of an overwhelming personality: all the egotism, all the littleness of life, is effaced from one's heart, and before one's wistful eyes pass strange visions. A thousand years are but a moment, and one's mind, swung abruptly from its narrow path, considers time and life in terms of centuries and generations. Then, perhaps, the clouds lift from the scarred, snow-drifted peak above. Someone speaks: and with a start one comes reluctantly back to the little things of life. But it can never be the same, for something of that wonderful influence has flung back the lines of our horizon of thought, and we have unconsciously wrung from Mount Robson a new note in our own personality that will be as indestructible as the mighty peak itself.

But the new trail sweeps on across the range, and at every turn new wonders come into view. On the Bulkley River, worn through the solid rock, stands the famous Bulkley Gate, with its vertical black rock as clear-cut as though chiselled. Below, in its perpetual shadow, the rapids swirl and foam and break on the rocks. Above the rapids a platform has been built for observation, and it is amusing to see the camera-laden tourists flock from the train and line the railing.

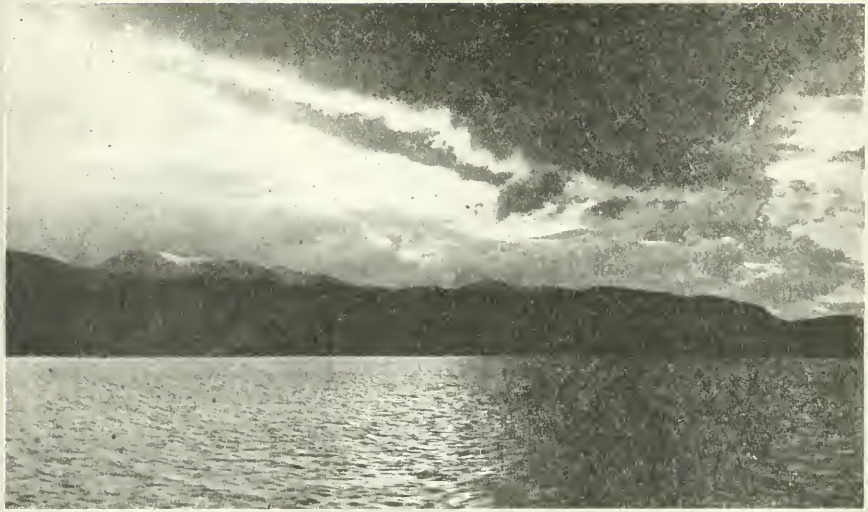
"What exposure did you give yours?" they cry excitedly as they snap madly here and there. "Have you set yours at eight or sixteen? Oh, I must get a snap from where you are. I would so hate to miss a picture of this."

The Indian villages are unique, and their naturalness has not yet been disturbed by tourist travel. Kitwanga is



A TOTEM POLE AT KETCHIKAN

one of the quaintest and most beautiful, and the train makes a stop of sufficient time to allow passengers to



A SUNSET ON THE ALASKA TRAIL

walk through the village, and along the river bank with its queer Indian graves and incongruous totem-poles. One of the train officials accompanies the crowd and good-naturedly passes on his own information about the village. Sometimes a silver coin will open the lips of some half-friendly Indian, and one may hear strange tales of the meaning of those grotesque totem-poles which hold such a fascination for us.

From Kitwanga the trail follows the Skeena River to the coast. The mountains rise from either bank, white-crested, here and there bearing the huge scar of a gigantic glacier. The river is a true mountain flood, swift and tempestuous, of a translucent, foam-flecked green, which changes into shadowy blue as the river broadens at its mouth. The last ten miles of the Skeena hold the traveller spellbound, especially if he be travelling on the train that passes that way at twilight. The river is a broad, misty ribbon shot with blue and silver, and dotted with tiny fishing-boats. The dusky figures of the fishermen, looking very large and unreal

in the hazy light, stand out against the gleaming water. The amethyst hills rise into gray, rose-tipped clouds and, blending, lose themselves.

If Prince Rupert were the end of the trail one would sigh when it were reached. But the grandeur of what is now known as the Alaska trip is still before one. Each year more and better steamships go northward on the famous coast cruise, and one is puzzled to imagine what can yet be added to insure the passenger greater safety or comfort, for the newest and largest Canadian boats are the very last word in accommodation. With our hearts still stirred by the story of the old trail as it is revealed in the diary on the desk, we are startled at the grandeur of the new trail, for it has all been accomplished in sixteen brief years.

Rooted firmly in our minds there is always the idea that the north and cold are synonymous terms. Even for the most credulous of us, nothing short of seeing and feeling would convince us that from Prince Rupert to Skagway during the summer months is a trip through inland, dreaming

water, ruffled only by the warmest winds. We are prepared for piercing gales, and ice-dotted seas; but there is only Taku, the great glacier of the north, with its thousands of tons of ice shifting more than a foot a day. We see it only by the courtesy of the transportation companies, for it is up in one of the great inlets of the coast and the trip adds twenty miles to the regular channel route. But its wild colouring will linger in the memory long after one has forgotten the gorgeous sunsets, the dreamlike islands floating in the shadowy sea, and the mountains clouded in their purple haze; for no other blue can even resemble that strange dazzling swath of azure. The English language has no word for it.

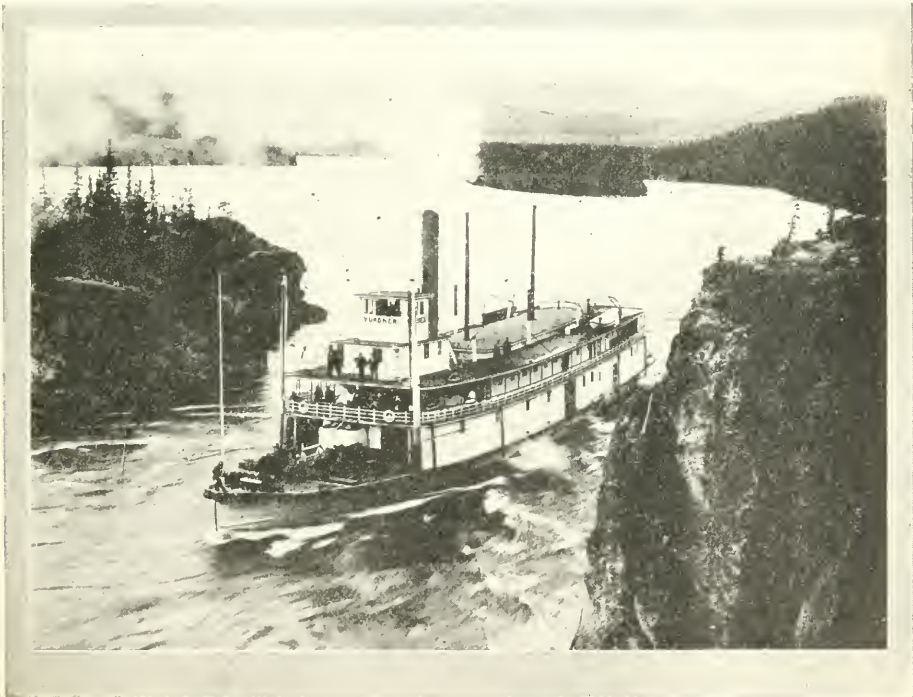
Those glacial rivers

Of serrated ice, unearthly blue,
Slide soundlessly into the deep, and strew
Its surface with vast floating gems
That break the vagrant beams of the low
sun

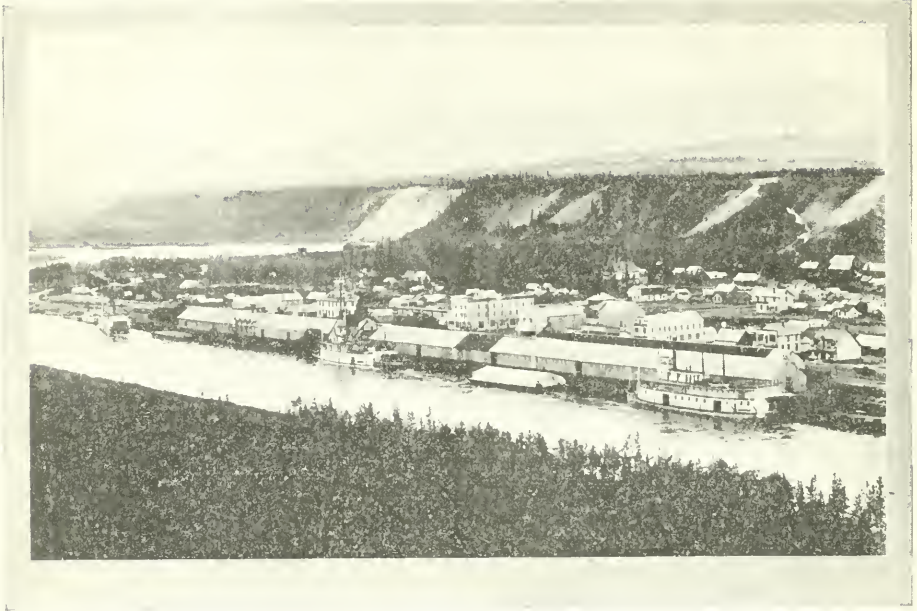
Into a million lights and flames.

There are several ports of call between Prince Rupert and Skagway, but at each one there is time to go ashore and drink in the novelty and beauty of the northland. One may see the salmon struggling upstream at Ketchikan, leaping the falls in often futile attempts to reach the spawning grounds. Wrangell has the most curious collection of Indian totem-poles and relics of all places along the coast. Juneau flaunts her modernism gaily, and smiles across the channel at Douglas, where are situated the well-known Treadwell mines. From either shore the nasturtiums blaze a flaming trail and mock our preconceived ideas of a northern summer.

It is a long trail, and a new trail, and it holds health and happiness and a golden harvest for the storehouse of memory. Who can forget those shimmering waters, island-studded, mountain-shadowed; the wild glory of sunrise and sunset with their riot of



SHOOTING FIVE FINGER RAPIDS, ON THE YUKON RIVER



WHITEHORSE, HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON THE YUKON

elusive gold: the faint, exhilarating breath of salt in the wonderful air? Steadily, surely, as one travels northward, through narrows and inlets and sleeping channels, the spell of the North is tightening its hold on the heart.

Skagway! This one-time rough, lawless port has been transformed into a garden. The asters sway, waist-high, in the summer winds, and the air is redolent with the fragrance of blossoms. The sweet peas nod above one's head, and the marigolds lift round faces like small sunflowers to the sky. Reluctantly one goes aboard the train for the long climb to the summit. The wild loneliness of the country increases: a thousand things bring pictures of the old trail. One is back in the days of the gold rush, and a melancholy settles on the spirits like a pall. Here was the old tent city of White Pass, and yonder is a glimpse of the Chilcoot Trail. And did you see that wooden cross rotting at the side of that boulder? How terrible to take one's last sleep up in the very attic of the continent!

But the train swings down the grade, the landscape changes to lake and valley and tree-clad hill. Through an ever-changing country one hurries on to Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse Rapids. What half-forgotten stories leap into remembrance at those familiar words! Shuddering, one looks down into that boiling flood which so many fought, and so few conquered. It is well that Whitehorse is the terminus of the railroad, for it is not cheering to dwell too long on the early tragedies of '98.

From Whitehorse the river steamers take one over the last stage of the new trail. They are roomy and comfortable, and it is hard to believe that there was ever any hardship attendant on this trip to the gold fields. The long down-river trip is quiet and restful. The mountains have become hills, and are softer in outline and with more verdure, and the river winds swiftly among them. Perhaps from the deck a venturesome brown bear may be seen ambling down to the water, or hunting berries: a lynx may pause on the sand slopes, mo-



DAWSON CITY, ONCE THE END OF THE TRAIL

tionless as stone: or a moose, sometimes, in the moonlight, may swim silently across the stream and disappear in the shadows.

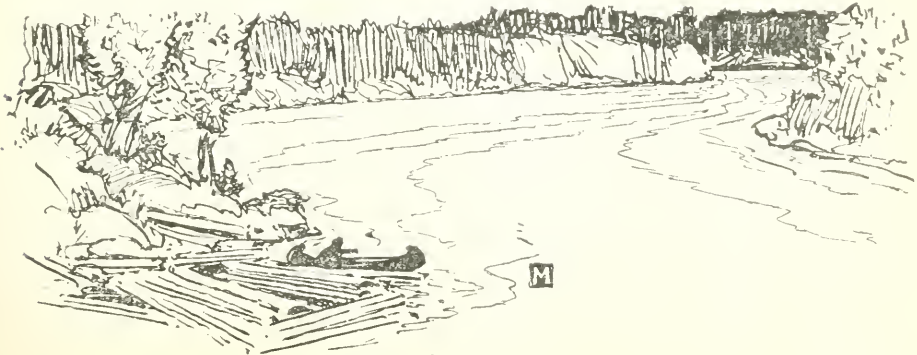
The boat winds at last around a sharp bend in the river, and the hills of Dawson loom up suddenly, ineffaceably marked by the handprint of the great slide.

"Dawson!" someone cries out delightedly. "The end of the trail!"

The captain smiles and shakes his head.

"It used to be the end of the trail, in the early days," he remarks thoughtfully. "But the new trail has no end: you may go on to St. Michael and Nome, and then south again by ocean-going steamer."

Once more we turn over that record of the old Edmonton Trail. Ten months from Edmonton to Dawson! To-day that trip may be made in eight days! Surely the New Trail is one of the achievements of this wonderful century!



Loyal to Memories

BY R. MURRAY GILCHRIST



THAT morning, as Phoebe Haslam dressed for her friend's wedding, her wits became somewhat perplexed, and she wasted a full half-hour. The question was, after she had donned her new gown of nut-brown silk, what she should wear around her neck. Collars of old lace she had in plenty; but after she had donned one after another, she decided that the reflection in the oval dressing-mirror was too formal, and that she had the stiff and melancholy air of a maid long since crossed in love.

Outside, in the orchard of full-flowered apple trees, the thrushes and blackbirds were piping merrily; now and then the guinea-fowl grated as though their tender throats were grinding stones for toy sickles. A cuckoo, whose note for once seemed devoid of melancholy, flew over the stack-yard, pursued by two angry finches. The sunlight was richly golden—the distant fields seemed separated by a sheet of pure quivering water. There was no threatening cloud; if omens were to be believed, the bride would never have cause to rue going to church with her beloved.

Phoebe's hesitation came to an end at last: she closed the drawer that contained her laces and opened a black lacquer box, embellished with gilt temples and mandarins and ladies, removed a layer of tissue paper, discoloured by time, and brought to light a large Indian handkerchief of silk soft

to the touch as finest gauze. As she shook out the folds, a subtle fragrance escaped—one might almost have believed that now was the time of roses!

The handkerchief was quaintly beautiful; on a background of palest fawn were depicted pomegranates and palms and peacocks all in faintest green. It suggested autumn—autumn before the first frost had stripped the trees. But it also brought thoughts of spring-time, and as Phoebe stood smiling, any stranger would have said that she herself was just on the verge of womanhood. Her cheeks had flushed faintly, and her eyes were softened with tenderness. It was no longer the Phoebe of thirty, to whom fortune had not been too kind; but the Phoebe who expected great things from the future. Nevertheless in this moment, with the old souvenir displayed, she was far more charming than in those long-past days when life falsely promised all manner of romantic adventures.

Although time was passing, and in another hour she must take her place in Mr. Broster's dog-cart, and drive to the other end of the valley, she fell a-musing again, so that it seemed as if to-day were only the morrow of the greatest day she had ever known. Surely it was no longer the height of spring; surely the sunlight was more mellow; surely the orchard-trees were covered with ruddy fruit instead of fragrant flowers! And the corn was cut, and instead of the song of birds, she heard the creaking of wagon wheels!

On that day of days, when all the rest of the household were working in the fields, she had stayed at home to prepare the food. At noon she had harnessed the old donkey to a little cart, laden with great stone bottles filled with home-brewed ale, and a veal-pie in a dish as large as a cradle, and a boiled pudding of plump green-gages. The workers had all welcomed her with glad exclamations, and her father had patted her cheeks and sworn that she was the "best huswife as e'er lived". She had eaten with all the others; when the meal was finished, and all had stretched themselves out for a brief nap, she had taken away donkey and cart and empty dishes.

The strip of sandy road between the cornfield and the house was the scene of Phoebe's adventure. Just after she had passed through the open gateway, she heard the wild thudding of a horse's hoofs, and, turning, saw a chestnut mare, ridden by a youth not older than herself, advancing madly from the direction of the moor. The horseman was evidently a stranger, or he would have known that beyond the house the road turned dangerously at the side of a steep and rocky ravine. Without a moment's thought for her own safety, she drew the donkey cart across the track, and moved forward with arms uplifted in warning. The frightened horse swerved and stopped, but not before poor Phoebe had been thrust with some violence against the rough stone wall. The horseman dismounted and came to her side. He was panting for breath, and his handsome face was white as chalk.

"You are hurt!" he stammered. "Why did you do it?"

"There's a turning near by!" said Phoebe faintly. "You could not have taken it; there would have been an accident!"

"The mare got the better of me," said the gentleman. "I was warned that she'd a temper—I ought to have been more careful! But you must be in pain?"

"My arm is sprained, that's all," said the girl. "I shall be quite well again to-morrow!"

Then she turned dizzy and would have fallen if he had not drawn her to a grassy bank.

"Sit down a while," he said. "I am very ashamed that I've been the cause of this. You're a very brave girl!"

She obeyed, and for a full minute rested with her eyes tightly closed. The mare, as if satisfied with the mischief she had done, began to graze at the wayside. As for the stranger, he took from his breast pocket the quaint silk handkerchief, folded it carefully and tied the ends in a knot.

"I have made a sling," he said. "It will be less painful if your arm's supported. You will let me see you safely home?"

"The house is over yonder," said Phoebe. "But I am strong—you needn't trouble—"

He slipped the handkerchief over her head, and lifted her hand into position; then, after tying the mare's rein to a gate, he led the donkey slowly along the road. Neither Phoebe nor he spoke until they reached the farmyard. Then she prepared to return the handkerchief, but he begged her to wear it until all effects of the little accident were removed.

"It must be a souvenir," he said. "I wish that it were something more worthy. In all likelihood you've saved me from a serious mishap—"

"I'd have done it for anyone," said Phoebe. "If I hadn't stopped you, I should always feel a coward!"

"To-morrow I go abroad," he said. "I shall not be able to inquire how you are. But, all the same, I shall think of you very, very often."

"And I of you," said the girl. "I don't know who you are; but I'm glad at heart to have done you a service. And, since you wish it, I shall be proud to keep the handkerchief."

Her colour had returned, and the lad's eyes were full of admiration. Although he was scarcely of the age

of manhood, he had seen much of the world, but never before had he been delighted with such a glimpse of fresh country loveliness.

"I don't suppose that we shall ever meet again," he said. "I'm not bold—at least, I've never believed myself bold—yet I'm going to say something astounding. You will not be angry?"

"No," replied Phoebe; "because I know you'd ask for nothing that I can't give."

"Even a kiss?" he said quietly. "If I begged a kiss—here at your gate?"

In spite of the laughter in his eyes, Phoebe divined that the request was serious. Without another word she moved closer, and her lips brushed his cheek. But this slight impact was anything but satisfactory to the lad, who encircled her neck with his right arm, and then kissed her with as much warmth as a country lover displays to the maid of his heart.

"If only I could live here—if only I could see you every hour of the day, I should be the happiest man on earth," he said; "but now I must go—and to-morrow I shall be hundreds and hundreds of miles away. Don't believe that I shall forget—I can never forget!"

Then, slowly and reluctantly, he went away, and Phoebe stood watching him mount to the saddle, and ride to the curve of the road. He must have known that she followed with her eyes, since there he turned, raised a hand to his lips and waved it in her direction. A few minutes afterwards, as she stood looking into space, another horseman appeared—an elderly man with a troubled face. Phoebe recognized him at once as his Grace of Ashford—the owner of the great estate, whose distant palace could be seen from the topmost windows of her home. He was nervous and excited; as Phoebe curtsied in the old-fashioned way, he stammered inquiries concerning the other, and the girl learned that she had helped someone of very exalted position. He disappeared in

his turn, leaving her filled with curious glamour. The house seemed no longer a tumble-down homestead; the country had acquired a fresh loveliness; in short, for some brief hours, the rustic maiden lived undisturbed in the land of romance.

But the sound of a kind old voice suddenly disturbed her musing, and turning to the chamber doorway, she saw a little dame with a face brown as a pedlar in October.

"Well, to think o' it!" cried the newcomer. "Here's Mr. Broster mid-way up the hill, and you not finished dressing! Whate'er have you been agate o'—'t isn't your fashion to go a-wool-gathering?"

"Fact is, I'm turning lazy," said Phoebe merrily. "Getting ready for a wedding set me thinking about the days when I was young!"

"Hark to her!" exclaimed the other. "Why, Phoebe, my dear, you're just in your prime! And I do declare you're looking rarely pretty this blessed day!"

"'Tis the new gown, Cousin Sarah," said Phoebe. "Brown flatters me—"

"Nay, 't isn't that, either," interrupted the woman. "Don't tell me as the gown fetches up your colour till 'tis like a rose, and makes your eyes sparkle just as if you'd bathed 'em in dew! But I can't waste time here—Mr. Broster'll be at the door in another minute!"

She was a widowed connection of Phoebe's mother, and the last of the young woman's kinsfolk. Years ago she had given up her little cottage in Grassbrook village, and had come to share the loneliness of the old farmhouse. The two had always been excellent friends, and had long since agreed that as long as the one lived the other would rest comfortably under the same roof-tree. As Cousin Sarah backed to the landing, Phoebe drew aside the window-curtain.

"There's no need for hurry," she said. "Mr. Broster's alighted just at the steep turn—"

"He's a mereiful man, and that he is," said Cousin Sarah. "I always hold as one as is kind to animals is kind to human-folk. You'll never be able to say I haven't always given him a good word. By'r Leddy, I wish 'twas to be your wedding and his!"

"Nonsense!" said Phoebe, somewhat sharply. "Such an idea's ne'er come into his head—not more nor it has into mine! Because he's groomsman and I'm bridesmaid at Lizzie Carter's wedding is no reason why folk should think—"

"Seems to me as you might go further and fare a good deal worse!" said her kinswoman. "He's not much to look at for sure—all the same he's not so plain as to force a lass to look another way. There's a many'd be glad to say yes if he put the question!"

"Maybe you're right—it doesn't interest me!" said Phoebe, deftly arranging the handkerchief on her shoulders. "But for goodness sake don't go building castles i' th' air just because I'm driving wi' him up t'other end of the valley. You may make up your mind as—even if he asked (and to be sure he won't)—I'd say no."

"Ah, well, we shall see what we shall see!" replied Cousin Sarah. "There aren't many chaps I'd like to see you settle down with, but I'd sooner 'twas him than any o' the others!"

Without waiting for the young mistress's reply she descended the staircase and went to welcome the visitor at the garden-gate. Phoebe pinned the ends of the handkerchief with a fine gold brooch, at the back of which one might see a willow-tree woven from the hair of some ancestress; then she took from its cardboard box her white hat, with its fine wreath of faint-coloured roses. In another five minutes she was ready and gloved, bidding welcome to Mr. Broster, who sat in the best parlour, sipping Cousin Sarah's esteemed parsnip-wine.

The bachelor had bought new clothes for the wedding, and was very

smartly attired in navy blue, with brown boots whose toes were pointed like the narrow end of a plover's egg. He wore a fashionable collar and a white satin tie. He had also acquired a pair of gloves. At sight of the young woman his eyes brightened and the frown left his forehead.

"Lord o' me, but you do make a pretty sight, my lass!" cried Cousin Sarah. "I was just telling Mr. Broster here as folks'll mistake you for the bride, and him for the groom!"

"You hadn't ought to say such things!" Phoebe expostulated. "'Tis all very well to pay compliments to Mr. Broster, but wi' me there's no call. There's little gay about my gown—'tis the colour of a moor-hen's feathers!"

"Seems to me 'tis rather the colour of springtide," said Mr. Broster. "Russet for the boughs and green—"

"Green's for forsaken!" interrupted Cousin Sarah. "But so far as I know Phoebe's had no trouble of that kind!"

"Green's for the young buds afore they burst into full leaf," said the man, shaking his head. "Phoebe's in her month o' May!"

"Whate'er it may be," said the old lady, "I do think, and I always shall think, as you make the best matched couple as I e'er did see in all my born days! I wish wi' all my heart as I was going to the wedding; but for sure one o' us needs stop at home. There's the young ducklings to feed—they're worse than babbies for the row they do but make! Not as I was not asked and shouldn't be welcome!"

"I've begged and prayed as you'd go," said Phoebe, giving her friend a kindly kiss. "The ducklings'd do well enow—the lads could attend to 'em for once—they'd take no harm. But you're coming up in the evening—you mean to give one and all a sight o' your new silk gown!"

"Hark to her!" cried Cousin Sarah. "Anybody'd think as I was a vain young girl! If I do come, why, 'twill only be for to see you and Mr. Broster

a-dancing together! Ah, to be young!"

The farmer mounted to his place, and helped Phoebe to reach his side. Then he flourished his hat, and she blew a kiss to the laughing dame, and they drove smartly down the hill. Not until they had passed through the village and reached the long avenue-like road that runs on the right bank of the river did either speak a word. Then, just beside a narrow stone stile whence a path ran down to the "leppings," Mr. Broster reined his horse, and drew out the big gold turnip watch that dated from his grandsire's days.

"We've gotten plenty o' time," he said. "You're not expected for a good hour yet, and after I've dropped you, I'll be with the bridegroom in less than five minutes. D'you know, Phoebe, I've laid awake all night—not a blessed wink o' sleep have I known!"

"I'd not have believed it," observed Phoebe, "seeing as you look so fresh. Do hope and trust 'twasn't on account o' any worry?"

"'Twas and 'twasn't," he replied. "Fact is—I was wondering if to-day, seeing you was to be in my company, I ought for to stop at this very stile. You'll be surprised when I tell you as every time I've passed for a good twelve years—afoot or in a trap—I've always pulled up and given a thought to the past."

"You'd not do it without reason," said Phoebe. "For sure the place has some memory for you?"

"Ay, a memory, and a good memory," said Mr. Broster. "'Tis one I've ne'er spoken of to any living person. And yet last night it came again and again to my mind as 'twas only right and fitting as I should tell it to you . . . For after you know, I've summat to ask."

"I'm ready to listen," said Phoebe. "I've thought sometimes of late—as perhaps you cared for me a bit. But maybe I was wrong?"

"I care for you more nor anyone in the whole wide world," said the far-

mer. "But once before—all those years ago—I cared for another. I was a lad and she was a lass—at yonder stile she gave me her promise. 'Twas the evening o' a day like to-day—the same time o' the year."

Phoebe's hand rose to the silk kerchief—the fabric seemed frail and soft as a spider's web.

"And she died, poor soul!" she said gently. "I remember well. She was the prettiest lass as ever lived."

"She died, and I thought ne'er to love another," said Mr. Broster. "But now that the fever of youth's over, I've a better promise o' joy."

"And if I have something to tell?" asked Phoebe. "If I was kissed—"

"I'd blame no man!" said Mr. Broster. "You were always lovely, but ne'er so lovely as to-day. Nay, my dear, keep your secret."

"'Tis innocent as your own," said Phoebe, whose fingers released the grasp of the silken ends. "Years and years ago, same as you—"

Mr. Broster shook his head and chirruped to his horse. "At the next stile we'll stop again," he said pleadingly. "I'm fain to kiss a lass once more!"

"But you'll hark to my secret," said Phoebe. "Since you've given yours—I must needs do the same!"

"Ne'er a word, ne'er a word!" said her lover. "Why mar wi' jealousy my best hour? Keep the tale to yourself—I trust you wi' heart and soul, and I'll trust you so to the day o' my death. Eh, but what a day this is—wi' the sunlight and the wind just moving the leaves . . . I would it might go on for e'er and e'er!"

"'Tis the same wi' me," said Phoebe. "The morning sun's mellowed and there's such a noontide to look forward to—"

"And yet I'd not have it last," said the wayward fellow. "Twill be a tenfold happier day—the day you come to take the keys o' my house! But here's the stile . . . Lord, I reckon the roads in Heaven above'll be like to this!"

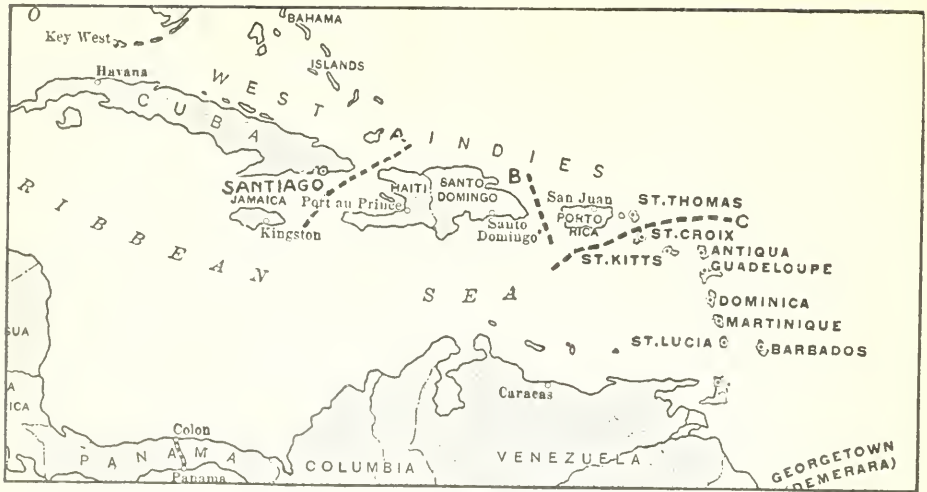
Canada and the British West Indies

BY L. A. M. LOVEKIN



THE entry of the British West Indian Islands into the Canadian Confederation has recently been advocated with some warmth by the editor of *The London Times*, who volunteers the assurance that the people of the United Kingdom would view the proposed union with favour. The proposition, it may be noted in passing, is not a new one and its revival comes at a not inopportune moment as it synchronizes with the semi-centennial of the Canadian union. But, notwithstanding the hopeful anticipations of *The Times*, it may be doubted whether one per cent. of the people of the three kingdoms have any intelligent conception of the issue or could express a practical opinion concerning it, whether viewed from the economic, geographic or ethnologic standpoint. For the most part very few of the British people appear to be aware that the West Indies were an Imperial possession for a century before any of the existing great Dominions. And it is a matter of historical record that the first attempt to form a federation in the American possessions was made in the West Indies. Charles I. granted a Royal Charter to the entire Caribbees, with a few exceptions, including Trinidad, forming them into a commonwealth or province to be modelled after the

Palatinate of Durham. This scheme did not come to a successful termination, in fact, was never in practical operation. A writer in *Truth* has undertaken the task of condemning the union proposed by *The Times* on the ground that it would "extend the Canadian tariff barriers", which it seems to imagine exist, in menace to the trade interests of the mother country, to the West Indies. As already stated, the British conception of the West Indian Islands and other possessions in the region round about is decidedly hazy, and particularly so concerning the trade and political issues bound up with them. In his now little read but, as Thackeray has styled it, "most amusing of novels, *Humphrey Clinker*", Tobias Smollet, nearly a century and a half ago, made a political parasite attribute to the Duke of Newcastle the expression of extreme astonishment on hearing the announcement that Cape Breton formed an island. "My dear C—," he cried to the parasite, "you always bring us good news. Egad! I'll go directly and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island." This may be romance, but the incident has been passed down to our own day and ascribed to more than one public personage. The romance, if it be such, at least lies like truth and reflects a common weakness. When the late President Cleveland, eager to do some-



MAP OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES

A—Windward Passage

B—Mona Passage

C—Anegada Passage

thing brilliant and more particularly attractive to a certain class of voters in the United States, brought Great Britain to the very verge of war with the Republic over the Venezuelan boundary question, the impression seemed very largely to exist, in many circles which ought to have been better informed, that British Guiana was a portion of the West Indies, and a leading London journal gravely referred to the "Island of Demerara as being of particular value in relation to the growth of sugar." The writer in *The London Times* referred to adds to his suggestion the assurance that "to link Canada with the West Indies in a federal union would do for Canada what the United States has hastened to seize the chance of doing for itself, a conclusion scarcely borne out by the premises, whether Cuba or St. Thomas be hinted at.

Apart from the not very practical and possibly undesirable theory of Confederation with the Dominion it cannot be denied that the relations between Canada and the "string of pearls around the neck of the Caribbean Sea" will have to undergo a change after the war, and this in the direction of a closer association of more value than any political union.

It must not be forgotten that the population of the islands is for the most part composed of coloured people of varied shades, and it may be reasonably doubted if an influx of these diversified tinges of Negro, Spanish, French and British, in greater or less degree, into our Parliament would be either acceptable or advantageous. The scattered chain of islands, it has repeatedly been said, should rather set an example of self-federation, and with one or two somewhat insignificant exceptions, this has not been done. Jamaica, owing to her geographical position and trade interests, which have grown up with the United States—the British have culpably permitted the latter to do most of the exploitation of other islands as well—has shown no inclination to attach herself to the other islands in political union. The nearest of them is a thousand miles away from her, a distance which is duly taken into consideration. Nor have the various groups, as a general rule, acted cordially in the direction of self-union. Canada has in the course of the past few years sent successive delegations to the islands commissioned to promote commercial intercourse, but without much result, though it is

satisfactory to learn that the most recent effort has been more successful. Former efforts brought into prominence the fact that the islanders have not held any very definite views concerning their own political needs or the best means of obtaining them. Froude, in his book "The English in the West Indies", tells of his meeting with one of the Canadian Commissioners, apparently the late Honourable William Macdougall, and the latter is described as bewailing the fact that the islanders did "not know what they wanted". They were without spirit to help themselves; they cried out to others to help them, and if all they asked for could not be granted they clamoured as if the whole world was combining to hurt them.

The recent Canadian mission to the West Indies, resulting in an agreement, indicates a better condition of affairs in this respect, and closer relations with Canada ought to follow, at least in the direction of commercial intercourse. And here it may be noted, that the Canadian mercantile community need be in no doubt as to the commercial opportunities opened to it in any branch of commerce. The Department of Trade and Commerce has recently issued, as a supplement to its weekly trade bulletin, a very exhaustive book, from the pen of Mr. Watson Griffin, a well-known authority on trade matters, who, as a special commissioner to the West Indies, made a personal tour throughout the islands. He has written a minute and valuable report.*

But there are other and grave matters which will necessitate a thorough understanding between our Confederation and the Islands. The construction of the Panama Canal must necessarily have a very great effect, not only commercially but politically, on the British possessions in the Caribbean Sea. Commercially that work will not be as great or important to

the British islands as some seem to suppose, for with the exception of New Zealand travel between Europe will not be materially benefited. Australia is better approached by the Suez Canal, one of the "five keys" of the world's naval supremacy which, according to Lord Fisher, are all in the hands of Great Britain. But the completion of the Panama Canal will cause the West Indian Islands to occupy a position of naval importance far greater than ever before, and, as well enough known they have been in the past the scene of conflict and the nursery of Britain's marine greatness. Greater indeed than when Raleigh pointed to the Isthmus of Darien as the weapon with which the mastery of the Spanish Main might be wrested from the great and proud sovereignty which once dominated the west. For now the isthmus is not only to be held by a foreign power, but also pierced. Consequently the waters on the eastern side become once more of naval importance, and no matter what power may hold or threaten the channel the British Empire will have to maintain her own position at any cost or face a serious and unpalatable alternative. A glance at a map will show that Jamaica, as a base of operations, commands the three passages northward and eastward: the Windward, between Cuba and Hayti; the Mona, between San Domingo and Puerto Rico, and the Anegada, passing by way of the Virgin Islands. Jamaica is nearer to all of these passages than it is to the canal, and they form, practically, the sole direct lines of route from the eastern outlet to Atlantic ports of the United States. Jamaica, again, is opposite the Cuban port of Santiago, a strong base, giving the holder the means of seriously threatening the Windward passage, and, in fact, the Caribbean generally. The demands on British sea power, as well as on land, will necessarily be much

* "Canada and the British West Indies," by Watson Griffin. Published by authority of Sir George E. Foster, K.C.M.G., Minister of Trade and Commerce for Canada.

increased by the operation of the Panama Canal, and the seeming abandonment of the defence of the islands, which have been acquired only by an enormous expenditure of life and money, changed for activity unless the possession is to be given up or taken away by conquest. The old bases will have to be re-occupied and strengthened and seeming indifference changed to actual and practical effort and interest unless unpleasant results are to arise. If Britain is indifferent in this matter, others may not be.

For a very long time Germany was covertly endeavouring to obtain the Island of St. Thomas from Denmark. Had success crowned the effort previous to the present conflict, the results of a German base, a new Heligoland among the islands, may be imagined. And now the United States have acquired the coveted position. For what purpose? Philanthropy, trade or a kindly desire to aid the finances of Denmark? Hardly so; but the Republic has secured a strategic position long enviously sought for, in the waters affected, and which we shall see before long made the most of. And it is for the future as affected by these changes that Canada must prepare, and her share in the defence and retention of the islands will not be inconsiderable. In the first place, the Dominion must hasten, as far as circumstances will allow, to grasp the opportunity which the preferential tariff agreement has opened up. Mr. Griffin has entered into the most minute details of the commercial position and Canadian opportunities, and our mercantile community can profit by his guidance. But in the second place we must look to the not distant period when the question of defence will have

to be taken into consideration. A squadron of petty cruisers of the *Bristol* class, of which we have heard *ad nauseam*, will be of no avail in the teeth of the methods of war which seem to have taken a permanent position—minus, we trust, the murderous and brutal application in the Hunnish manner. Nor is there any reason to believe, or hope, that after this war is ended the age of peace will have dawned, and in some dreamland federation of the world and brotherhood of man the battle flags will be furled forever. There will be no long era of restful peace when Germany shall have been dealt with, and just as Napoleon, after the battle of Jena, which laid Europe at his feet, bethought him of the defence of Paris, so Canada will be acting wisely if she does not indulge in pleasant dreams of security based on her fortless frontier and sentimental theories concerning her friendly environment, but looks to the welfare and stability of her armouries and the keepers thereof. New foes will arise, new and bitter hostilities be engendered, new lust for power and possessions bred. And in the formation of closer ties with the West Indies the Dominion will have to look forward and prepare for external political intrigues and aspirations, the consequences of which she will have to confront. Canada has now taken her place as a kingdom within the far-flung Imperial Union. And she will find both her power and interest peculiarly necessary in the West Indies alike in politics and commerce. Her union with that part of the Empire can be maintained by means more effective, as changing conditions and demands may arise, than by the kind of federation once more suggested.



A WINDY DAY

From the Painting by
Lorna Fyfe Reid

Bought for the
National Art Gallery of Canada

England in Arms

BY LACEY AMY

IV.—LIQUOR AND THE WAR



PREJUDICE, in a study of the drink question in England is disastrous to conclusions that are either sound or safe in this time of war. The temperance "crank" is faced at the start by a great problem of expediency which concerns the co-operation of the very public he presumes himself to be considering. It is not merely a question of "reforming" a people against their will but of avoiding their antagonism at a time when even public carelessness and lack of active sympathy may be more disastrous to the Empire than the worst imaginable effects of the present extent of drinking alcoholic beverages in England. On the other hand, the noisy supporter of "liberty" has against him a volume of figures and unassailable records of the effects of liquor on the heart of the Empire that takes the ground from under his feet.

So tremendous is the problem, so extensive its side issues, that no magazine article can attempt more than a mere cursory consideration. Especially is this so in any presentation of the facts to Canadian readers, who have first of all to understand conditions in England before even reaching the general question of prohibition or abolition.

A concise review of the complications that overthrew instantly the stock arguments of both sides may be

the best preparation for a calm consideration of the existing legislation touching on the consumption and manufacture of liquor. At this moment the immediate problem in England is the supply of food necessary to sustenance and strength, to which is added the corollary of the demand for man-power. Apart from the world's shortage, which would presuppose in countries the recognition of the wisdom of applying all food stuffs to their most complete uses, victory to the Empire depends upon the maintenance of the United Kingdom's share for the United Kingdom's people and armies. And that maintenance is almost entirely a matter of ocean tonnage, since eighty per cent. of the food of the United Kingdom is imported. The Government can reasonably depend upon a certain proportion only of the tonnage space of ocean vessels reaching English ports; and since the available tonnage is already insufficient it is most important that every inch of it should be of the greatest concentrated food value. It is for that purpose that the importation of luxuries has been prohibited, that our newspapers are reduced to the minimum size, that even complete foods like nuts and fruit have either been cut from the lists or limited.

Under this heading I quote figures that have been used in the public press and presented officially in the House without contradiction, so that their

reliability is unchallenged, especially when the press and the House are against abolition. The beer production of the United Kingdom in 1914 was 36,000,000 barrels, with almost an equal amount of spirits—one and three-fifths barrels for every man, woman and child. In 1915 it fell to 34,500,000 barrels of beer alone, with the spirits almost the same, and during 1916 the beer was reduced another million. The materials used in 1914 (barley, hops, sugar, etc.), amounted to 2,100,000 tons for distilling and brewing, the former being one quarter of the whole. For the transportation of this material there would be required almost 1,200,000 *net* register tons of shipping (2,700,000 measurement tons), more than the capacity of ten boats of 5,000 tons size a week, or one hundred and ten boats continuously making five voyages a year—more boats than the Germans were able to sink during the first two months of submarine ruthlessness.

Taking last year, 1916, as an interesting example of the martial years: During that year there were a million and a quarter tons of barley turned into liquor, 305,176 tons of other grains, 67,578 tons of rice, maize and similar preparations, 134,000 tons of sugar, and 41,115 tons of molasses. All that in the third year of the war. What this vast quantity of food materials since the beginning of the war means in human sustenance is best explained by the estimate that it would make two billion two-pound loaves of bread and the sugar would support the entire army. And the ships required to transport it would have a total tonnage in the same period greater than the entire sinkings by the enemy up to the middle of 1917. At the end of 1916 there were still 1,800,000 tons of shipping in such employment.

Selecting sugar as the commodity of greatest stringency thus affected, the brewers have faced therein their strongest opposition, since the greater part of England has been on short

sugar rations since early in 1916.

But there is other wastage attributed to the manufacture of liquor in wartime. The expenditure by the United Kingdom in liquor during the war is estimated at more than two billion dollars, or sufficient to provide all the expenses of war for more than two months of the most expensive period. More than 30,000 acres were devoted last year to the growing of hops. Seventy-five hundred trains were required to haul the materials (and the train shortage is one of the problems of the war), and four million tons of coal were used in the breweries; and the Navy, the munition works, the dockyards, the Allies, and the people have suffered seriously during the winter from lack of coal. For the mining of this coal more than a whole brigade of able-bodied men are required; and the man-power represented in the breweries, the addition trains, the portage, has never been estimated save in the form of being the equivalent of the entire nation standing idle a month and a half every year.

The drinking habits of the English affect the progress of the war in other ways. What is called absenteeism is the habit of the average workingman to holiday on days not legally granted him. The English working year is, to the Canadian, a bewildering series of customary and legal holidays. New Year's lasts for ten days in some sections in peace times, Christmas from three to five days, Easter from Thursday to Tuesday, Whitsun in some places a week, but always three days, and so on through a list unknown in number and scope to American experience. Great manufacturing firms stop work in mid-summer to enable their employees to spend a week of mirth and relaxation at Blackpool. And each legal holiday is rounded off by another one or two in recovery from the effects of the gaiety in which the workingman's holiday-making leads him to indulge. No fewer than five million hours were lost by absenteeism in one

war year by Clyde firms, the average in one firm employing 1,500 hands being nine hours each man every week. Indeed, it was before the war customary in many localities and occupations to consider work accomplished on Mondays as so much to the good, and large manufacturers tell me even to-day that their average working week is four days. For this liquor was either responsible or a contributory cause. The condition was generally recognized and accepted as unavoidable—so much so that the improvement since the war began is taken as a matter for pride. Early in the war the figures concerning absenteeism were made public, but so startling and unendurable were they to English pride that Lloyd George almost sacrificed his political future in the public use of them. They constituted a fact that could not be contradicted, the effect of which on the vital industry of war-waking dare not be permitted to continue.

There is the other side, of course, but it will not be so readily understood in Canada as it is in England. The main contention of the brewers—supported by many influential newspapers and writers—is forced to concentrate on something more weighty than liberty of action. Wartime is independent of such arguments; liberty counts only when it does not threaten the State. It will come as a surprise to Canadians to know that the defence for the manufacture of beer is that it is *necessary*. It is seriously contended that hard workers *must* have their beer. Large advertisements repeat it ominously. Letters to the daily press insist on it. The soldier is wont to present his experience as clinching the argument. The working people are unable to contemplate abstention any more than the English man or woman of a different class would submit to prohibition of afternoon tea, which is considered as essential a meal as breakfast. It is a question of how far a national habit becomes a necessity. The very seriousness of the claim en-

titles it to more consideration than people accustomed to other ways might be inclined to give it.

The debate between the two parties to the question reached its keenest interest towards the end of 1916 when legislation was obviously necessary in view of the food and man-power needs. Availing themselves of the remarkable power of the English press, both bought space plentifully and presented their arguments for human digestion. On the one side was ranged a body of men among whom were many of England's greatest. The Strength of Britain Movement they called themselves. The composition of the organization added to its strength, for it was not made up of temperance fanatics or no prohibition advocates, but of men who normally took their glass but claimed to see in the exigencies of war sufficient grounds for prohibiting the manufacture of beer and spirits. On the other side were those to whom the liquor traffic meant wealth or a living. Even the brewers submitted to curtailment of production without serious opposition.

One day the Movement would give figures and draw deductions. The next day the opponents would criticize figures and deductions. It was fair forensic pleading until the anti-prohibitionists resorted to an unfortunate form of deception. A page of mild tolerance or frank support of beer drinking would be arranged in the same form and make-up as the Movement advertisements, and would be concluded with the words "it is part of the Strength of Britain", the last three words in a line by themselves in the same type as the same words in the Movement's advertisement. To the casual reader it seemed like concessions from the Movement. But the scheme was too un-English to be profitable in England.

The anti-prohibitionists claimed that the sugar for beer was entirely unfit for public consumption. The other side countered by reproducing an order from the Port of London au-

thorities forbidding a large London caterer to remove from the docks a shipment of sugar consigned to him, because it was needed by the brewers. The yeast by-product of the beer was necessary, said the brewers. Look at Canada and Russia, replied the Movement. The trade was necessary, locally and for export. The answer was that its prohibition was necessary for the winning of the war, according to the Prime Minister. It was pointed out that from every ton of barley used for beer there was a large quantity of excellent cattle food upon which the milk of the nation depended. The statement was met by the counter one that the offals fed to cattle was infinitely less valuable than the whole barley. The demands of the army were emphasized, and on that the Movement was silent. The place of alcohol in munition making had to be admitted. The revenue from beer taxation was made much of, and was faced by the million and a half dollars a day paid by the public as its drink bill over and above the tax receipts by the Government. The brewers contended that tea and coffee occupied more space in the tonnage than the materials for beer; and that, too, the Movement ignored.

Two incidents embarrassing to the advocates of continued production occurred in the House, and England's sense of humour was tickled. The brewers had rashly contended that a given quantity of barley and sugar, etc., produced more than their weight in beer, a food product. Intended only for the consumption of the unthinking, it was brought up in the House. The Secretary concerned tartly asked where the extra food value came from. When the brewers ran a series of advertisements contending for beer as of real food value, the Secretary agreed with a questioner that if that were so then the imbiber should eliminate other food in order to come within the rationing orders of the Food Controller. That argument died suddenly.

It was a merry fight while it lasted, and the arguments were a mirror of the peculiar conditions existing in England. The odds were unquestionably with the prohibitionists, but only because of the war. Under peace England would not have concerned itself to read or listen. But barley is food, and food is a big factor in the Englishman's life, in bulk and frequency. The movement against liquor was strengthened by several factors of sentimental effect. The King's abstinence for the duration of the war spread to thousands of wealthy and middle-class homes. Insisting purely as a matter of expediency in which the way had been shown by a beloved Sovereign, the strongest advocates of abolition were those who were known to have no tendency that way under normal conditions.

Lloyd George's well-known principles and opinions have produced an interesting experience. As has been mentioned before, his over-frank advocacy of prohibition in the early stages of the war almost cost him his highest place in English history. The public outcry at that time against his bluntness in supporting his opinions was so loud that the most fearless man in English public life was silenced. For two years he uttered not another word on the subject, and when he became Prime Minister he for several months permitted himself merely to hint at his feelings, confining expression to a connection between the material consumed in liquor and the submarine menace. Indeed, as Prime Minister, with an eagle-eyed opposition studying his every move to discountenance him, he realized the wisdom of leaving prohibition statements to his subordinates.

In this public outcry is that which brings to a thoughtful halt those who would, without pause, close the saloon doors and dismantle the breweries. As an initial caution to walk warily is the backing the manufacture of liquor has long had in England. When a great church draws a large part of its reve-

nue from the traffic, when a considerable portion of the wealth of England is locked up in it, there is cause for consideration whether the ammunition is sufficient at the moment for making the attack. There is in England no sentiment against the brewer, the publican, the drinker. Rather, the non-drinker is an object of ridicule. Among the most influential men in England are the brewers, and the publican is a citizen of rank *ex-officio*. Bishops not only have money invested in breweries but preside over Associations that own public houses. The bar is not a place for a man to sidle into, and for women to avoid. Men and women enter one of the three or four entrances that feature the English saloon as a Canadian would enter a store to make a purchase. Since the selling hours were limited there is always a line-up at the doors before the time of opening. Young men take their girl friends in as to a Canadian ice-cream parlour, and women and men spend the evening therein as the great club of the common people. Before the doors, especially on Sundays, stand baby carriages and wee children awaiting the re-appearance of mother. In England and Wales there are 90,000 public houses.

The greatest surprise in England to the average Canadian is the unlimited patronage of the bars.

The result of this licence is a mental attitude that forms an essential feature in any fight for prohibition even in war time. In peace the prohibitionist has a hopeless vision.

Where the question of expediency enters is that, however convinced the ardent prohibitionist may be that the elimination of liquor would hasten the end of the war, he has first to consider whether the people would be with him. Failing their support there is the uncertainty of the effect of prohibitive measures. A nation convinced that it is doing no wrong is not going to see its pleasures cut off without dangerous protest. And the English workingman has a habit of expressing

his displeasure in effective form. There is not the slightest doubt that thousands would prefer even to lose the war rather than to lose their beer; and the Government that attempted to introduce prohibition at this time would stare into a list of other conservation measures that might be enforced with the consent of the people, without attacking the workingman's entertainment. It is also feared by some prohibitionists that any attempt to enforce prohibition would meet with such opposition that the revolt would mean retrogression in any honest movement later towards that consummation.

The general attitude of the people is not uncertain. A vote to-day would overwhelmingly defeat suggested interference. Whether there would be open revolt or repudiation of loyal sentiments no one is in a position to say with complete authority. Judging from the munition strikes now on, the experiment would be dangerous. What is desirable in effect is not always what is possible or wisest at the moment.

It is considerations such as these which have handicapped the Governments of the United Kingdom since the first of the war. The wisdom or restriction was not associated in any way with decided predilection for prohibition. The early acts of Parliament forbidding treating and curtailing the hours of sale were intended to deal with a great waste in man-power more than in food. That they have done so to some extent is certain, but other influences have cropped up that have discounted their effectiveness. The higher wage has enabled the heavy drinker to indulge himself, and the more thrifty one to open his pocket. The effect of army life, too, has been to throw liquor into the way of those who had never before fallen seriously under its influence. The drinking among women has varied in the experience of different sections. In a general way the wife's allowance has provided her with resources for drinking previously denied her; and the

missionaries of London say that conditions among them are terrible. On the other hand the report of the Control Board casts doubt on such an opinion. Some investigation which I have given the matter myself reveals the existence of more drinking at home, partly because of the shorter open hours, largely because there is money to purchase in greater quantities for organized orgies.

The official figures are so easy to misinterpret. The convictions for drunkenness in London and forty other cities and towns in Great Britain of a population exceeding 100,000 amounted in 1913 to 119,000 men and 40,000 women, in 1914 to 115,000 men and 41,000 women, in 1915 to 126,000 men and 38,000 women, and in 1916 to only 53,000 men and 24,000 women. That these figures are misleading may be gathered from the fact that the consumption of absolute alcohol decreased between the first and the last years by only twenty per cent. Of course several million men were out of the country in 1916, and the absence of relation between the number of convictions and the amount drunk is explained by the greater latitude allowed the drinker. The Home Office had issued an order—which was withdrawn in January of this year—that soldiers' wives were not to be charged for a first offence; and drunken soldiers are very leniently dealt with, while officers are disciplined only by the military courts. It is admitted by the magistrates that there is more drinking but fewer convictions.

At the same time it is due the soldier to say that very few are visibly drunk on the streets of London; and unfortunately the number of Overseas men, Australian and Canadian, has been greater than their proper proportion. This is explained partly by the eagerness of the English to "entertain" the Colonial, partly by Canadian inexperience with English beers.

The early efforts of Lloyd George to effect prohibition having failed, and the anti-treating and short hours reg-

ulations having proved ineffective, the taxation on liquor was increased. But the increased wage of the munition maker rendered that move abortive, and a Liquor Control Board was appointed. The duty of this body was to control the interference of drunkenness with munition making, and for this purpose they had absolute power over the public houses of certain defined munition areas. The effects of the drastic measures it enforced were immediate. Some bars in dangerous districts were closed, the open hours of others limited, and model public houses were set up. The weekly average of convictions within their territories in six large cities showed a reduction of almost sixty per cent., and students of the figures found a direct connection between the open hours and the number of convictions. In England, up to the middle of February of this year, the Board closed eighty-five licensed premises in Great Britain. As the members of the Board are not prohibitionists there can be no criticism by the antis of their honesty in enforcing that which they consider necessary for the maintenance of the output of munitions. Sunday selling was forbidden, but mineral waters and soft drinks were permitted, the patronage under such conditions proving that the bar is more of a club than a welcome opportunity for dissipation, a fact emphasized by the Board in its report.

In August, 1916, the output of the brewers was restricted to 85 per cent. of the quantity produced during the previous year. On December 27th, a Defence of the Realm regulation permitted the naval or military authorities, or the Ministry of Munitions, to close altogether or curtail the hours of licensed premises. That this power was confined to an unproductive impotence is shown by the demand of the authorities at Aldershot, the great military camp, to close fifty per cent. of the surrounding public houses. The Licence Commissioners first consulted the brewers and then refused.

On January 3rd, 1917, when food shortage loomed in the near distance, it was promulgated that spirits should be reduced to thirty degrees under proof, the regulation not to apply to liquors bottled before June 6th, 1916. It was throughout this period, when further restrictions were certain, that was waged the newspaper advertisement debate, the Government standing—as it does in England during newspaper discussions—to see how the public stood before taking action.

On January 24th, the Food Controller, head of the new department called the Ministry of Food, founded but not peopled in the time of Asquith, announced that after a careful investigation of the resources available for food for the people he had come to the conclusion that the materials used in the manufacture of beer must be curtailed. After April 1st the output was to be further reduced to 70 per cent. of the output for the previous year. Thus the brewers had two full months to increase their output so that their licence for the coming year might be as liberal as possible. A corresponding restriction was applied to the release of wines and spirits from bond.

The effect of this legislation was that an output of 36,000,000 barrels before the war was reduced in two stages to 18,200,000. It would mean a reduction in the use of barley of 286,000 tons, 36,000 tons of sugar, and 16,500 tons of grits. Lord Devonport also pointed out that it would set free for the use of agriculturists a greater percentage of offals than was previously produced from brewers' grains. Whereas the brewers returned 25 per cent. of the barley as offals, the farmer would now have 40 per cent. after the other 60 had been made into flour.

Three weeks later it was decreed that no new contracts must be made for the delivery of malt to brewers nor must brewers make it for themselves. At this time it was shown that practically no spirits were being distilled except for explosives. The query as to why the 140,000,000 gallons then in

stock was not drawn upon instead of using new materials was replied to in the House by the official statement that it would not pay, although that step would be taken if found necessary. Ten days later the manufacture of malt was entirely forbidden except with the consent of the Food Controller.

During these few weeks there had been much public discussion of the waste of food stuffs in the manufacture of beer, and the submarine menace was opening the eyes of the people to the seriousness of the shortage. The Government took notice of popular feeling by revising the regulation issued only a month before, to come into effect in another month. The output of beer was cut down to 10,000,000 barrels, thus saving 600,000 tons of food stuffs. Towards the end of March, the sinkings of merchant vessels having become alarming, the various restrictions seemed justified. Some attempt was made, both in England and France, to exempt French wines from the limitations, but the conditions did not admit of argument even on behalf of allied nations.

As the law now stands there are 367,000 tons of barley, 21,420 tons of grits, and 44,700 tons of sugar being utilized for the manufacture of beer. Whether it is possible to convince the public that much of that vast quantity of food can be better directed depends to a great extent on the future record of submarine sinkings. The demand for further reduction, and even for prohibition, is undoubtedly louder, although as yet not one of the powerful London papers has advocated the latter. It is a peculiarity of the standing of the English press that no such startling change could be effected without newspaper support.

For many months there has been a strong agitation for State purchase as the only feasible method of controlling the waste of food and the menace of drunkenness at such a time. The brewers resist it, probably because they know the temper of the Prime

Minister, but they have lent themselves, with almost every other influence, to past restrictions and do not seriously oppose further steps in that direction. The most stubborn supporter of beer as a national stimulant is silenced by the Food Controller's statement that even the malt at present in stock would, if diverted to the manufacture of bread, supply the entire civilian population of Great Britain with the approved ration for eleven days.

State purchase has the official ear. It has the only public support of real

weight. The fact that it was considered in 1915 and discarded as too heavy a financial burden has little effect on thought of to-day. That something must be done, and that prohibition would entail a risk the country does not wish to assume in mid-war, seems to point to State purchase as the solution. And with it would go local option. Probably before this is read England will be expressing itself by local balloting upon a question which the greater part of Canada and the United States has already settled to its satisfaction.

The next article of this series is entitled "Education and the War."

SUMMER AFTERNOON

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

HUSH! Hath the world not fallen on happy sleeping,
 A harvestry of popped visions reaping?
 Meadows and orchards seem lost in some orient dream,
 And the low-lisping winds, their fragrance keeping,
 Swoon on the margin of the deep-fringed stream.

Only the grasses murmur, swaying, swinging,
 And the wide fields of wheat are softly singing
 A lyric to the sun, goldenly crooning on,
 Where spendthrift roses all their wealth are flinging,
 Remembrancing a hundred summers gone.

Summer, red-lipped from her ambrosial chalice,
 Drowns where sunshine with the shadow dallies,
 And fleets of cloudland lie in havens of the sky,
 Above the hazy, slumbering, sea-girt valleys
 Where the mute hours in linked sweetness die.

Noon holds her goblet up; let us together
 Drink of her vintage in this shining weather . . .
 Draught that the gods might deem their godship to beseech . . .
 And on this long, empurpled hill of heather
 Lapse lingeringly into some pleasant dream.

Alien Races in Russia

BY LAURA DENTON



AT this time when our thoughts are turned toward Russia and the Russians, it will be of interest perhaps to consider the people, who, though foreign, have come under the sway of the Russian Government.

The ethnology of Russia is a very complicated study, for in European Russia alone the number of alien races reaches forty-seven, while there are probably an equal number beyond the Asiatic border. Among the most important of these races there are the Georgians, Armenians, Turks, Kurds, Tartars, Little Russians, Germans, Lapps, Finns, Jews, and Poles.

In the Caucasus Mountains there are thirty races, most of which show Eastern and Persian influence. In the rural and isolated parts each race remains separate and preserves its own customs and language; in the towns, however, the population is very mixed and shows a veneer of European civilization. The Georgians, who came under Russian sway in 1800, number two million, and there are half as many Armenians; while many Turks and Kurds can also be classed among the Caucasians.

In the thirteenth century the Tartars of the Mongolian stock in Northern China began under a certain Khan to migrate westwards. Whole villages moved across the country together. For a certain period they were very powerful, but finally weakened, and their last stronghold was

from Nijni Novgorod down the Volga to Astrakhan, where their influence still can be traced.

The race which comes second in number to the Great Russians themselves is that of the Little Russians, or Ukrainians, of whom there are thirty million. The territory which they inhabit is a broad strip extending from Kieff into Siberia. Ukrainian autonomy lasted until 1775, and since that time the Russian Government has been trying to suppress Ukrainian nationality and language.

The German element has been very strong also, especially in the Baltic provinces of Kurland and Kovno. Catherine the Second encouraged German settlers in order to utilize fertile soil, and because she thought they would influence Russian agriculturists, but the new settlers remained quite German and did not affect the peasants. It cannot be denied, however, that from a commercial standpoint the Germans have been of great value to the Russians, who have allowed thousands of villages to be settled by German colonists, from the western border, to the Volga, and even in the Caucasus and Central Siberia. The German language, which is particularly adapted to trade, was current in all the towns along the Volga; and in the cities of South Russia and the ports of the Black Sea the large Berlin and Viennese firms had almost monopolized trade before the present war checked their enterprises. The Russians have

always resented German influence in business affairs and court circles, where for years the Teutons have been growing constantly more powerful.

Of the strange races which dwell in the North, the Laplanders are the most interesting. Their territory, which extends from the border of Sweden eastward along the northern coast, is either mountainous or covered with moss-grown wilds, called tundras. Their chief occupations are fishing, hunting and reindeer raising. They make no attempt whatever at agriculture.

The Finns, who are of Mongolian descent and first cousins of the Magyars of Hungary, were among the first peoples to cross the Ural Mountains and settle upon the fertile plains of Russia. As they were never sufficiently powerful to resist the succeeding tides of Slavonic, Tartaric, and Turkish immigration, they were gradually pushed in a northwesterly direction until, at the present time, they occupy the small territory lying between the Baltic Sea and Lake Ladoga, which equals Great Britain, Holland and Belgium in area. Finland's history is a succession of struggles against Russia and Sweden, but although buffeted between these two more powerful countries for centuries, this little country still retains its national characteristics. On the whole it is a flat, undulating plateau with many beautiful lakes and waterways, which are used to a great extent in sending yearly to the sea the millions of logs of timber from the inland forests. The many waterfalls render the ascent of the rivers impossible, but these are used for electricity. Of the thirty-seven towns of Finland, Abo, Tammerfors, and Helsingfors, the capital, are the principal ones. Helsingfors is beautifully situated on the Gulf of Finland, and can compare with the most attractive cities of the world. It can boast the charm of Paris, and the cleanliness, order, and modern architecture of a German city.

When in 1809 Finland became annexed to Russia and the Czar took the title of Grand Duke, it was not an unconditional surrender, on the part of the Finns, but a union, so that the Grand Duchy was granted the preservation of her ancient rights and customs. Her religion, which is ninety-eight per cent. Protestant, and her laws, founded upon the Swedish "Form and Government" of 1772, were officially recognized and confirmed. Within recent years, however, Russification has begun in earnest. In 1898 the Finnish army, which previously had been maintained only for use in Finland, was ordered to become a part of the Russian army, under Russian officers. The Finns showed effectively their strong objection to this, and the culmination of their disapproval was reached in the assassination of the Russian Governor-General, so that an arrangement was finally made whereby the Finnish army was disbanded, and a fixed annual sum for means of defence was to be paid into the Imperial treasury. In 1900 an Imperial Ukase ordered that all official documents should be printed in Russian, and still more recently the ruble has replaced the Finnish mark, and the Russian postage stamp has come into use by manifesto of the Czar. These were ominous events and forerunners of more serious abridgements of their liberties, ordered by the very Czar, who upon his accession to the throne, had promised to allow the Finns the continuance of their former privileges.

The government of the Grand Duchy was under the administration of a Russian Governor-General nominated by the Czar, and the senators were appointed in the same manner. The diet, which is one of the most democratic and representative in the world—there being universal suffrage for every person over twenty-four years of age—is composed of two hundred members, elected annually to sit for ninety days. It was interest-

ing to note that the new Revolutionary Government sent the leader of the Constitutional Democrats in the Duma, to replace the former Governor of Finland.

To encourage education, the schools are free, but owing to the poverty in some rural districts, where the people cannot send their children to school, education is not compulsory. A high standard is aimed at, however, and the clergy refuse to confirm any boy or girl who does not know how to read and write. The University at Helsingfors, with its 2,500 students, has a splendid reputation in its various branches. In 1870 the first woman to graduate from it created a precedent which many women have since followed. Perhaps in no country in the world have women reached such a state of emancipation. They enjoy equal suffrage with men, and the property rights are the same for both sexes. In a recent diet there were nineteen women representatives. Many trades and professions are also open to them: they are accepted as clerks in banks and public offices, and they also can be seen engaged in some of the trades.

Though the climate of Finland is very severe in winter, the summer is mild, owing to the proximity of the Gulf stream. The Finns prefer the winter, however, when they can indulge in their favourite sports such as sleighing, skating, and skiing. In appearance they are of the northern type, with flaxen hair and blue eyes; and in character they are industrious, intelligent, imaginative and famously hospitable.

There are records that there were Jews in South Russia since the first Christian era. In the ninth century, a Tartar nation practised the Mosaic religion, and in the tenth, the Jews tried to convert a Russian Prince of Kieff, who proved, however, more attracted by the splendours of the Greek Church of Byzantium. When the Russians became Christians, they inherited the Christian hatred of the

Jews, which has been the cause of intolerance and cruelty throughout the centuries. When Germany, Austria, France and Spain began their persecutions of the Jews, the people of Poland granted them exceptional privileges, and consequently that country was flooded with Semites. The two nations lived together for a long time in entire amity. Under Catherine the Second the strict Jewish Pale of settlement was established, which comprised the territory from the Baltic to the Black Sea. It was a district of some three hundred thousand square miles, and included Poland, Lithuania, White Russia, and a part of Little Russia. The Jews were supposedly forbidden to settle outside the urban districts of the Pale. As a matter of fact, many did, and do, live in outside towns and even in Moscow and Petrograd. Under Nicholas I., they were severely treated in order to induce them to become baptized. Alexander II. reversed the policy of his father, and through his leniency, thousands settled in cities outside the Pale, and were allowed into many kinds of trades. Before the death of Alexander II. envy and nihilism aroused riots, and after his assassination terror reigned. Synagogues and Ghettos were burned and segregation was renewed with vigour. More than a million Jews fled from Russia in the early eighties, and since then, systematic expulsions have greatly reduced their number. In Moscow and Petrograd their quarters were raided and whole colonies practically disappeared. In some places, such as Kichinev and Odessa, there were anti-Semitic riots which the Government did nothing to stop. It has been the constant fear of the Russians that the Jews will gain the upper hand in trade if given equal competition. A law of 1876 declared Jews aliens, whose rights were to be regulated by special ordinances. Only the following classes were allowed to live outside the Pale:

(1) Merchants of the first guild who had paid their fees for five years.

(2) Students in educational institutions.

(3) Men who had served twenty-five years in the army.

(4) Skilled artisans and professional men. Even these have sometimes had to use bribery to enforce their rights. No state or municipal office can be held by a Jew unless he becomes converted, and as he is not allowed to hold land, he cannot become an agriculturist. Heavy taxes are imposed upon the Jews on things necessary in the practice of their religion, such as the tax on candles in the synagogues and the fee which the head of a family must pay for the privilege of wearing a skull-cap during family-prayers. These taxes are supposed to provide for institutions for the benefit of the Jews, but in reality they are not always used for that purpose.

In consequence of what the Jews deemed unfair treatment, a society was formed known as the Bund, to which the richest and most prominent Jews belong. The headquarters of the Bund were in Warsaw, where many serious strikes have been organized, and from which city quantities of forbidden literature have been sent out. An organization of Russians was formed to counteract the Bund, known as the Black Bund, and to it have been due many of the anti-semitic disturbances.

In Russia the Jew has assumed the air of a martyr through constant persecutions. The Ghettos in all cities and villages are everywhere most unattractive and filthy. This is also the condition in Austria where the Jews are permitted much more freedom. The Russian Jew has a passion for learning, but he is lazy and crafty. Probably through the influence of Ghetto life he has become selfish and unsympathetic toward everything outside of his own religion. Just after the outbreak of this war, of course, the Czar proclaimed citizenship to the

Jews, which will no doubt continue with even greater privileges under the present Government.

Poland was one of the first countries of Northern Europe to adopt Christianity, and having adopted it she made herself a bulwark of western Europe against those hordes of Barbarians who moved westward until they met the swords of the Poles. Until the eighteenth century Poland was the protector of civilization and Christianity itself. Victor Hugo says: "While my own dear France was the missionary of civilization, Poland was its knight." It was John Sobieski, King of Poland, who saved Vienna from the Turks in 1683. For this defence of other nations Poland asked no reward, but the treatment she actually received from Europe is one of the crimes of the ages. From the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, Poland possessed a greater territory than normal Germany to-day, but toward the end of the eighteenth century, being troubled with quarrels among the nobles, and disunion and strife between nobility and peasantry, she fell an easy prey to rapacious neighbours. In 1772 Russia, Prussia, and Austria succeeded in taking large portions of Poland, and twenty-one years later divided the remainder of the kingdom among them. At the Congress of Vienna in 1815, the city of Cracow, the heart and ancient capital of Poland, was declared forever a free, independent and neutral city under the protection of Russia, Prussia and Austria. This freedom was short-lived, however, for in 1846, the last vestige of political Poland was destroyed, when Austria took possession of Cracow.

As a people, the hardships the Poles have had to endure during this last century have only strengthened their characters and deepened their patriotism. There is not a Pole to-day who does not cherish the hope that his country will be united again and take her rightful place among the nations of Europe. Three futile ef-

forts have been made by the Poles during the last century, to regain their freedom, but their condition has only been made worse by their insurrections. Many thousands who took part in them were killed, and others banished to Siberia. After their last vain effort in 1863, it seemed for a time as if their spirit had been crushed, but during the last half century it has revived again, and has been shown in the material and commercial development of their cities such as Warsaw and Lodz. It is impossible to kill a people who have a will to live, and that commercial spirit which they formerly despised, they have now seized upon as a weapon wherewith to preserve their sense of racial unity and to improve their condition and prospects. A strong middle class has been developing among them, the lack of which in former times was the cause of their downfall.

One may well say, "Poor Poland!"

What she has suffered from oppression during the last century is as nothing compared to the treatment she has received during the last three years. Thousands of her towns and villages have been destroyed, millions been rendered homeless, her whole territory placed in the hands of her bitterest and most treacherous enemy. But surely this is the darkest hour before the dawn of a renewed and reunited Poland. The Czar's promise of autonomy will be fulfilled, we hope, in even a more generous manner by the new Russian Government, which if properly representing the Russian people themselves, will prove to be just and generous.

These are the people who, with the millions of Russians, are to profit by the downfall of a severe and antiquated bureaucracy, and who will rejoice in a democracy which will offer unhopd for advantages to all, from the intensely ignorant to the extremely intelligent.



HOW LONG WILL HATE LAST?

By Austin Harrison

AUTHOR OF "THE PAN-GERMANIC DOCTRINE", "ENGLAND AND GERMANY . . . ETC.



THE war has brought a new feeling into our haphazard British civilization—hate, just at the moment when we were all talking of international brotherhood and European pacificism. It is a real question—How long will it last?

Hate, of course, is an extreme, like love. Philosophically viewed, therefore, hatred cannot continue indefinitely any more than any passion can. We can say that finally to-day in the apogee of our feelings. No condition is absolute. No extreme is continuous. Nothing is shorter than memory in our modern world. There must come a time when even this war of hate will be no more than a bad dream, like the Inquisition, the Plague, or the long drawn-out Napoleonic wars which culminated at Waterloo.

On the other hand, we have an historical test whereby to arrive at an estimate. The Hundred Years war with France unquestionably left a residuum of ill-feeling, mistrust, and lack of sympathy between the French and ourselves that is only now dying out on our common battle-ground.

We know we can hate; we can nurse a grudge, maintain a tradition, persist in an extreme. "Boney" was our great bugaboo for decades, and what with the Corsican and Puritanism the volume of hatred nourished in the

two countries can only be called extraordinary when we remember how deeply interested Englishmen are in French art, in much of the Gallic spirit, in the life and vivacity of Paris.

What about the Germans? At present we feel too deeply to reason quietly about them. As feeling runs to-day, our natural inclination is to boycott Germans and all things German, to ostracize the Hun, to sever all connection with him. The phrase Britain for Britain, denotes far more than a battle-cry. It is a philosophy, a policy; for the first time we have come to see that our easy-going principle of the open door may be a dangerous game played with a people who fatten on our frankness and Free Trade doctrines, who spy on us, to obtain a hold on our economic resources, to foster unrest and disintegration and weaken us within and without for ulterior military reasons. Here we may hope that "Never again" will be England's watchword. The island must be cleared of its alien infiltration which threatened to become a strangle-hold. Our whole political system must be revised, reconstituted. It is as certain as can be that when the soldiers return they will not go back to the old ideas and shibboleths of government; there will be an immense reconstruction. Nor is it likely that we will again revert to a small professional Army, and leave the most

important affairs of State to be muddled or neglected by the group of politicians who happen at the time to be in power. We shall thus clearly have a new policy and a fresh attitude. And without a doubt this will foster hate of the Germans, and lead to something like a campaign against all German trade and all communion with the German races. Personally I believe that Germany will take the place in the public mind that France occupied as the result of Crecy and Waterloo. For a generation, we shall see the maimed and crippled among us as a constant reminder of war. In tens of thousands of homes there will be grief and poignant recollections of the struggle. It is almost inconceivable that we shall escape the severe economic results of the conflagration, for we have yet to pay for the war; capital will be sparse, wages will sink; that Labour troubles will arise on a large scale would seem unavoidable. In short, there will be widespread misery, high taxation, discontent, perhaps an enormous amount of emigration, and sex difficulties, and what not—all these results of war are to be expected, and they will not conduce to our love of the enemy.

To this, there would seem a very great probability of an acute trade war.

Unless the Germans are smashed, reduced that is, to humiliation, Central Europe with its vast organizing capacities, its potential economic power, its State system and applied scientific direction, will recover and seek to begin the process of infiltration over again. The Germans still are the sole possessors of the secret of synthetic dyes. In many respects they are more adaptable, more ingenious than we are, and "Ca' Canny" is not the spirit of their trade unions. It is quite on the cards that the war will end to start an economic war, in which case hate of the Germans is likely to become more intense than now, especially if it leads to the reconsideration of our Free Trade pol-

icy, and the political differences that may develop in the transition. All the appearances point that way. Indeed it would seem the only thing left to us, if Central Europe is able to reorganize and start out anew, for personal feeling will never keep German dump out of the country unless backed by a State barrier of tariffs, all the more as such goods will probably come to us via neutral countries unlabelled, as they are even to-day. There is nothing like a trade war to foster national antipathies. Should that be the net result of the war, then we may reconcile ourselves at once to a long space of hatred which may last for generations. There is, of course, a possibility that the war will last much longer than is generally anticipated, and may lead to an all-round exhaustive and even to a negative issue preparatory to a renewal of the conflict. But this we ought not to contemplate. Better by far have it out now and end the struggle at all costs satisfactorily. Yet whatever the end, we may be quite sure of this. One chief concern will be reconstruction. Our efforts will have to be constructive in every sense. There is the Empire to be considered, there will be the matter of national defence, there will be the huge labour questions. And a nation engaged in refashioning its polity and policy has little time for hate, which is a negative attitude.

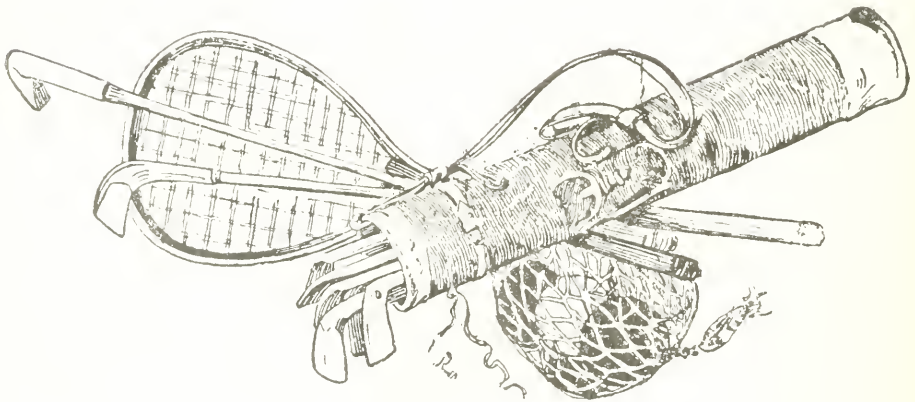
That we shall hate, and hate pretty well, I feel certain. Perhaps for a generation it will be our national determination to exclude all German products from these islands, to punish the Huns, as they would have punished us, had they been successful at the Marne. We have yet to know what the soldiers will say when they return; much, if not all, will depend on them. They will be the spokesmen of future Britain. They will speak to our politicians; the politicians will have to follow them. We are apt to forget this totally new force which must arise after the war. What we say here and think may be completely

upset by the expression of the new Democratic England fresh from the battlefields with probably their own leaders and a spirit which to-day no man can define. It is on them that our future course will depend. Already I can discern this feeling among them. What shape it will take, it would be idle to guess at. But that they will give Britain her policy is certain, and whether we shall hate will rest with the men who won Britain to greatness.

It is conceivable that the war will prove so catastrophic that Europe will try to agree. I don't know. There are idealists who think so. It may be that the nations will co-operate to form an international police under

some system of federation: in which case naturally it would be the object of all to arrive at a common basis of understanding and utility. All this lies on the lap of the Gods.

Failing that Utopian ending to Armageddon, it is difficult to see how we can avoid a healthy hate of the people who would have destroyed us; who will yet seek to have their revenge unless we take the needful measures of protection now and hereafter, and that being so, hate is the prospect before us. I only hope it will be a constructive hate, in our interests, that is. A foolish hatred might well serve German interests, if it blinded us to the movements and spirit of Europe after the war.



Literary Farming

BY MAIN JOHNSON



Is a Rabelais looming on the literary horizon of Canada? Or, if not a Rabelais, at least a Theocritus, a Whitman or a Horace, a Thoreau or a

Virgil?

Will there be a literary flowering, an artistic interpretation of the present farm movement? Agriculture has ceased to be the interest of any one class or any one sex in Canada. This year it has become a subject of universal importance, practised as well as talked about by everyone you meet in cities and country districts alike.

Bourgeois "backyards" which under the ameliorating influence of society, were gradually being transformed into flower gardens, the haunts of peones and nasturtiums, now have undergone a further stage of development into "farms", and every man and every woman has become a farmer overnight. These agriculturists are either cultivating their own plots, bordered by their individual fences or hedges, or they are becoming glibly and fearlessly communistic—digging, seeding, weeding, tending, harvesting and lunching in company with their fellow citizens on cultivated land in the outskirts and vacant places of the towns.

Farmers? Yes, but what about Rabelais?

Theocritus and his sheep—the allusion is clear; Horace, too, and his Sabine farm; Virgil and his country place in Mantua; Thoreau and

his cabin in the woods of Massachusetts, but—

Why should he inquire if a Canadian Rabelais is coming to sing the agricultural Renaissance? Was Rabelais an accredited ambassador of the farm? Was he not rather a foul-mouthed, undesirable sort of person, reeking with guffaws? Rabelais, to believe some of his sponsors, was a much more serious thinker and a more worthy gentleman than superficial, popular tradition would lead us to think, but we do not care to be lured into any theological dispute. All we seek is to place him securely in the hierarchy of literary farmers. And here is the evidence.

"Let those who will," he says, "dispute about happiness and the sovereign good; but it is my opinion that whosoever planteth cabbages findeth instant happiness."

It is quite remarkable, by the way, the exalted rank occupied in literature by cabbages. When I quoted this passage from Rabelais to some of my friends the other day, we all seemed surprised at the word "cabbages". It was only a sign of forgetfulness, however, or of ignorance. If one consulted a concordance under the heading "cabbages", one would doubtless find many other examples, but a half hour's undirected reading revealed two striking instances.

Horace, for example, in one of his Satires, proffers this advice. "Cabbages," he intimates, "grown in dry soil are sweeter than those that come

from the market gardens near Rome; nothing is more insipid than the produce of a wet garden." Until reading this passage, I had not thought of cabbages for our "farm", but it is dry enough, in all truth, and cabbages we must have next year.

Juvenal perhaps does not go into such details regarding cabbages as Horace, but he shows that he considers them one of the treasures of life, to be classed even with apples.

"Many traces of primeval virtue," he writes, "may have existed even under Jupiter, but it was before his beard was grown and before the Greeks were yet ready to swear by another's head; when no one feared a thief for his cabbages and apples, but lived with garden uninclosed".

Whitman is one of the most enthusiastic shouters for the farm.

"O, the farmer's joys!" he exults, in a "Song of Joys".

"Ohioan's, Illinoisian's, Wisconsinese, Kanadian's, Iowan's, Kansian's, Missourian's, Oregonese' joy!

"To rise at peep of day and pass forth nimbly to work.

"To plough land in the fall for winter sown crops.

"To plough land in the spring for maize.

"To train orchards, to graft the trees, to gather apples in the fall.

"O, to realize space!

"The plenteousness of all, that there are no bounds:

"To emerge and be of the sky, of the sun and moon and flying clouds, as one with them!"

The outstanding literary men of the farm are probably Theocritus, Virgil, and Horace. All these three, like so many people nowadays who are not even poets, had houses both in the town and in the country. The only difference is in the motor-cars.

Theocritus lived in the city of Syracuse, but he also had a house and farm in the country, and spent much of his time in the open air of Sicily. His poetry, if put in the modern catalogic form of Whitman, or Giovanit-

ti, or of Rupert Brooke in some of his aspects, would look something like this:

Oxen, honey, olives, milk,
Cheese and cheese crates,
White goats,
Stall fed lambs, cream cheese,
Apples, parsley.

Theocritus was especially interested in mixed farming and in the raising of cattle. His poetry should be popular in the counties of Dundas and Oxford, and on the ranches of the West.

"Sweet are the voices of the calves," he sings: "and sweet the heifers' lowing."

His Utopia differs from that of More or Rabelais. Bacon or Wells.

"When peace returns," he believes, "thousands of sheep fattened in the meadows will bleat along the plain, and the kine, as they flock in crowds to the stalls, will make the belated traveller hasten on his way."

When he speaks of love, he is still bucolic. He rowed over to the island of Cos one morning, and there met Myrto "the girl he loved as dearly as goats love the spring".

In Virgil, the farmer and the poet blend almost indistinguishably—in the Eclogues, and more particularly in the Georgics.

He arranges his subject, or at any rate promises to build it, as architecturally as Hardy. This opening sentence of the Georgics outlines his plan:

"What makes the harvests jopous; at what season is it best to plough the earth and join the vines to the elm; what is the proper care to give to cows, and the best nurture for breeding sheep, and how to keep bees—of these will I begin to sing".

Virgil, on this classification, might well be elected Honorary President of the Graingrowers of the West, the United Farmers of Ontario, the Fruit Growers' Union of British Columbia, the Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association, the Maritime Shepherds' Guild, and the ancient and honour-

able Society of the Beekeepers of Canada.

When you begin to read Virgil's essays on the farm, you discover that he does not hold as closely to his subject as the average well-conducted farm paper. He is very Irish in his temperament—always wandering off and describing the fairies. He calls them gods, but they are evidently the same sort of creatures as inhabit the hills round Dublin and the Irish townships of Dundas county.

"In the spring is the sowing of beans," is one of his straightforward, advisory sentences, but he is soon off again to his fauns, his virgin dryads, to Bacchus, Ceres and the rest.

His Celtic ancestry also emerges in his superstition. One of his beliefs is an incentive to leisure, and forms, we must confess, rather pernicious advice for such a year as this, when we all are urged to work strenuously and incessantly. Certain days, with him, are "taboo" for labour.

"Never work on the fifth of the month," he warns, "for on this day pale Pluto and the Furies were born," and a lot of other terrible things happened.

The seventh, fortunately, is more propitious, and the tenth is even better. The ninth is a peculiar sort of day.

"It's better for flight," he says, "but adverse for thefts."

Since Canadian farmers neither fly nor steal, this section does not apply.

Virgil is an eloquent advocate of farm life.

"There is a peace secure there," is his contention, "and a life ignorant of guile, and rich in opulence."

In addition, (and this is another passage glorifying leisure rather than activity), "there are quiet retreats in fruitful fields, grottoes and living lakes; cool vales, the lowing of cattle and soft slumbers under a tree".

As for Horace and his Sabine farm, he has immortalized the joys of the country. To avoid misunderstanding, let us say at once that there is not as

much drinking of liquor on Canadian farms as there evidently was in Samnium, but the more legitimate daily activities are alike. Horace seems to have been a specialist in the raising of poultry, and his voice may yet be heard on the subject, although he is a little more exacting as to the sculpture of eggs than our housewives or our raisers of hens can afford to be.

"Remember," he suggests, "to put on your table eggs of a tapering shape, for they have more taste and are whiter than round ones." As to the chickens themselves: "If suddenly in the evening," he continues, "a friend looks in upon you, I advise you, if you wish to prevent the hen just killed from being tough, to dip it still alive into mead made of Falernian wine; then will it be tender." With the substitution of the words "Canadian cider" for "Falernian wine," the advice may safely be handed on to Canadian farmers ourselves.

Horace speaks of mushrooms. "The best ones," he says, "are those gathered from meadows; others one can ill trust." As to berries, he thinks that a man "will spend his summers in health, who ends his morning meal with black mulberries".

There do not appear to be left in existence any photographs of the Sabine farm, but Horace, in his sixteenth Epistle, describes it.

"Imagine a line of hills, unbroken, except by one shady valley whose right side the morning illumines. You may well praise the climate. As the thorns bear so liberally the cornels and the sloes, as the oak and ilex gladden the herds with plenty of acorns and give their master the joy of a thick shade, you would really think that Tarentum was transported there, with its leafy woods."

Nearly all the agricultural literature which we have quoted pays attention, naturally enough, to the beauties of the surroundings. It is beauty, even more than motives of public or national policy, that inspires such literature and such art. France has its fertile valley of the Marne, the

variegated hills of Champagne, the olive groves of the South. England has its Norfolk fields, its nestling Haslemere, its Kentish hoplands. Ireland has its far-reaching, cool green vistas of Adavoyle. But Canada, in its scenery, rivals any of these countries. What we do lack is a more inspired or at any rate a more consistent and continuous inspiration, a spiritual and artistic interpretation of our beauties.

The peacefulness of the Annapolis Valley; the quaint old-worldly colourfulness of the St. Lawrence habitant farms; the warm and langorous

fruitfulness of the Niagara Peninsula; the vast blue and white and yellow spaciousness of the prairies, and the cosy content of the Okanagan—not now for the first time are these beautiful. But to their beauty has been added a sense of their vital share in the solution of what has become a world-wide crisis.

Under the influence of such a beauty, renewed and vitalized by the idea of a great time and a momentous epoch, may we not hope for a flowering and a stimulus, an artistic and a permanent interpretation of the Canadian Farm?

SONNET

By JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

TO those who went, the dearest name on earth,
 To those who, seeking shelter and soft sloth,
 Paltered with God, forgetful of their oath,
 A name to haunt throughout the world's wide girth.
 Full of high choler and heroic mirth,
 The elected ones, from tendrils of old growth
 Tore fiercely free and, to an ancient troth,
 Stood faithful unto death and proved their worth.

But when the war is o'er and those return
 Who, like great hearted heroes, rushed to fight—
 God's champions of the outraged and oppressed—
 And passionate love in every heart doth burn,
 Where shall ye stand—base recreants to the light?
 Full in the ranks of cowards self-confessed!

What's in a Name?

BY EDGAR WALLACE

DANIEL GREE was gray and old and broken.

May Excels was young and beautiful. This is a bad claim, yet such a claim could be made with greater detail and less accuracy. Of her nose one had the vaguest recollection, which is as it should be. A woman whose nose one remembers is not beautiful. She may be pretty, piquant, and saucy, noble and commanding, but if you remember her nose she is not beautiful. Her eyes were big and lustrous, violet of hue, her hair jet black and her eyebrows painted by nature when the good lady was in her flickering miniature mood. She was, as I say, radiant and beautiful, and Daniel Gree was gray and old and broken.

How dare he lift his eyes to her? As a matter of absolute fact he did not lift his eyes at all, for he was on the hefty side of six feet, and she was just the right height for a girl, which is about your size.

He was gray and old and—

Well, he was nearly twenty-six, and in certain lights the hair at his temples was almost grayish.

And as for being broken, would not you be broken if you loved the daughter of a millionaire, and she loved you, and her father with a passion for titles, had his eye on the scion of a noble house.

"I can't stand it, May," said Daniel Gree desperately. "I feel that if

I'm not made a Duke in a month or two I shall go really gray. I am old and broken—"

"And stout?" she suggested.

"No, not stout," he denied indignantly. "I am just old and gray and broken."

"I expect that is why it is," she said thoughtfully, "father thinks the disparity in our ages is too great."

"Why!" he gasped, "there is only five years between us. When I said 'old,' he went on carefully, 'I was referring rather to the care-harrowed soul than to the arithmetical standard of years—May, what am I to do?'"

They were sitting on a bench in Hyde Park and her pretty forehead was puckered with the tremendous character of the problem.

"If you could only earn a title, Danny," she said, "I am sure father wouldn't mind your humble birth," she arrested his exasperated protestation. "You see, dear, father was a foundry man before Mr. Carnegie made him a millionaire, and grandfather used to peddle laces, so naturally pa is rather particular. I don't think he'd mind you being the son of a clergyman, because he's really awfully broad-minded, but you're so terribly American."

"My great-great-grandfather was on Washington's staff," he said with a hint of gloom.

"I shouldn't mention that," she said gently, "not to father anyway. One has to live these things down. Now if your father had made his ap-

pearance in New York about the same time that the Archduke Zorth disappeared—”

“Who’s he, any way?” he grumbled.

“The Archduke is, or was, the relative of the Moravian Emperor,” she recited, “who having incurred the displeasure of his parents sailed for a foreign land. It is believed by some that the ship on which he sailed was sunk, but authentic evidence exists that he reached American soil!”

Daniel Gree looked at the girl suspiciously. “Where did you learn this little piece?” he asked rudely, for he loved her, and there was no necessity for conventional politeness.

“Miss Zimmerberger taught me that,” she said, “when I was at the Pittsburg Preparatory College.”

He was silent, then. “We Moors of old Castile—” he began bitterly

“Moors?”

“Moor or less,” he said gloomily. “We are descended from Christopher Columbus.”

“He wasn’t a Castilian,” she scorned. “he was an Italian!”

His eyes met hers in pained reproach.

“Didn’t I say ‘descended?’” he asked with exemplary patience. “Dearie, let us think these things out. Maisie,” he said looking at her tenderly, “I’ve reached that stage in love where I cannot live without you. I know it is absurd,” he went on, “I know that life will go on as heretofore even if you are snatched from me by the rapacious hands of fate; that I shall stand on the corner and watch your wedding cortege depart for Paris without batting a lid—I didn’t take a degree in philosophy for nothing.”

She looked at him gravely.

“I feel the same,” she said. “If papa forces me to marry that dreadful Baron—”

“Count,” he corrected.

“There are two,” she said. “I was thinking more of the Baron because he is the least objectionable, besides

he does parlour tricks and can produce a rabbit out of a tall hat at a moment’s notice. One would never be quite bored with him if one kept a silk hat handy, and—oh—he can smash eggs in a paper bag and produce guinea-pigs.”

“Ah!” the young man nodded, “an evolutionist.”

“Where was I?” she went on, “oh, yes, I remember—I say if I am forced to marry either, I shall be broken-hearted—I am perfectly certain I shall do something dreadful. Cry and all that sort of thing.”

“Will you really?” His voice implied doubt.

“Of course I shall!” she said indignantly, “do you think I am heartless?”

Side by side they paced the path, patterned with shifting arabesques of light.

“Why don’t you get a title?” she asked suddenly, “you can easily find one here in England—it would be splendid!”

She clapped her hands perfectly, but awoke no responsive spark of enthusiasm.

“I’d have to become English,” he said, “and it isn’t so easy. Now in Germany I could buy the Cross of the Black Eagles for the price of a taxi-fare.”

She shook her pretty head.

“It must be English,” she said with a definite air. “Daddy is just mad on real titles, and the Baron’s chance would die the death before the glory of Sir Daniel Gree! Doesn’t it sound lovely?” she demanded with shining eyes. “oh, Danny, do try!”

They were in an unfrequented part of the Park, amidst trees that offered some sort of privacy. The awakening vigour of spring was in her blood, the bursting green of the trees, the call of the wild fowl on the little lake, the very wildness of life in her heart.

Suddenly she raised two hands and laid them on his shoulders.

“My boy!” she whispered as she lifted her warm lips to his.

"Mark me down as a Duke," he trembled, as he left her at the Park gate, "and be careful of your skirt the next time you see me, for I shall be wearing my knightly spurs."

Daniel Gree was a man with a large imagination. He was a dreamer of dreams and in moments when finance did not absorb his attention (he was the London representative of a great American finance corporation) he was highly romantic.

Now the imaginative man has a pull over all other types of men, in that he is bound by no earthly ties, and is chained to no age or clime.

Picture Daniel, a perfectly dressed young man with the shiniest of silk hats and the best fitting of morning coats, striding along the Mall, swinging his ebony stick. An ordinarily pleasant-looking young man, deep in thought, you guess, and place him in the category of thinkers, who are deciding whether it shall be a devilled sole at Simson's or a chop at the Charlton Grill. Yet at that precise moment Daniel has a sword strapped at his right side and a white topee on his head.

He is facing a horde of Phillipinos with flashing eyes or rescuing a beautiful lady from the clutches of an Arab slaver. Or, influenced by the latest book he has read, he is a calm commissioner holding palaver with his unruly cannibals.

"I am perfectly certain," said Daniel to his unimaginative broker that morning, "that one of these days I am going to have an adventure which will alter my whole life."

"Run over by a motor-bus or something?" asked Joyson.

"An adventure," continued the enthusiastic Daniel, "which in the flash of an eye will change my whole status, will introduce me to another sphere of action, change my outlook in life, and all that sort of thing."

"I suppose you will," agreed the other. "I've often thought you'd get married sooner or later."

"Your views on life," said the ex-

asperated Daniel, "are appallingly commonplace."

"I'm a commonplace man," admitted the other placidly, "in the City we deal with realities—"

But Daniel waved him to the devil in one comprehensive gesture. It was not a morning for business. He dealt with two urgent letters, and an hour after his arrival in his office he was returning westward.

A pale sun shone through the misty blue of a London sky, and the branches of the trees which tinged the embankment were just speckled with green. The flower-beds in Temple Gardens were yellow with crocuses and daffodils, and there was in the air the electrical magic of spring, and Daniel's heart sang a wild barbaric song, which careless youth and healthy manhood can alike interpret, and which May Excels might equally have understood. The spirit carried him through the day: it brought in the trail of its splendour, fragmentary visions in which he figured heroically, it enlarged his love of humanity, and brought him for the adventure which would not come, yet which, with every passing moment of time seemed the more inevitable.

He was passing Scotland Yard when a man came hurrying out.

"Sorry," said the stranger disentangling himself.

He was a big, florid man, jovially stern of demeanour, and his attitude of politeness was tintured with authority.

"Hullo," said Daniel curiously, "where the devil are you going in such a hurry?"

The stranger held out a big hand.

"Mr. Gree, isn't it?" he asked.

"Gree it is," agreed the other. "Is it murder, bank robbery, or the activity of the political world which hastens the laggard feet of law?"

Detective Superintendent Mosser smiled.

"I am trying to catch 1.18 for Newbank," he said.

They had met on more occasions than one, for it was part of Daniel's business to check the circulation of illicit bonds which were at that time in circulation in Europe, and such work brought him into touch with the heads of the police department.

"And what is happening at Newbank?"

The detective explained. A new hospital was to be opened by His Royal Highness the Prince of Midlothian. His Highness journeying down from Yorkshire would stop at Newbank Station, would receive an address of welcome on the platform from the Mayor and Corporation of Newbank, would press an electric button which would open the door of the new hospital at Canbury—a town some five miles away.

"And you will be there—how wonderful," said the admiring Daniel. "I suppose nothing would happen if you failed to turn up."

The genial police officer smiled. Then he groped into an inside pocket.

"It will be interesting in a way," he said, as he pulled out a card. "I mean to an American—you'll see a man knighted—the fellow that gave the hospital—if you'd like to see it I can give you an admission to the platform."

"Is that a ticket?" asked Daniel quickly. "yes, I'd like to go," he went on as he grasped the pasteboard and looked awe-stricken upon its prim surface. "To what does this entitle me? Not to a knighthood—gee! don't say it does?"

"It entitles you to refreshments," said the practical servant of law. "you ought to catch the 2.15 to be in time—good morning."

Daniel watched the departing figure, saw it suddenly stop and walk slowly back. There was a puzzled frown on the detective's face.

"Gree?" he said.

"Mr. Gree," corrected Daniel.

"I'm not thinking about you—I suppose you're not related to The Gree?"

"I'm him," said Daniel, without regard to the niceties of grammar; "there is only one real Gree, all other Grees being spurious imitations. Look for the Gree label without which none are genuine. I will injunct any unauthorized Gree with great severity—who is The Gree?"

"It doesn't matter," said the unsatisfying Mr. Mosser, and went off with rapid steps remembering that N.W.R. expresses wait for no man.

Daniel looked at the ticket, then he stole a furtive glance at a little portrait which he carried as near his heart as made no difference.

"If I can't be a knight, at least I can learn how they are made," said he firmly, and after a hasty lunch he boarded the 2.15.

Newbank, in the language of the local reporter, was en fête in italics, and en fête in the black headlines of *The Newbank County Chronicle*. Flags were flying in the streets, and the station platform was a blaze of hunting and giltwork. Flowers real and flowers so artfully artificial that you could not distinguish them from real unless you had paid for them were "displayed in lavish yet ordered confusion" (I look over the shoulder of Mr. Mansem, reporter-in-chief to the aforesaid *County Chronicle*, and quote him word for word as he writes so busily in the waiting-room', and the precincts of the little station were alive with notable people in their most notable clothes.

Daniel, feeling terribly commonplace amidst such magnificence, had the foresight to hunt up the reporter.

"Say, Bud," said Daniel, dropping his hand upon the scribe's shoulder, "put me wise to the programme."

Mr. Mansem, a fierce young man in gold-mounted spectacles, glared up at his interrupter.

"You'll find the programme in the paper," he jerked his head to an open sheet on the table.

"Son," said Daniel gently, "before I became a degraded financier I was a newspaper boy—just like you: do-

ing stunts at three cents a line, and never failing to describe a straw-yard blaze as 'a holocaustic and terrifying conflagration.'

Mr. Mansem looked at him with a new interest.

"It's a hospital five miles away—eccentric sort of devil built it—there he is."

The waiting-room opened out into a smaller room into which only first-class passengers were admitted (so said the laconic legend on the door, but through the glass panels of which, the occupants of the common or third class room might view their betters without extra charge. The smaller saloon was beautified by the addition of palms and flags. There was too a draped pedestal, and on that was the electric switch with which, by the pressure of his august finger, his Royal Highness would unseal the distant hospital.

The solitary occupant of the room at that moment was a shy-looking man with ragged whiskers and an antiquated frock-coat. He looked horribly ill at ease.

"I'm about the only person here who knows him," the reporter went on. "He hates this business—a sort of recluse, y'know, but immensely wealthy."

"Is he the man who is to be knighted?" asked Daniel keenly.

The reporter nodded.

"He doesn't want to be," he said simply, "he just told me, he hates the idea of kneeling—he has rheumy knees or something."

Didn't want to be knighted! Daniel raised his eyes to heaven. Here was a gentleman—for a gentleman he was undoubtedly, despite his whiskers—who had an opportunity for which Daniel would have cheerfully paid one half his fortune.

There he stood, that impious man, with honour hovering above him, and he didn't want—

"I'm going to have a chat with him," said Daniel resolutely.

The reporter looked alarmed.

"Be careful, Gree is an awful bear—" he began.

"Gree?"

Daniel gasped.

"Don't tell me his name is Gree—what is his front name?"

"Dan Gree," said the other.

In two strides Daniel was across the room. In two more he was through the door and confronting the "confused philanthropist."

"My name is Gree," he said rapidly. "I believe we're related—one of my ancestors emigrated to England at the time of Mayflower he didn't wish to be mixed up with the Pilgrim Fathers—how are you?"

He shook hands desperately with the elder Gree; he talked him silent, giving his name-sake no chance to disclaim relationship.

The antiquated Mr. Gree found himself on terms of confidence before he realized that he had even met this pushful stranger.

"I wish I could get out of it," he said, apropos of the coming trial. "I can't tell you how horrible I feel; I hate crowds—I think I shall faint—when he comes. Besides I can't kneel," he rubbed his knees aggressively. "I've got a twinge of rheumatism, and I shall look a fool—oh, confound it!"

"Remember," said Daniel solemnly, "that your cousin is by you to help you up—and if you only introduce me to His Royal Highness I shall ask no other reward for my service."

From outside came the far away "bang!" of a fog signal. In this simple and inexpensive manner did Newbank salvo royalty.

"My heavens!" said old Gree fretfully, "here comes that d—— train!"

He looked round hopelessly for some means of escape. There was a door giving way to the station courtyard, and the key was in the lock.

"I can't stand it!" wailed the recluse. "I didn't expect this when I built the infernal hospital. I can't kneel—and I won't kneel!"

He tried the door furtively, snapped back the lock and peered cautiously forth. The courtyard was deserted, for the public had chosen places of vantage where they might secure a better view of majesty. . . .

His Royal Highness, a tall, agreeable young man, stepped out from his saloon, and listened with the utmost gravity whilst an agitated town clerk read an address of welcome, which clearly indicated that Newbank was one of the loyalest, true-heartedest and most noble townships on the Red Map, that the coming of His Royal Highness was something in the nature of a phenomenon which would at once place Newbank in the forefront of the world's cities, and solidify that empire upon which the sun never sets if it can possibly avoid the necessity.

His Royal Highness expressed the extraordinary pleasure it gave him to step out of his saloon and meet the bald-headed representative of a free and enlightened borough. He didn't say so in as many words, but he probably thought as much.

"I am sorry we are late, Mr. Mayor," he said, as entirely surrounded by the municipality he made his way along the platform. "Mr. Gree is here, I understand?"

"I am told so, your Royal Highness—" twittered the mayor, "but—very shy man—this is the saloon, your Royal Highness—"

"It is a pity I cannot visit Newbank," said the prince, "but the train is late . . . is this the electric button? thank you—" he laid his hand on the switch. "I have pleasure in dedicating the Gree Hospital to the service of humanity, and I declare the Hospital to be open."

He pressed the button, and simultaneously the thunder of guns on Newbank Common announced the

completion of the happy ceremony.

The prince looked round with a smile and beckoned his plumed aide de camp.

"Mr. Gree?" he asked inquiringly, and a dozen voices whispered urgently "Mr. Gree!"

A young man rather pale but immensely self-possessed pushed his way to the front. A chief reporter and a certain Detective Superintendent who saw him stood hypnotized into inaction at the sight.

"Will you kneel, please?" smiled the Prince.

Daniel sank on one knee, upon the velvety cushion that had been thoughtfully placed for the purpose. A sword glittered over his head, the damasked blade touched his two shoulders lightly.

"Rise up, Sir Daniel Gree," said his Royal Highness.

He shook hands with the new knight, uttered a few pleasant things and made his way back to his saloon, leaving Detective Mosser staring helplessly at the pale but triumphant man.

"Gree!" he gasped.

"Sir Daniel—if you please," said the new knight sternly.

". . . The strange error by which the wrong Mr. Gree was knighted," said *The Newbank County Chronicle*, "has been rectified by the bestowal of the baronetcy upon the founder of the Gree Cottage Hospital. The accolade having once been given is irrevocable, and the young Sir Daniel Gree is free to enjoy the title of Knight Bachelor."

Daniel read this with infinite scorn. "Knight Bachelor, indeed," he said. "We'll show 'em."

He was speaking to the future Lady Gree under the approving eyes of her father.

Love and Garden Greens

BY EMMA GREISBACH



OD walked in the garden in the cool of the day," quoted Felix Dernwold under his breath. He laid down the hose with which he had been watering the climbing beans, the creeping cucumbers, the curly-headed lettuces, and stooped, suddenly solicitous and suspicious, over the onion-bed. Had Satan, in the form—traditional though attenuated—of the sinuous cut-worm, been undermining the morale of his early onions?

Dusk was advancing, and regardless of damp earth and soiled knees, he knelt to make a closer examination, his form pressed closely to the high board fence which it had been his reclusive aunt's pleasure to have built around the property. While thus employed he was startled to hear a feminine voice speaking, as it seemed, in his ear, but in reality a foot or two above his head.

"Oh, Mrs. Waite, Mr. Dernwold's lettuce is ready to eat, and looks awfully good."

The speaker had apparently found what Felix had believed did not exist, a crack in the fence.

"Do not delude yourself," returned a voice in musical but incisive tones, "with the hope that you will ever taste it. Did Mr. Dernwold send us a leaf from his garden—one little leaf of anything—all last season?"

The speakers moved away, but they left a petrified man crouching between

the fence and the onion-bed. Some moments passed before Felix Dernwold revived sufficiently to rise, to brush the soil from his fingers and trouser-knees, and to say, sotto voce:

"It is . . . I am sure . . . yes, I am *sure* . . . one cannot mistake a voice . . . That never changes".

Back leaped fleet memory to the distant days in the collegiate, when Marian Cathwell had been his beautiful, bewitching and disdainful class-mate; to the days when his heart had not only had the tender sentimentality of early youth—which it still retained—but youth's unreasoning hopefulness also; when his devotion had sung itself through his being and out by way of his finger-tips in his first rhymed essays; until, indeed, muse and devotion had alike shrunk into hiding under the laughter in the mocking, dark eyes.

So, he reflected, the graceful, smartly-dressed widow, his nearest neighbour, never actually encountered, though frequently glimpsed, was none other than the Marian Cathwell, of vivid memory. He had learned of her only that she was a Mrs. Waite, and that she lived here entirely alone except for her companion and "lady help," Miss Marie Eldon.

This was the reason, then, that his heart had so often turned with longing to the femininity on the other side of that absurdly high, thick, tight board fence.

"It was the prescience of love," he

murmured, and quoted: "They never loved who say, 'I loved once!'"

Absorbed, he failed to hear the gate click, and accordingly he received a second start by hearing a voice close to him, this time a masculine one:

"Hello, Felix! Knew I'd find you among your cabbages. Never saw such a fellow for garden greens. Wouldn't you make more money out of small fruits?"

That was always Radley's trend of thought—money. Felix never could reconcile the jarring note with his friend's physical characteristics, his frank eyes, ready smile, and genial personality. It was Radley, with his tall, slender form, and poetic brow, who looked the part of idealist, rather than Felix, whose figure, albeit well set up, approached the model colloquially known as "chunky", and whose thinning hair surmounted a face which escaped the type of the severely practical only by grace of the mingled gentleness and abstraction which rested upon it. None of the fellows in Bulwin & Finch's offices, where Felix also had been a book-keeper before his aunt had left him this suburban property, had cared much for Radley—Felix never understood why unless it might be because of Radley's luck, very singular, in the way of promotions.

Thus Radley's friendship, rejected in other quarters, fell to the grateful Felix. Without this intimacy he would have been lonely indeed, owing to certain tastes and proclivities which he diligently fostered.

"Derwold writes poetry," the fellows would snicker, and of course they called his desk "The Poet's Corner".

"Do you remember," went on Radley, absent-mindedly pinching off sprigs of pepper-grass and munching them, "when you used to grow cucumbers in a bed-room window-box, training the vines up on strings; and how huffed Mrs. Jones was when you remarked on the mysterious disappearance of an especially fine cucumber? Ha, ha, ha!"

A careless step brought Radley's heel into the border of young parsley, and Felix winced.

"I can never make out," Radley continued, "why you, a poet"—the note of derision was really not marked—. . . . "Oh, I say, would you mind if I take a bunch of that lettuce back with me? You've a lot of it there. . . . Thanks. . . . a paper to wrap it. . . . Well, as I was saying, I don't see why you do not specialize on flowers, you being a poet, and flowers being so much more poetical than vegetables."

"There you go!" said Felix, with the unusual note of passion in his voice. "It is only the elegant, the exquisite, the superfine, that is worthy of artistic and poetic treatment! Of course! I used to think so myself, until those years in Bulwin & Finch's, with a salary that provided me with the means of bare subsistence—Oh! I'm not complaining. I'm sure I was worth little, if any, more to them. But I had opportunity for finding out just what life is *without* the things that are elegant, exquisite and superfine. Yes, and if I had not *put* poetry into the *non-exquisite* details of my *in-elegant* environment, I'd have surely and speedily descended to the *un-superfine* in thought, in act, and in emotion."

They were now in the house with its old-fashioned appointments, and Felix paced up and down, while Radley, hands thrust in pockets, lounged in one of the big comfortable chairs.

"It was Walt Whitman," Felix continued, "who first made me see that nothing which is an essential part of life is coarse or 'common'. In every page that he wrote, he tried to release the so-called coarse and common things from indifference and contempt. And how he strove to see beneath the surface, to find the spiritual message of the homely things. 'I do not understand the least reality of life,' Whitman admitted. Who does? But he sought to understand! 'All truth waits in all things.' That,"

said Felix, stopping before Radley and glaring at him fiercely with his short-sighted eyes, "is a tremendous saying."

Radley looked at him as one does at a freak of nature.

"'A leaf of grass,' " went on Felix, again quoting, "'is no less than the journey-work of the stars!" How life would be transformed if we believed that! It is this truth that I wish to make clear to myself and to others. I know no one cares for my verses." The expression of lone-heartedness could not be missed. "Let those who will think them absurd! I'll reach a heart yet. I'll find a soul some day that will respond! 'My own will come to me!'"

"Yes, yes, just so," said Radley, covering a yawn. "Well, I must be off. Thanks for the lettuce, all the same," turning to throw a last word at Felix, standing in the doorway, "if I were in your place, I'd grow flowers, and send some to the handsome widow, with a tender sentiment in verse. Since you compose them yourself, you can make them say just what you'd like," said the innocent Radley.

This suggestion shut off Felix's flow of thought and turned on that which had been interrupted by the advent of his friend as completely as if the processes of his mind were controlled by a system of taps.

A practical suggestion! Only, the offerings should not be fruit or flowers, but vegetables. He would be himself in his wooing. Felix began at once to make couplets—green onions, now—onion, onion—a hard word to match with a rhyme—bunion—well, that would not do at all. He had determinedly to put aside the dear joy of sorting ideas and making phrases and rhymes in which to express them, or he would never have got to sleep at all that night.

But he was astir as early as usual the following morning, for the twin joy of the garden in the cool of the evening was that of the garden in the freshness of the morning. Felix loved

to watch his sleeping pets wake up at the touch of the Glorious One, whose beams fall so softly and kindly at this hour. He rejoiced in the sight of a new leaf or tendril, an added sprig or blossom. "To minister to need, to sustain and cheer, is your high mission," he murmured.

He paused by the lettuce, charmed with its appearance, the leaves crisply curled and tinged with the bronze that he had once admired in Marian's locks.

Plucking a few leaves to eat with his bread and butter for breakfast, he stood . . . rooted . . . a look of abstraction creeping over his face . . . while, slowly, words sang through the chambers of his mind . . . came together . . . by ones and twos and threes, finally grouped thus:

Oh, fair the leaves of lettuce green,
When sprakling in the sunlight sheen;
But woman's brow
More fair, I trow,
Reflecting friendship's tender beam.

He was sorry that "beam" did not make a perfect rhyme, for he loved the niceties of workmanship—and considered substituting "bean," but relinquished the idea, partly because he did not care to mix his vegetables, but mainly because it really did not make sense. So he determined to write out the verse and to send it with some lettuce, for, while not being all he could wish, the lines would serve to hint his desire for friendly relationship.

He proceeded to cut some of the most perfect heads, and left them to become still crisper under a gentle fall of spray, while he should take his breakfast. This was somewhat delayed, because the first time he put the spoonful of coffee into the kettle instead of the coffee-pot.

Mid-morning saw the unhappy Felix, when he had overcome the initial difficulty of getting through Mrs. Waite's gate, vainly striving to force his feet towards the front door. Then it occurred to him that an offering of garden greens should be taken to the side entrance. Much relieved, he

made his way thither. Miss Eldon, who came in answer to his diffident tap, accepted the lettuce with a remark that went straight to Felix's heart:

"Oh, isn't it lovely!"

She had a pleasant, friendly manner, and in her pink chambray dress and fresh white apron looked, Felix thought, as charming as a radish.

Felix felt astonishingly happy when he returned to his garden. It was as if a whole foot had been taken off that forbidding barrier, the very high fence. He could hear Hung Chang, who came in to cook his mid-day meal and do whatever was necessary within the house, banging things about in the kitchen and wailing in lugubrious song, but Felix worked in his beautiful, orderly garden with great enjoyment, and made rhymes without end, for it had become a habit to

" . . . feed on thoughts that
voluntary move harmonious num-
bers."

In his heart the fair perennial, love, long dormant, but not dead, was stirring into renewed life. Naturally he saw its image reflected in every blade and leaf of his beloved garden.

"Why is love like an onion?" he murmured. But the answer, which tried to follow the lead of the opening rhyme, failed to please him:

Quite incongruous the two?
But if you the garden view,
What else, I pray,
From day to day,
So prone to get into a stew?

He tried the muse again, with pepper-grass for the analogy, but was even less pleased with the result:

In spring you taste it with delight,
In summer, too, would scarce pass by it:
Then on it glance
In tolerance,
As garnish for your other diet.

The rhymes about the cucumber and the vegetable-oyster were even less harmonious with ideality. These

sporades of sentiment pained him, and to correct his mental trend, he repaired to his study and shut himself up for an hour with Wordsworth.

As Felix was returning from church one beautiful Sunday in early summer, two words sprang from his inner being to his lips:

"New potatoes."

And when, in the Sabbath solitariness of his kitchen, he had washed, scraped, cooked, drained, shaken, served and eaten them, he knew the satisfaction of Esau after the repast of red pottage for which his soul longed.

With Felix, to enjoy was to wish to share. A mess of these delectable tubers should certainly be carried tomorrow to his fair neighbours. This necessitated the joyous labour of poetic composition, and Felix spent an absorbed afternoon making verses. His choice rested finally on this:

Mourn not the past, nor, be it complain
If love and 'tatics still remain,
Should these grow cold,
This truth will hold:
They're very good warmed up again.

Alas, the fond hope of Felix again failed of fulfilment. This time, however, owing to the hand of fate, rather than to the foot of diffidence. He had just entered his neighbour's demesne when Miss Eldon appeared at the side-door, shaking a duster.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dernwold. New potatoes from your own garden! You are very kind."

The words "very kind," pointed with sincerity and winged with grateful glances, made their way to the same spot in the anatomy of Felix that a former remark had done, and the disappointment of not seeing Marian was appreciably mitigated thereby.

That very evening Radley paid Felix another little visit. He was in exuberant spirits, having been advanced, as he announced, to the position of Chief Accountant in Bulwin & Finch's, with a substantial increase in salary. He was entirely taken up with himself and his affairs, dis-

coursing thereon incessantly. As he was leaving, however, his mind became sufficiently detached to be struck by the beauty and profusion of the rambler roses which were now in full perfection. As Felix began to cut some for him, he asked jocosely:

"Send any to your fair neighbour?"

"No," Felix admitted, and thought at once how beautiful the potatoes would have looked with a spray of the roses laid across them.

"Know who she was before her marriage?"

"A Miss Cathwell, I believe."

"Cathwell? Have a brother Jim?"

"I—think so."

"Jove! I know him! He's in Alderson & Jakes', wholesale hardware. In fact," slapping his leg, "I must have met the sister."

He remained only a few moments longer, a pondering mood having replaced his former high spirits.

Later, Felix, dawdling in his bedroom in the pleasant half-light of the summer moon, was drawn to his window by the sharp click of a gate which he supposed to be his own, but proved to be Mrs. Waite's, where he could see standing a masculine form. The man, whoever he was, paused to light a cigar, and something in the imperfectly revealed features, as well as in the entire pose, reminded Felix in a passing way of Radley.

The summer days, mostly solitary, passed.

Gladly would Felix have shared every vegetable delicacy with his fair neighbours, but he felt restrained. Not even the last message—for so he had considered his verses—which he had sent with the very first cabbage which was fit to cut, had evoked a sign from Marian. Sometimes he feared the sentiment had been too bold:

As his love doth her unfold
So the leaves of cabbage, rolled
Round the heart,
Show they'll part
Never more until they would.

One morning he left his desk, where

he had sat for an hour, pen in hand, unable to put two words together, and walked into his garden.

"I will unearth something," he muttered in exasperation; if not an idea, then a vegetable."

He looked over plot and bed. It was too early for turnips, but in perversity he pulled one up. Taking his jack-knife from his pocket, he cleaned off the soil, then cut out a bit of the turnip and tasted it.

"Bah! Insipid!" he muttered.

At this moment something impelled him to raise his eyes to "the castle of Ohillan," as he had dubbed the house of his Marian. A feminine form, which Felix felt sure was Marian's, drew back quickly from an upper window. He felt the blood flush his face; he could not have told why.

"She always did look down on me," was the reflection that, innocent of jest, shot into his mind. But that rush of blood to the head had started cerebral activity, though it resulted only in this feeble verse:

His love is flat, to turnip kin;
I value it, no, not a pin.
But wait, I pray,
The wintry day,
Time's frosts will put a sweetness in.

This made Felix laugh, and his ill-humour cleared away.

"Oh, Mr. Dernwold!"

Felix started.

"Mr. Dernwold!"

"Ah! The crack!"

"Will you please be so very good as to give me a teeny-weeny bit of parsley out of your garden? I have fish to cook, and the butcher hasn't sent the parsley."

"Certainly, Miss Marie, with pleasure. Wait a minute," and Felix began to widen the crack with his pocket-knife till presently not only could he pass the parsley through quite easily, but he could see one whole eye and a part of the forehead and hair of Miss Marie. The eye was a pretty, dark one—not a glorious orb like Marian's, rather a kindly little domestic light.

Behind the shield of the fence, Felix lost his hampering diffidence and constraint, and he and Miss Marie exchanged views and opinions on the weather, gardening, the fence itself, on Chinese cooks, on being lonely, and a number of other altogether interesting subjects.

"Well, thanks, Mr. Dernwold. Good-bye."

"Don't say 'good-bye,' Miss Marie."

"Why, what should I say?"

"Just good-morning. Perhaps this afternoon you may want another bit of parsley, or an onion, or something."

Miss Marie promised that if she did she would call through the crack, and Felix now felt so bright that his muse was quite released from duress, and he went indoors and wrote a sparkling sonnet entitled "To a Crack in the Fence".

The fast-shortening days became increasingly busy ones in the garden, and in due time everything was removed and either sold or stored in the cellar; last of all, the celery. Felix was proud of his celery and determined to send some of it to his neighbours, of course with a verse, for, once Felix had adopted an idea, only a force stronger than his tenacity of mind could remove it. He wrote:

In early spring it drank the dew,
In glowing heat of summer grew;

Then firm and fair.

With autumn care,

'Tis sweet and sound life's winter through.

When, the following afternoon, he carried the celery over, there was no answer to his tap, so he left the parcel on the step of the side-door. The day, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, was extremely mild, and continued so right on into the evening. Felix, in the twilight, was raking up fallen leaves, when suddenly the high narrow gate swung open and Miss Eldon appeared, wearing on her head a motor veil or something of that sort which partly concealed her face. The

gate swung shut again, but she remained standing there, not even responding to Felix's greeting.

"Why, Miss Marie," he said in concern, going up to her, "are you in trouble?" for tears stood in her eyes.

"Mr. Dernwold," she spoke in a choked voice, "I . . . have . . . come to . . . confess . . ."

"Dear Marie," he never noticed the intimacy of his address. "I am sure . . ."

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Dernwold, I have been . . . deceitful. . . . I . . . never gave your verses to . . . Mrs. Waite . . . not *one*. You *said* nothing, and I wished to believe you meant them for me, though I knew you did not. *She* has so many things to make her happy; I so few, and I felt she would not . . . care . . . for your lovely verses as I did. She is . . . is . . . proud, and cares only for rich and handsome things. But I spend a great deal of time in the kitchen, and when I am cleaning and cooking the vegetables, it makes my work pleasanter, so much pleasanter, to say over your verses—Oh, they are *so* beautiful!" and tears, penitence, timidity, vanished in a flash, and the soul of Marie looked out of her eyes into the soul in the eyes of Felix.

"I will confess to her if you wish me to, and give her the verses." She withdrew a hand from under the veil, disclosing a little sheaf of missives, "but she is going to marry Mr. Radley, and is taken up with her preparations . . ."

Felix could not speak at once, and when he did speak, he was astonished at the words that came from him:

"Dear Marie," he said, his fingers clasping hers warmly and reassuringly, "I *did* mean the verses for you!" And owing to the peculiarities of the various elements of the situation, this was perfectly true.

Though amazed, Felix knew it positively.

And in a flash Marie knew it positively also.



BELGIUM IN WINTER

From the Drawing by Louis Racmackers

The Royal Flying Corps in Canada

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

WE scarcely pause nowadays to appreciate the fact that the present war has developed two methods of fighting that

had been supposed to be restricted to the empirical realm of romance. Jules Verne, in a narrative of his imagination, takes his readers to the depths of the ocean, but his adventures, incredible as they seem to be, and actually were, ten years ago, are mild compared to the submarine deviltries of the German navy. H. G. Wells, years ago, in a phopetic novel described a fight in the air. He drew to the limit of a vivid imagination; and yet who would have ventured the prophecy that within so short a time the British War Office would establish in Canada a series of depots at which young men, the choicest of the land, would be trained and sent across seas to fight the Germans—not on land, not on water, not under water, but up in the illimitable spaces of the heavens. And yet that is what has happened and is happening. It is a far cry from London to Toronto, and farther still from Toronto to the cloudlands above the war zone in Flanders. But the British Isles had been bled of their young manhood, and none but the young and valiant and daring are regarded as fit to enter upon the high calling of aviation.

So that when it became necessary to fight the German Zeppelins with air craft, it became necessary also to get the right kind of young men for the work.

A start was made just six months ago, quietly, without ostentation, and yet with a thoroughness that is characteristically British. Until then no attempt was made in Canada by either the Dominion Government or the Imperial Government to train men to fight in the air. There were some private schools, but all they professed to do was to train men to operate a flying machine. But aviators trained at these schools had, on their arrival in England, to submit themselves again for examination. Now, however, they go practically direct to the Front from Canada, and it is expected that with present facilities as many as 150 trained aviators will be sent forward every month.

The Royal Flying Corps, therefore, has made the first governmental venture of the kind in Canada. Its operations are directed and maintained by the British War Office, and it has no connection, financially or otherwise, with the Canadian Department of Militia and Defence. Near the top of a large new business block in the very heart of Toronto it maintains a suite of offices whose main entrance bears the inscription, "Royal



MAKING READY FOR A FLIGHT AT CAMP BORDEN

Flying Corps", the same inscription as one sees frequently nowadays on the shoulders of smart-looking cadets and spick and span officers. Besides the offices, the Corps maintains in Toronto an armoury, a stores department, a repair shop for engines and a factory where flying machines are made now at the rate of one a day and at a cost of more than \$7,000 each. There is also at the University the Fourth School of Military Aeronautics. The number of employees on the pay-roll of this service in Canada just now is about three thousand.

The main training camps of the Corps are at Camp Borden, Deseronto, and North Toronto. At each of these there are five squadrons. This Corps also has one squadron at Long Branch.

No branch of the Imperial service is so hard to get into as the Flying Corps, for none but young men of un-

doubted qualifications, which include education as well as physical fitness, are accepted. Apart from the satisfaction that accompanies acceptance under these conditions, there is the feeling of making actual a thing that long has been one of the great romances of man's imagination. For the pilots of the Royal Flying Corps conquer the air. Not only is flying now regarded as very safe, but it is also very agreeable. Up in the air there are none of the objectionable features of trench warfare, and while good pilotage demands nerve and courage of a high order, the nerve tension is of an exhilarating rather than a depressing character.

A candidate for admittance to the Royal Flying Corps should be a youth full of self-reliance, courage, moral force, and a high sense of his responsibility. Although fighting in the air in company formation is becoming



FLYING CLOSE TO GROUND AT CAMP BORDEN

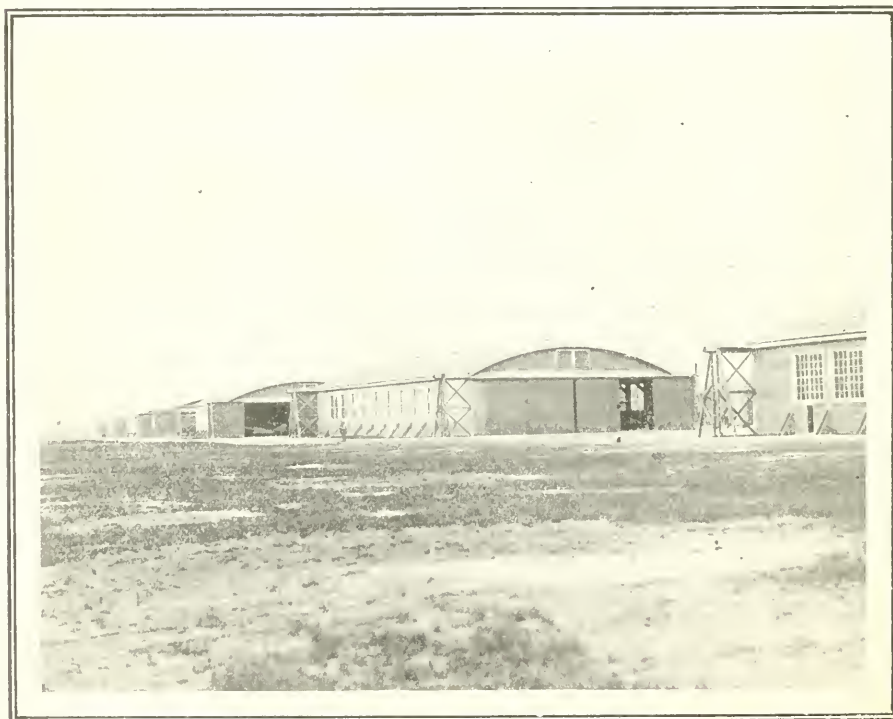
Note the extent of the Aerodrome

increasingly important, the airman still fights singly, and in no other fighting is the individual left to his own resources. The soldier in the trenches is merely part of one great machine. His accountrement, in a sense, is insignificant. How different it is with the airman! One false move, and he not only endangers his own life but as well property worth thousands of dollars. He is, as it were, playing on a sensitive instrument, an instrument strung to a high pitch. For an aeroplane is ribbed and strung and held taunt like a fiddle or harp. It responds to the air like a musical instrument.

The youth, therefore, who is admitted to the Royal Flying Corps should know that the Imperial Government, in the mere act of acceptance, confers on him a high compliment. In Canada the candidate goes

first, for three weeks, to the cadet wing at the University, then to the Fourth School of Military Aeronautics, for four weeks: then, for lower training, to Deseronto, where he will have three to six hours of dual training (training under an instructor), and five hours of solo training (flying alone). The actual time passed at Deseronto is eight to sixteen days. From Deseronto the cadet proceeds to Camp Borden, where for six weeks he will undergo the higher training, which includes artillery observation, bomb-dropping, camera obscura, photography, formation flying, and cross-country flying.

The conditions at Camp Borden appear to be ideal. In the first place there is a great wide aerodrome of grassy ground, treeless and smooth, sloping away into a valley, beyond which rise the distant hills. This



TOP—THE OFFICERS' MESS, CAMP BORDEN BOTTOM—AVIATION SHEDS



CADET QUARTERS, ROYAL FLYING CORPS, CAMP BORDEN

aerodrome is amply spacious for the starting and alighting of a dozen or more ears at one time. It is banked on the camp side by a series of long sheds, which are used for housing the ears and for repairs. Back of the sheds are the mess and quarters of the officers, cadets and men of the Corps. These buildings, although built at great speed and with as much as possible of the material to be obtained on the ground, really mark a splendid advance in accommodation of their kind. They are artistic, spacious, comfortably furnished, airy, well-lighted, and attractive.

There are three grades in the Royal Flying Corps—the officers, the cadets and the men. The training of the cadets takes place under the guidance of experienced officers, and the cadets themselves advance to the rank of pilots, able to direct a ear and at the same time drop a bomb, take a

photograph or fire a gun. The men are the ones who keep things in running order. In other words, they are the grooms, the riggers, and the fitters. Quite an army of men is employed at Camp Borden, for instance, repairing cars, adjusting, starting, and at other incidental work.

It has been shown already that the military aeroplane has greatly changed some of the methods of conducting warfare. Despatches, for instance, used to be sent either by foot or on horseback. Then came the bicycle, and at the beginning of the present war the motor-cycle was used. Now, however, despatches are carried much more safely and quickly by the aeroplane. Observation with former facilities was as nothing compared with what is being done now by the airmen, and as to actual fighting in the air, it began with units and now is being carried on in fleets.

The Aftermath of a Shell

BY BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL



DELVINE MURRAY sat listlessly staring into the heart of the fire, where the logs had fallen together into curious shapes like the ruins of a demolished city—houses and churches consumed and blackened, with a lurid glow here and there as of a smouldering conflagration.

Outside, the keen north wind, sweeping across the fell, caught this northern corner of the house and carried the sound of tempest-tossed waves in its angry sough, emphasizing the warmth and stillness of the Manor "parlour," as it was called, in the good old-fashioned way that suited its age and dignity.

But of all surrounding impressions Delvine was unconscious, for she was "thinking back," recalling the days before the war-cloud appeared on the horizon and blotted out her coming happiness.

First, there was the hour when Clive returned from abroad—Clive Ransome whom she had been taught to think of as a cousin, although no tie of relationship existed between them.

Her stepfather was his uncle and guardian, and she had been only a baby when Clive went to school. His college days and a travelling tutorship that followed, had kept him from home while she was growing up, and so they met on that golden June day, as strangers, "a little less than kin and more than kind!" It took Clive three days to discover that Delvie, the pet and plaything of early boyhood,

was the girl who mattered to him most in the world.

The summer days were a gradual prelude to the moment when fate smote the harp of Life and struck out chords of Love.

To Delvine that moment, when it came, was one of supreme joy and sorrow.

"I have been granted a commission in the 4th Midlanders," Clive said one August evening, when he found her in the rose-walk tying up some gloire-de-Dijons that had strayed from the pergola. "I join to-night—so it's good-bye, little girl. Don't forget me! If it hadn't been for this—but we mustn't think of ourselves now."

She had lifted her eyes to his without the power to answer him, and then he had suddenly caught her up in his arms, stammering, "My own—my sweet—my dearest heart—you know what you are to me, don't you? Kiss me and say you want me to come back to you. Pray God I do, if you care." And in that kiss, lips crushed to lips, and heart to heart, such ecstasy of joy and such agony of parting were compressed that it had become a sacrament to Delvine—the sign and seal of all that life could give or take from her.

Then came the months of suspense, followed by sudden news of his arrival in London, wounded seriously, and recommended in despatches.

Old Mr. Ransome, journeying to town, obtained permission to take Clive home, and brought him back to the Manor.

It was Clive—handsome, haggard, with all the youth gone out of his face, and haunted eyes that seemed to look through present things into some dreadful vision of the past, but it was not the Clive who had held Delvine in his arms, and murmured passionate love-words to her.

He took her hand in silence, when he saw her first, letting it fall listlessly, and afterwards spoke to her seldom and with distant gravity, even seeming irked sometimes by her presence and restless until she was out of sight.

When at last he was pronounced convalescent and fit to take up daily life, he seemed to have lost the taste for it, and would sit for hours, or go for long solitary walks, talking to Mr. Ransome at times of things in general, but scarcely addressing Delvine, and ignoring altogether the subject of the War.

Never once did he relate his experiences to them, and when he was sent for, to receive the D.S.O., it was with the greatest difficulty that they persuaded him to go; nor on his return would he speak one word about it. The order lay in its case on the library table, where he had flung it down as though it was distasteful to him.

It was on the same evening that Delvine, seeing him pass his hand across his forehead in a troubled way and close his eyes, ventured to ask if she could do anything for him, and let her fingers rest for an instant on his shoulder.

He took them gently, but very coldly, and lifted them away, as though her touch annoyed him. Delvine felt the blood tingle in her face with a shamed anger that startled even herself, and went swiftly out of the room and up to her own, where she cried her heart out.

He was lost to her, the Clive of that August evening so long ago; the lover whom she had adored, the hero whom she worshipped. Some terrible blight had come over him out there in that awful land of desolation, and had

chilled his heart towards her forever. She felt as though her warm bare hands had beaten against a wall of ice and failed to break or melt it.

The days were torture to her now; the pain of this second and complete loss growing more insufferable with every week. Her life was so utterly lonely.

Mr. Ransome, feeble in health, and very broken by the change in Clive, whom he had looked on as a son, to comfort his old age, and take care of Delvine, stayed in his own sanctum most of the day. Clive spent his time walking on the moors, or attending, in a desultory impersonal fashion, to the business of the estate.

Often they all lunched apart and, in the evening, after dining together, separated once more. So the winter had gone on until the end of the year loomed in sight.

But there was Christmas to come first, Christmas to which she looked forward as their first together, the time for joyous love-making, or wedded happiness! And to her it could only bring a deeper grief and loneliness. If all had gone well they might have filled the house with friends and had a real merry Christmas. The contrast was too bitter!

"I cannot bear it," Delvine said to herself as a rush of sudden blinding tears hid the fire from her. "I must go away somewhere by myself and learn to live without him—to forget him!"

She looked a desolate, sorrowful figure, sitting there in the gloaming, with the firelight just gilding the coils of her burnished hair and adding lustre to her tear-misted eyes.

A sudden indefinable impulse made her glance round to the large window giving on to the terrace, and, as she did so, she sprang to her feet, shaking and unstrung. For it seemed to her that she had met Clive's eyes gleaming out from his wild pale face pressed against the pane, though the vision was gone as instantaneously as it came.

She ran to the window, and, opening it, stepped on to the terrace, the wind swirling some hail sharply against her cheeks and into her hair.

"Clive," she called softly, "was that you? Did you want me?" And then she strained her ears to catch the slightest sound of retreating footsteps. But there was none. Only the cry of the wind answered her and sent her, quivering and chilled, back into the hall. She passed across the corridor, and ran fleetly down it to the library, opening the door with a hope that was all the more keen because of the apprehension tinging it. The room was empty!

On the table a collection of papers was surmounted by the case containing Clive's medal: there were account books in separate packets, all arranged in orderly sequence, while on the blotting-pad lay an envelope addressed in his writing to her stepfather. Delvine knew at once that her misgivings were realized, and that it was Clive himself who had looked in upon her from outside.

She hastened to Mr. Ransome with the letter and they read it together.

My Dear Uncle:

Thank you with all my heart for your unfailing kindness to me, and I wish I could repay it by being to you the son that, in your goodness, you would like me to be. But this is impossible. I have failed in the great test, and I am not worthy to take the place you offer me. I ought to have told you so immediately on my return, but I was, and am, a coward.

I have no right to the medal—no right to anyone's respect or esteem, because—out there—I ran away! There has been a mistake and I have gained the reward of some other chap's courage. And now I am running away again. Please do not follow me or raise any hue and cry after me. I beg you, as the last kindness I shall ever ask of you, to let me depart in peace; and to think of me as if I am dead, instead of living and dishonoured. I am best alone, to fight my battle by myself, even if I fail again, as I did when I was fighting it for my country. I am leaving you before Christmas because I want you to be peaceful and happy together on that day, untroubled by thoughts of my unworthy self. And I want you to begin the New Year without me, and to put the

memory of this one out of your minds.

Forgive me—both of you, you and Delvine—and forget me.

Yours with unchanged affection,

Clive.

They were silent for a moment after reading, looking into each other's faces with blank dismay.

Then Delvine said huskily, "What does it mean, dad? It can't be true—what he says!"

"It explains everything, though," answered Mr. Ransome slowly. "I have never been able to make him out since he came back. This would account for it."

"I will not believe it," she broke out with sudden passion. "He couldn't have run away—Clive couldn't—I don't care what he says. Shall you let him go. Dad?"

"My dear, what can I do? He asks it as a kindness. He says he is better by himself. I can't force him to live here, poor lad, and if he feels like this, it must have been misery to him."

"But what will happen to him? Has he any money—or will he starve?"

"He has a little money of his own, enough to keep him alive. Perhaps he means to enlist again and whitewash himself. We have no right to stand in his way if that is so."

Delvine thought again deeply. "I don't feel as if he means that," she said. "I feel—as if—he was going away to die!"

"Why do you say that, Delvie?"

"He looked like it."

"When? He looked much as usual to me at lunch time."

She made no reply. The picture of that fixed and despairing face at the window, with the burning eyes that seemed to leap to her own and hold them, had branded itself on her brain; yet she could not bring herself to speak of it. It represented Clive's last farewell to the dream of happiness that they had shared. It was at once a sacrifice and an expiation and, even in her grief, she felt that some of the bitterness was gone; because she knew

now that Clive had not ceased to care but had forced himself to give her up, on account of his own unworthiness.

All through the sad and silent evening meal she was thinking this out, and during the sleepless hours of the night, Clive seemed to be nearer to her than he had been for months.

In the morning she looked out of her window half expecting to see him trudging up the hillside or wandering moodily in the garden, and found to her surprise that there was nothing but a white expanse of snow which was still falling thickly, while the stream which bordered the lawn was a sheet of ice.

Mr. Ransome kept to his bed that day, and Delvine spent the lonely hours in doing the work that Clive had usually done, wondering all the while where he was, and if he had reached a railway station or some place of shelter before the storm came on.

Steadily, unceasingly, the snow fell, for two days and nights, the roads round the Manor became almost impassable, and the hills clothed in spotless white.

There was a red sunset on the second evening, and Delvine, gazing at the crimson bars across the sky, was suddenly aware of some small dark object that moved on the topmost peak of the Fell. It disappeared as she looked, and she doubted her own vision at first, but the impression left was so distinct that it began to prey upon her mind.

“Who could have climbed to such a height in weather so implacable? What motive could anyone in those parts have for being on the hills at all? These questions became insistent during the night, and in the gray dawn of Christmas Eve they answered themselves.

Who but Clive—Clive wandering away from all he cared for on earth, an outcast and a self-condemned coward!

Delvine made up her mind that, come what might, she would get to that peak of the Fell, and see if any

trace remained of the man who had stood outlined against the glowing sky and had disappeared so quickly. She filled a flask of brandy and put it in her coat pocket, took a stout stick with a spiked point, such as they used for climbing as children, and started off alone, taking the winding road that led at the back of the nearest rising ground, in a gradual ascent, to the ridge of the peak itself.

Three hours' strenuous uphill walk brought her to the base of the cliff where the snow, which had impeded her terribly in her climb, threatened to bar her progress altogether.

It lay in heavy drifts made almost solid by the frost, and her skirt and stockings, already soaked through, elung to her limbs and hobbled her as she struggled on, breathless, spent, almost despairing. Thrice she had to rest, her limbs giving away under her and refusing to carry her on, and the second time a drowsiness that was nearly overpowering threatened to envelop her and chain her to the snowy bank on which she had sunk down.

With a tremendous effort she banished the deadly lassitude and, doggedly pressing onward and upward, reached the place from which she could see the whole valley and the Manor nestling amid its trees in the hollow.

It must have been here that she had seen the figure—she felt convinced of that; but no sign of footsteps except her own dimmed the white carpet around her.

A wave of dizziness swept over her—she staggered blindly a yard or two, physical and mental exhaustion depriving her of all will-power, and fell forward, headlong.

For a moment she lay stunned; then the penetrating cold of the snow against her face brought her senses back and she tried to raise herself.

Her hands, pressed downwards, met something yielding—something, she realized with a quick flash of horror, that was not hard rock or ground, but human.

Frantically, kneeling in the snow, she swept it away on either side of her and disclosed a man, lying as if asleep, with his head pillowed on one arm, the sleeve protecting his face from the pressure of the snow which had covered him like a mantle.

"Clive!" His name rang out through the stillness, a cry of agony wrung from her as she stooped and laid her face to his, the marble cold of it striking the chill of death to her inmost heart.

Purple shadows were round his hollow eyes and pallid lips, and the expression of his face was that of grief and fasting and illimitable sorrow.

She lifted his head from its resting-place of snow, and, opening the flask, tried to pour some brandy through the stiff fixed mouth. But it trickled away as from the lips of a dead man, and no flicker of life showed in the eyelids nor in the immovable livid features.

Still she would not abandon hope, only she knew that if life was to be restored, it must be with every aid of skill, and that she was powerless alone and on this frozen hill-top.

She took off her coat and wrapped it round his head and shoulders, then ran to the edge and scanned the descent to the valley, in the fugitive hope that some human being might be abroad and able to answer her signal for assistance.

Nothing but the unbroken whiteness met her gaze, except where blue smoke curled upwards from some chimney, or sheep and cattle in their pens, huddled together for warmth.

Then, with a leap of her pulses, she descried a figure that moved along the road from the village to the Manor; and, waving to it frantically, she prayed, "Oh, God! Make him see—make him look up. God help me now to save my Clive!"

The figure halted, moved on again, halted once more, and struck off the road to the hill-side, leaping upwards so quickly that she wondered at his agility. Once he stopped, looked to

see if she was still there, and, waving again, scrambled on, waist-deep sometimes in snow, but coming nearer with a rapidity that seemed amazing.

She went back to Clive and tried again to get some brandy between his lips, laying her own warm face to his and winding her arms round him in the vain endeavour to infuse some of her own vitality into his lifeless form.

Then back to the edge of the steep once more, and now the climber was near enough to be plainly discernible.

Her heart stood still for one awful instant, as she recognized the uniform, and knew that this khaki-clad man was in the Midlanders—Clive's regiment.

What if the mistake about the D.S.O. had been discovered, and this orderly had been sent to Clive to tell him that he must give it back and acknowledge his cowardice to the world?

Did such things ever happen? she wondered, and had cruel destiny, untiring in its persecution of her, made her the instrument of delivering up Clive—or at least Clive's memory—to the scorn of everyone?

She tried to call out to the soldier, to ask him who he was and why he had come to those parts, but her voice had gone, and no sound would come except in a husky whisper that he could not hear.

She went back to Clive and knelt beside him, too anguished even to pray, waiting for what might come, her mind confused and almost benumbed.

The next thing she was conscious of was the soldier's approach, and a cry of amazement that was both joyful and alarmed as he caught sight of the recumbent form, and the face resting in deadly stillness on Delvine's arm.

"Why! It's Lieutenant Ransome!" he said. "My God! What's come to him? Don't tell me he's dead, Miss—when I've come so far to seek him."

Delvine, with shaking hands, held out the flask of brandy, and signed to him to help her.

"Give him to me," said the man, throwing himself on his knees. "I

saved a man who was drowned once—I know what to do.”

He spread the cloak out on the hard snow and laid Clive gently down flat, then, extending himself at full length on the top of him, began the process of artificial respiration.

He was a strong young man, with a scar on his forehead and down one cheek, that told of a ghastly wound not very long healed. He worked untiringly as though the strength and will of ten men were within him, and when at last a faint sobbing breath answered his own from the lips beneath him, his eyes flashed such a message of rapture that Delvine burst into silent tears, and, turning away, did not look again for a moment or two.

When she did, she heard a long deep sigh tremble through Clive's parted lips, and saw his eyes slowly open and stare upwards.

“The flask, Miss—quick!” gasped the soldier. “Hold it to his mouth, but only let a drop come at a time—moisten his lips with it; that's best!”

Five minutes more and Clive stirred, and, putting his hand to his head, raised himself on one arm, and looked at the Midlander, who lay, exhausted now, by his side.

“Why, Dorley,” he said, in a hoarse whisper.

“Yes, sir—Dorley as you saved out of that hell-fire at Wypers—come to thank you, sir, as soon as I got across this side.”

Clive closed his eyes, the deathly look returning to his face. Delvine flung herself on her knees beside him, holding the flask again to his lips.

“Clive,” she said, “he has saved your life—Dorley has—oh, don't let it slip again—Dorley says you saved him.”

Clive tried to turn from her. “I ran away,” he muttered.

“Ran away!” said Dorley. “I should think you did! Ran away with me over your shoulder and the blood streaming down both our faces and

the shots sputtering around us like hail. Ran till you dropped, which was just inside our own lines, and they dragged us into the trenches! Why, that's what they gave you the D.S.O. for, sir.”

Clive lifted himself again, a great light of illumination struggling with disbelief in his face.

“It wasn't me, Dorley,” he stammered: “there was a mistake, and I got another fellow's reward. I was a coward.”

Dorley leapt to his feet. “If you say the word again, sir, I'll shoot myself. Do you think I could mistake the man who picked me up when I was down, and carried me right across that murderous blaze? I was coming to thank you, sir, never had the chance before—and if I'd found you dead and gone I'd have broken my heart over it. It's that damned shell that took you out of your right head, like many others.”

The incredulity in Clive's face slowly dispersed, and his eyes turned to Delvine.

“My little girl!” he said.

Then Dorley put his arms around him.

“I'll hoist you over my shoulder, same as you did to me, and carry you down!” he said.

But Clive protested. “Help me up!” he said, and strove to stand upon his feet, which, however, refused to support him.

“We must get him out of this and warmed and fed,” said Dorley. “Here, Miss, help me with him.”

They managed together to get him slung over Dorley's shoulder, and began the toilsome descent. Half-way down, two horsemen spied them and came to their assistance, and in another hour Clive was safely at the Manor, lying on a couch before the parlour fire, in warm clothing, with steaming soup and wine before him, while Delvine, utterly spent, yet supremely happy, sat beside him, with the old lovelight in her eyes.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE NEW ERA IN CANADA

Edited by J. O. Miller. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.



WHILE Canadian armies are fighting in Europe for liberty and for defence, Canadian thinkers at home are turning their minds more seriously to the welfare of the country all now realize more than ever is worth preserving. Among new publications embodying thought of this kind, "The New Era in Canada", edited by J. O. Miller, Principal of Ridley College, St. Catharines, takes high place. Dr. Miller has here a symposium to which some of the most thoughtful Canadians have contributed. The war and its effect on the future of Canada plays an important part in these essays, and while somewhat varying views are expressed, the whole effect is to induce discussion and to encourage leadership in a country whose politics and social conditions are more than ever in the crucible.

It is impossible to set down in a brief review even a tenth of the interesting suggestions and contentions contained in this volume, but a few will indicate their trend. Stephen Leacock, who writes in unusual degree serious thought and the capacity for humour, says in his essay, "Democracy and Social Progress", that democracy must put down autocracy. He adds:

We must manage to create as the first requisite of our commonwealth a different kind of spirit from that which has hitherto controlled us. We must bring into be-

ing somehow that last and greatest of national assets, honest public opinion. That is what we need. That is what we have never had. . . . We have gone astray in the wilderness on the false estimate that we have placed upon wealth and mere pecuniary success. We have tolerated with a smile the bribery of voters, the corrupting of constituencies, the swollen profits of favoured contractors, the fortunes made in and from political life, the honours heaped upon men with no other recommendation to their credit than their bank accounts. Our whole conception of individual merit and of national progress has been expressed in dollars and cents.

Sir Clifford Sifton, writing on "The Foundations of the New Era", discusses frankly certain features of national life. He favours residence of five years and a working knowledge of the English language before granting the franchise to aliens, with a permanent bar to citizenship against Germans, Austrians, Turks and Bulgarians. He advocates proportional representation, civil service reform, and strict laws to secure purity in elections. He also urges Senate reform by fixing the age limit at seventy-five, and by adding as Senators, Lieutenant-Governors, Dominion Cabinet Ministers and Provincial Premiers on retirement, also representatives of state universities. Sir Clifford would make the amendment of the Constitution easier, and, closing, demands that parties get out of the ruts of the last forty years and initiate constructive legislation.

Professor George M. Wrong takes a hopeful view of the bi-lingual question. Miss Marjory MacMurehy wants women trained in home-making and the rearing of children, their greatest

employments. A. J. Glazebrook takes the centralization view of Canada's future relations to the Empire, while J. W. Daffoe favours an alliance of the units largely on present lines. Sir John Willison, Mrs. H. P. Plumptre, Peter McArthur, Archbishop McNeil, Dr. Herbert Symonds, Sir Edmund Walker, Frank D. Adams and Dr. J. O. Miller also contribute.

*

CANADA THE SPELLBINDER

By LILIAN WHITING. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

AFTER reading this book one has to confess that the author has proved the fitness of the title. But Canada long has been a spellbinder. In early days, long before it began to develop with the touch of civilization, this great mysterious land attracted daring and enterprising men, cast a spell over them, a spell which, indeed, is felt to-day by men and women all over the world. Miss Whiting begins her book with an account of the exploits and adventures of some of the early explorers and gives a rapid survey of the early history of Canada. The first chapter is entitled "The Creative Forces of Canada", and in it the author offers a high tribute to educational opportunities in Canada. "While as a nation she is not yet half a century old," Miss Whiting observes, "her educational privileges are recognized as among the best in the world. Not a single Province is without its fully-equipped educational system. Free public schools, high schools, colleges and universities abound. There are already twenty-one universities in Canada. The standard of instruction is very high; the schools of applied science, law, medicine and technical instruction are among the best in the world." Then there are illuminating, finely descriptive and graphic chapters on "Quebec and the Picturesque Maritime Region", "Montreal and Ot-

tawa", "Toronto the Beautiful", "The Canadian Summer Resorts", "Cobalt and the Silver Mines", "Winnipeg and Edmonton", "On the Grand Trunk Pacific", "Prince Rupert and Alaska", "Prince Rupert to Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, and the Golden Gate", "Canada in the Panama, Pacific Exposition", "Canadian Poets and Poetry", and "The Call of the Canadian West". Of itself alone the chapter on Canadian poets and poetry will be a revelation to many who have regarded Canada as a country noted for its great natural resources.

*

THE BELGIAN MOTHER

By T. A. BROWNE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE cynic might say that not the least of war's disasters is the increase in the output of minor poetry. While some of the great hearts are made mute by the clamour that is in the world, the little hearts with coarser strings vibrate multitudinously. In newspaper, magazine and book, on broadsheet, dodger and post card is the song of the minor poet.

Mr. Browne is a minor poet. If one is a cynic, few words will dismiss him; one may say he is a Canadian minor poet. If one is disposed to a liking for minor poets and their little songs, Mr. Browne may be tendered a hearing and a criticism. Some of his offerings are, to be sure, in the language of the summer girl, "too terrible for words". This piece is one of them:

Citizens, your kind attention:
I desire here to mention
We are sending thirty thousand of our
bravest to the war.
And they leave those to them nearest,
All they love, all they hold dearest—
Mothers, wives, and little children who
must be provided for.

At another place where he talks to the aviators about "the free, unrutted tracts of air" he has the poet's au-

thentic inspiration. "The Bells of Belgium" is a readable pleasant bit with music in it.

But the lack of artistic discrimination which allowed Mr. Browne to insert his photograph as frontispiece to his volume is displayed throughout the letterpress he offers to the public. Why do Canadian poets publish their pictures in the front of their books and a hodge-podge of piffle and real splendiddness throughout their books? This is a great weakness of Canadian minor poetry. It has fine emotion and awkward expression. It has well-turned expression and banality of feeling. It is a kaleidoscope of beauty and frightfulness. It manifests on all its pages the lack of the schooling of artistic restraint and the vivid splendour, in flashes, of keen emotion. As Canadians, we want the impress of the cultivated mind upon the glowing flow of our feelings.

Mr. Browne has a certain power to freely manipulate words. But his work seems strangely like an echo from the classics of our tongue. He has little originality of thought. He lacks in most of his verses the poet's power to phrase words with potency. He should wait ten years and then publish these poems. One of them might then stand in our literature. In this volume Mr. Browne has made no contribution.

*

HAMLET, AN IDEAL PRINCE

BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER W. CRAWFORD. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THE title of this book is a challenge. Any dogmatic statement about Hamlet is a challenge. Professor Crawford sets out in the early sentences of his preface to be specific and to take all the risks of being original. The result is pleasant and suggestive writing. He discusses the two famous Hamlet theories, the Goethe-Coleridge theory which suggests that

Hamlet is the victim of a damning procrastination, and the Klein-Werder theory which sees Hamlet with such external difficulties on his hands in fulfilling the whole will of the ghost that he is checked and diverted almost to the verge of failure. Professor Crawford dismisses both of these theories and along with them certain other possibilities of the play. He claims for Hamlet such carefully studied and such high ideals and such patience in accomplishment that he is Shakespeare's ideal prince of the nation. Hamlet's care is to keep the country free of revolution and war. According to Professor Crawford he does it with unfailing skill and sedulous ability. He is not mad nor is he a procrastinator. He is the Ideal Prince. Professor Crawford writes so clearly that his ideas are easily garnered by the reader.

The other Shakespearean studies in the book are in similar style.

*

CHANGING WINDS

BY ST. JOHN G. ERVINE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a story of Ireland, especially Dublin, during the present war. It reveals the inner life motives and characters of several young men—as instances, a writer, an artist, and a lawyer—all of whom are gradually, even if, as in one instance, against their wishes, drawn into the great conflict. Its tendency is to show the futility of placing much confidence or hope in the prospects and ambitions of individuals, and is, indeed, a fine illustration of the folly of every man permitting himself to feel, as Kant discovered every man feels, that he is the centre of the universe. While it is a novel of war time, it is not about the war. It begins in Ulster, goes quickly to Devonshire; then from Devonshire to Dublin, from Dublin to London, and back again to Dublin.

It gives an account of the latest Irish rebellion, and in all is the longest and most ambitious novel that the author of "Mrs. Martin's Man" has yet given us. Summing it up, one would say that its philosophy is that old men make war, but young men pay the price. While it is an interesting book, it would be more pleasant if the dialogue were not so free, not so redolent of unsavoury remarks.

*

PRIVATE GASPARD

BY RENE BENJAMIN. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

ANYONE who fancies that he has grasped the real spirit or atmosphere of war should read this living palpitating book, a book that received the prize of the Académie Goncourt at Paris and sold in hundreds of thousands in France. The author accepts his work with a fine sense of its significance. He takes as his hero Gaspard, a typical French tradesman, and goes with him through all his experiences of enlisting, marching, fighting. He describes his first engagements, his being wounded, his return to the front, his loss of a leg, and throughout it all his unfailing bravery and gaiety. Gaspard epitomizes France. In revealing his character the author reveals the character of England's great ally.

*

LOUISBURG SQUARE

BY ROBERT CUTLER. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE scene of this novel, the name of which is its title, is located on the slope of Beacon Hill, and is today one of the quaintest spots in old-time Boston. The author is a Bostonian, and the persons he describes and introduces in his novel are mostly of the refined, educated, highly-developed class that has made Boston famous. Rosalind Copley, the heroine of the tale, is one of these, a fascinating

heroine, just sufficiently different from the dashing creatures of present-day fiction to make her all the more alluring.

*

JERRY OF THE ISLANDS

BY JACK LONDON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IF this story can be accepted as the last of the late Jack London, one might observe that the author began his spectacular literary career with "The Call of the Wild", a story of a dog in northern, icebound regions, and ended it with this story of a dog in southern seas. Like the first, "Jerry" is an appealing tale, and the dog himself, an Irish terrier, by the way, is a splendid specimen, a real dog, whose adventures and outlook on life form a series of absorbing chapters. The book is colouredful and appealing, and should find a place, with Rab and the gray dog of Kenmuir, among the best fiction of this kind.

*

CANADA IN WAR-PAINT

BY CAPTAIN RALPH W. BELL. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

HANDICAPPED as it is at the beginning by an unworthy title, this book nevertheless deserves to be read for its racy, optimistic humour and the peep it gives into the experiences of a Canadian contingent on its way to the front. Chapters such as "Canvas and Mud", "Tent Music", "Rattlesnake Pete", "Mules", "Sick Parade", "Batmen", "Rations", and "Our Scout Officer" are all complete in themselves, full of fun, excellent characterization and tent philosophy, while in "Martha of Dranvoorde", which first appeared in *The Canadian Magazine*, and "Minnie and Family" are short stories of real merit. Taken as a whole, this book, from the Canadian standpoint, is one of the brightest yet published on the war.

GERMANY—THE NEXT RE-PUBLIC

BY CARL W. ACKERMAN. Toronto:
The Copp. Clark Company.

THIS book contains an abundance of intimate and intensely interesting and illuminating information which the author, the accredited representative of the United Press in Germany, was unable to divulge until he got safely out of Germany and on American soil. At the beginning of the book he charges the German Government with prearranging for the war, or at least with having a knowledge of the countries with which she was about to be at war, for he avows that with his own eyes he saw in the chief telegraph office in Berlin the following announcement from the Director of Post and Telegraph:

Office of Imperial Post and Telegraph,
August 2nd, 1914.

Announcement No. 3.

To the Chief Telegraph Office:

From to-day on the post and telegraph communications between Germany on the one hand, and England, France, Russia, Japan, Belgium, Italy, Montenegro, Serbia, Portugal on the other hand, are interrupted because Germany finds herself in a state of war.

This notice, which never was published, shows that the man who directed the Post and Telegraph Service of the Imperial Government knew on the 2nd of August, 1914, who Germany's enemies would be. Of the twelve enemies of Germany to-day only the United States, Roumania and Greece were not included. But at the time the notice was posted Italy, Japan, Belgium and Portugal had not declared war.

The author confesses that before he went to Germany he was in sympathy

with the Germans. What he saw, however, soon changed his opinions. He deals largely with the negotiations between the United States and Germany, and illustrates how the German Foreign Office struggled against Admiral von Tirpitz, head of the navy, in his submarine warfare. President Wilson's hesitancy, he points out, was due to the fact that he knew that the German Chancellor and the Foreign Office did not wish to carry on the ruthless submarine warfare proposed and at length carried on by von Tirpitz. The sinking of the *Lusitania* was a deliberate act, perpetrated for the very purpose of shocking the world, and it was the Foreign Office that attempted to moderate its effect by warning Americans. Von Bethman-Hollweg stood between the ultra-aggressive element in Germany and public opinion abroad, and President Wilson knew that the Chancellor was doing his utmost to keep the United States out of the war. Mr. Ackerman says that the Kaiser now is gambling with his people's nerves, and he attempts to stimulate them with reports of fresh victories. There have been so many suicides that the newspapers have been forbidden to record them, and domestic conditions in Germany are described as being desperate. As to Germany herself, the author says that no American who admired or respected her at the beginning of the war can support her any longer. For "the Germany that produced Bach, Beethoven, Schiller, Goethe and other great musicians and poets has disappeared. The musicians of to-day write hate songs. The poets of to-day pen hate verses. The scientists of to-day plan diabolical instruments of death".



From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

MOTORING IN NEW BRUNSWICK

In many sections of the Maritime Provinces the roads are excellent for motoring, and the scenery always is alluring. This picture presents a view near St. Andrews, New Brunswick. The glimpse of blue water and distant hills is characteristic of much of the scenery in that part of the Province.



THE

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XLIX

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No. 5

Our National Crisis

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH



ALMOST immediately on his return from the recent conference at London Sir Robert Borden announced that the Dominion Government forthwith would enact some form of legislation to compel eligible men to enlist for military service abroad. Already he had promised five hundred thousand men, a promise that had elicited from the Leader of the Opposition, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the question, "Does this mean conscription?" The answer had been that it did not. Sir Sam Hughes, who at that time was Minister of Militia, had said that more men than were required were offering, and in his letter to the Prime Minister at the time of his resignation he had informed the public that he had been instructed to check recruiting. In this, then, we had a national paradox, a paradox that has become a national crisis. For when the Prime Minister announced that we were on the eve of conscription, public opinion was enlivened

and expressions of it were given freely on all hands. Ontario was pitted against Quebec, and Quebec against Ontario. Although Sir Wilfrid Laurier remained silent until in the proper course of events he could discuss the proposition on the second reading of the bill in the House, all eyes were turned towards him. Rumours came from one source or another that he as Leader of the Opposition would oppose conscription; and then it was reported that he would favour a referendum to the people. Both rumours were near the truth, but it has not been shown that Sir Wilfrid actually has opposed conscription. For Sir Wilfrid has held that whether the principle of compulsory service is right or wrong, it should not be put into practice in a democratic country like Canada without a mandate from the people. Then, again, he has expressed doubt as to the necessary failure of the system of voluntary enlistment.

While the public were speculating on the stand that Sir Wilfrid Laurier



MR. JOHN F. MACKAY

Business Manager of *The Globe*, Toronto, one of the leaders of the
Conscriptionist Liberals in Ontario

would take, a group of Liberals in Toronto undertook either to force him to change what they presumed would be his position or step down from the leadership of the Liberal party. This group was directed by Mr. J. E. Atkinson, of *The Toronto Star*; Mr. J. F. Mackay, business manager of *The Globe*, and Mr. W. E. Rundle, a financier. If these gentlemen did not direct it, they at least took an active part in the organization of a rally in Massey Hall in favour of conscription and of a coalition government to carry it into force. *The Globe* already had sided with the conscriptionists and against the leader of its own party, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It was on this question at least in league with *The Star*, and with these two journals stood a gentleman whom

both had supported in temperance and moral reform crusades—Mr. N. W. Rowell, leader of the Liberal party in the Province of Ontario.

But what of *The Globe*? The former president of The Globe Printing Company, Senator Robert Jaffray, an old and close friend of Sir Wilfrid's, had passed away, and in his place had come a young and conscientious gentleman, Mr. W. G. Jaffray, his son. Dr. J. A. Macdonald, who had been wrongfully blamed for his activity in connection with the negotiations for reciprocal trading between Canada and the United States, had resigned the active editorship to become a contributing editor, in the same manner as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is a contributing editor of *The Outlook*. He was suc-



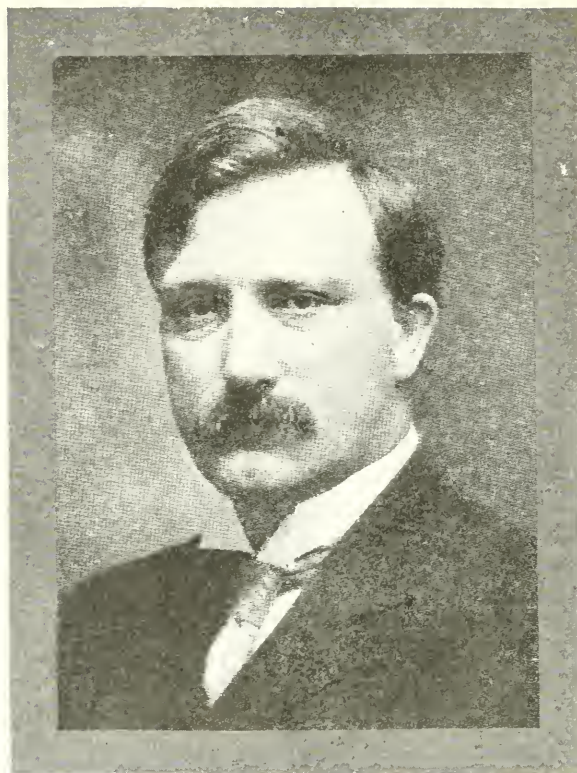
MR. JOSEPH E. ATKINSON

President of the Star Printing and Publishing Company, one of the
leaders of the Conseriptionist Liberals in Ontario

ceeded by Mr. Stewart Lyon, a veteran journalist, who before the present crisis could be anticipated, went to Flanders as war correspondent of the Canadian Press, Limited. *The Globe*, therefore, at the beginning of this critical period had no authorized or acknowledged editor, but recently the news editor, Mr. William Banks, was appointed acting managing editor. One may doubt whether there was unanimity of opinion at the editorial councils. At any rate, *The Globe* broke away from the leader of the party whose chief champion it has claimed to be and fell in with the advocates of conscription. It contended that the principle of conscription is democratic, but it broke away from its Liberal tradition by opposing the Liberal leader's suggestion of

a referendum to the people. It differed from Sir Robert Borden by going farther than he dared go—by calling for conscription of wealth as well as of men.

The Globe and *The Star*, the two Liberal newspapers of Toronto, were, then, hand-in-hand against the leader of their party on the question of conscription. How stood the party press elsewhere, particularly in the Province of Ontario? *The Winnipeg Free Press*, which sometimes, it is supposed, publishes the opinions of Sir Clifford Sifton, was against Laurier, and with *The Star* it was strong for coalition. The Liberal press of Ontario was marking time, and then the active members in Toronto and at one or two points elsewhere, such as Brantford, called a meeting in Toronto and



MR. JOHN WESLEY DAFOE

Editor of *The Winnipeg Free Press*, a fervent advocate of Conscription and a Coalition Government

passed a resolution not to support any candidate who should be opposed to conscription. The meeting, fairly considered, was private, but it is worth recording that the editor of *The Canadian Liberal Monthly*, which is published under the direction of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, applied for admittance, and was refused on the assumption that his publication is not a newspaper. Some editors who agreed to support only conscriptionist candidates are taking advantage now of the condition that conscription was to be enforced by a "national" government. If there should be no coalition or so-called national government, these editors are free to support any candidates they prefer.

While these events were taking place, agencies elsewhere were at

work. The *Bonne Entente* movement had spent its force. If it had been a sincere movement to bring about more cordial feeling between the people of Ontario and the people of Quebec, it need not have been abandoned the moment conscription was announced. But if it was a movement to induce enlistment in Quebec, then conscription removed its purpose. Mr. J. M. Godfrey and others who were associated with him in this enterprise soon came up on another tack—the win-the-war campaign. They held a convention in Toronto, and were fortunate in obtaining the support of the Prime Minister of the Province, Sir William Hearst, and the leader of the Liberal party in Ontario, Mr. N. W. Rowell. Both these gentlemen spoke at the big evening rally, and

both warmly endorsed conscription and other win-the-war measures to be enforced by a new national or coalition government. During the several meetings many resolutions were passed, but just what will come from them or what else will be done remains to be seen. We know one thing, that Sir William Hearst, after speaking fervently at the evening meeting in favour of conscription came out next day with an urgent appeal for ten thousand men to help garner the harvest in Ontario. It is not unfair to observe, however, that Mr. Godfrey, who had been at the head of the *Bonne Entente*, spoke most scathingly of Quebec, in terms, indeed, that must have come hard from one who has *bonne entente* at heart. Then came the convention of Western Liberals at Winnipeg. It cannot be denied that the fate of Sir Wilfrid Laurier seemed to be hanging in the balance. The danger, however, was not so great as it appeared to be, for the convention by an overwhelming majority stood for the continued leadership of the "greatest Canadian".

Meantime the country has not known how it stands. The bill to enforce conscription passed the Commons and the Senate, and went back to the Commons with a slight amendment, after which, to become law, it required only its final passage in the Commons and the approval of the Governor-General. At this juncture Archbishop Bruchesi was constrained to remark at Montreal, "We have reached an exceedingly grave crisis. Divisions between Provinces and between nationalities have been accentuated. We are nearing racial and religious war." Nevertheless the Commons finally passed the bill, and at the time of this writing it required, to become law, only the approval of the Governor-General.

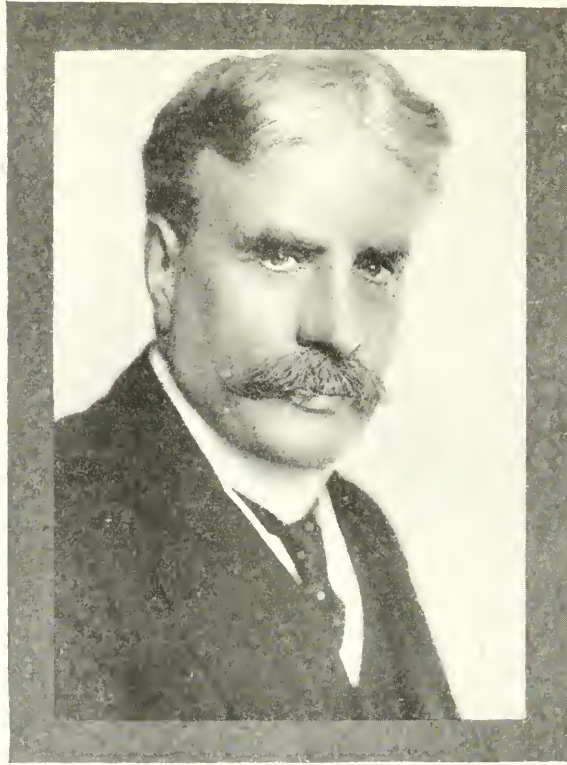
Whether it is the intention of the Government to enforce conscription, it is of passing interest that the Minister of Militia, on August 12th at Camp Borden, said: "We are going



MR. WILLIAM BANKS

Acting Managing Editor of *The Globe*, Toronto

to put the conscription bill into force right away." This announcement came on the heels of a conference held by the Governor-General at Rideau Hall. To this conference were called Sir Robert Borden, Sir George Foster, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Baron Shaughnessy, Sir Clifford Sifton, Sir Lomer Gouin, Bishop Mathieu, and the Honourable George P. Graham. The result is, of course, not known to the public. The presence of Sir Clifford Sifton caused some comment. There is not much doubt that he, as one of the keen advocates of a coalition government, was invited on the advice of the Prime Minister. On the face, it looks as if Sir Robert Borden, unsuccessful in his first attempts at forming a coalition and threatened with great difficulty in any attempt that might be made to enforce con-

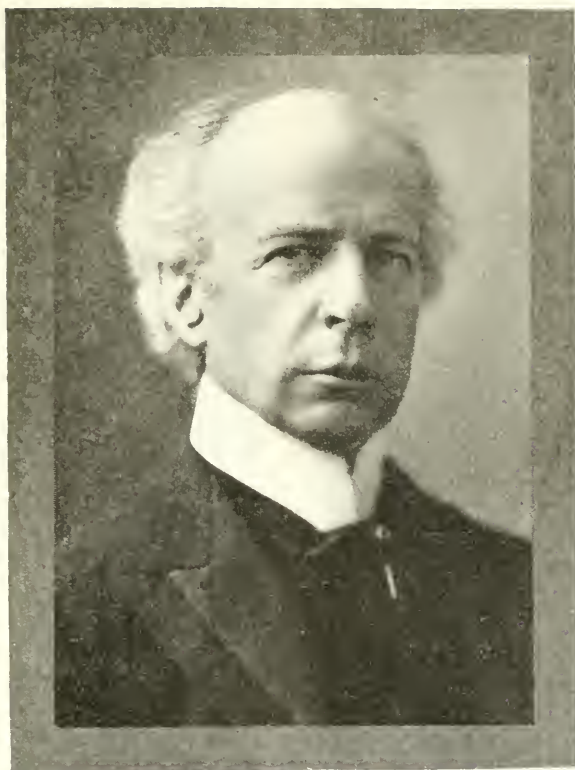


SIR ROBERT BORDEN, PRIME MINISTER

scription, was taking a last chance at some reorganization of the Government. It is significant, moreover, that while the enforcement of conscription, which would require a great organization, has been partially anticipated, preparations also have been made for a general election. For one thing, ballot-boxes have been ordered, and it is interesting to record that the material to be used in their construction will cost just about three times as much as it would cost in normal times.

Will it be conscription, a general election or coalition? If it is to be coalition, great interest will attend the announcement of the personnel of the Government, which would be the first of its kind since Confederation. If it is to be conscription the country will wait almost with bated breath to see how it will affect

Quebec. If it is to be a general election, the people, knowing the Government's policy and its record, will wait eagerly for a full pronouncement from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is reasonable to suppose that Sir Wilfrid could not take the public wholly into his confidence until after Parliament dissolves. He has been criticized for not taking it into his confidence now. After he spoke in the House on the second reading of the military service bill, many persons, among them some of his own followers, read into his remarks an antagonistic attitude towards conscription. It has been shown since that he has never spoken against conscription, but against enforcing it without the consent of the people. Apparently he would like to see the scheme of voluntary enlistment given a proper trial in Canada, and, failing in that, to let

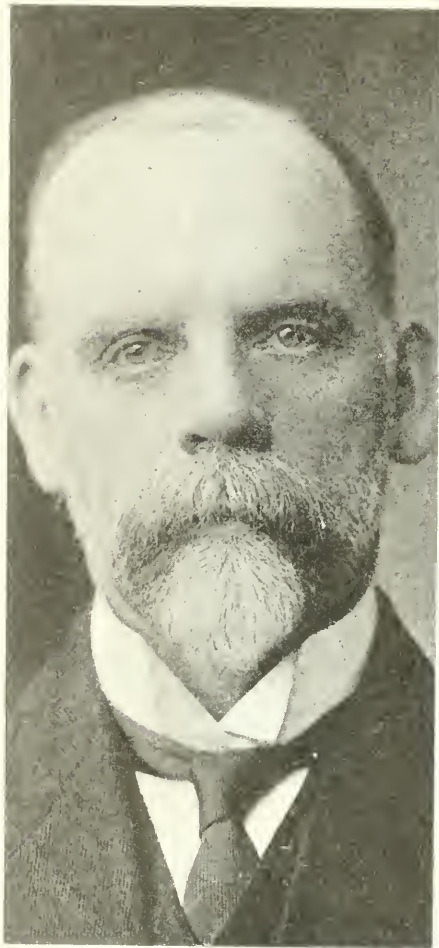


SIR WILFRID LAURIER, LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION

the people say whether or not they shall be conscripted. That, to his mind, is a democratic policy. On the other hand, the Prime Minister says that conscription is democratic in principle. As to that, Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, speaking in the House, said that it was a question that should not be left to be decided by the people, but that Parliament should give the people a "lead". He expressed the opinion of a great mass of the people, perhaps a great majority of them, that if conscription were referred to the people they would vote against it. There is also the question of the franchise. Should all "enemy" foreigners be disfranchised? Should it be "all" foreigners?

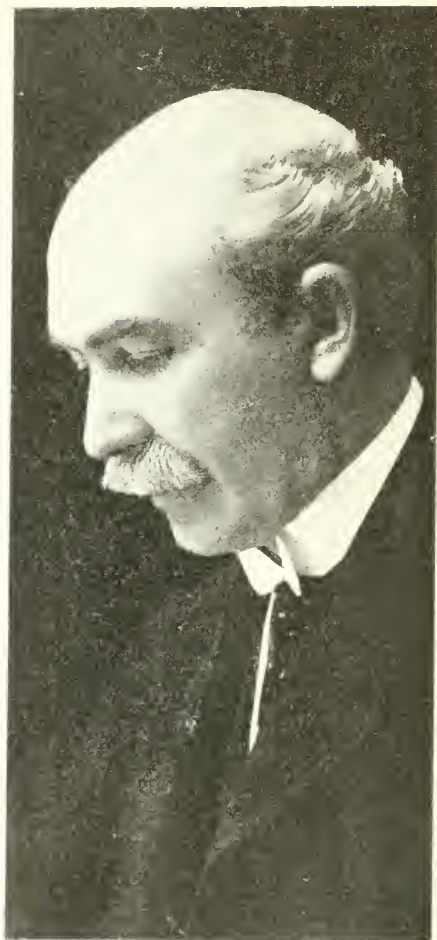
If a general election should come shortly, the two great parties will divide mostly on the simple question

of how men should be procured in order to maintain Canada's place on the battle line. But it will not seem to be as simple as that. It will involve race and religious prejudices, and it is quite possible that these ever-present grievances will be aggravated and inflamed. The Conservatives will charge the Liberals with disloyalty and their leader with a desire to have Canada withdraw from the war. The Liberals will charge the Conservatives with undemocratic practices, with profiteering, with misconduct and neglect of national affairs. The word "loyalty" will be abused and traduced. But the plain voter, whoever he may be, should go to the poll, not to cast a ballot for or against conscription, for he should know that each party is determined and committed to maintain Canada's honour at the Front, but to cast it



DR. MICHAEL CLARK, M.P.

Who started on a campaign against his former leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier



THE HONOURABLE ROBERT ROGERS

Who resigned from the Borden Ministry immediately following the passage of the Military Service Bill

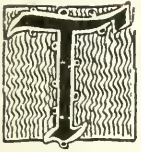
for the party which he thinks will better administer national affairs and will not only maintain Canada's honour at the Front, but will maintain as well her honour and her security at home. He should bear in mind also that according to recent information from the Department of Militia the effective strength of all the Canadian forces was 256,993 on June 30th, 1917; that if there are at the Front, as we believe, four divisions of about 20,000 men each, the number in reserve is,

then, about 176,000; that it is understood the Government's intention is to maintain four divisions as the maximum strength at the Front; that the total shrinkage from all causes during the three years of the war was placed in the same report at 167,463; that, therefore, at the same rate of shrinkage (55,800 a year) the present reserve would last more than two years, making allowance for the very large number of men who are not fighters.

The Sinn Féin Peril

THE RAPID GROWTH OF THE MOVEMENT IN IRELAND, ITS CAUSES AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

BY A. R. RANDALL JONES



THE Irish Convention, consisting of Irishmen summoned to devise a system of government for "John Bull's Other Island", is meeting in Dublin. Paradoxically enough—or, perhaps, in regard to a land so prone to paradox, one should say fittingly enough—what is possibly the most numerous (as it is certainly the most enterprising and the most enthusiastic) single Irish political party is not represented in the Irish Convention.

Four bye-election victories in succession—North Roscommon, South Longford, East Clare, and Kilkenny—have recently borne witness to the strength of the Sinn Féin movement. That movement is one making, almost wholly, for evil—for positive danger now, and, if unchecked, for ultimate disaster in the future. It represents the triumph—I trust the short-lived triumph—of disorder, both lay and clerical, in Ireland.

In Canada, few of us, probably, are fully alive either to the rapidity with which Sinn Féin has grown in Ireland within the last few months, or to the significance which underlies, and is responsible for, that rapid growth. Yet if we would have anything of a just appreciation of the situation in Ireland to-day, we must recognize that the remarkable series of Sinn Féin electoral victories to which I have adverted does not constitute

merely so many detached and sensational episodes, but marks the inauguration of a definite epoch. Sinn Féin is the dominant political force in the life of large masses of the Irish people at this hour. Let there be no mistake about that.

Boldly, and even brutally, it is proclaiming its tireless and remorseless revolutionary propaganda—an Irish Republic, one, indivisible, and absolutely independent, that is what it stands for. In the very boldness of its appeal lies its strength among a people who are the boldest of the bold, and who despise political, as much as they do physical, poltroonery. To secure its aims, Sinn Féin is ready to engage in another rebellion at the first moment which may promise any prospect of success; it is ready to accept aid from Germany; it is at this moment organizing the arming and drilling of the youth of Ireland south of the Boyne. All this is abundantly clear from the utterances of Mr. de Valera, the magnetic Spanish-Irish prophet of the new Nationalism, who won the Sinn Féin victory in East Clare and who organized the Sinn Féin victory in Kilkenny.

To the marvellously rapid growth of Sinn Féin many and complex causes have contributed. Of some of the more important of them I propose to offer a brief analysis.

In the first place, it must never be

forgotten that throughout the history of their country's relations with Great Britain the fire of resentment against "the rule of the brutal Saxon" has endured in the hearts of the Irish of the south and west. Sometimes it has but smouldered and flickered. At others—as during the "Reign of Terror" in the early eighties—it has burned steadily. At others—as in the time of Wolf Tone and the rebellion of 1798, of Robert Emmet's insurrection in 1803, of the rebellion of 1848, of the Fenian "rebellion" in 1867, and of the Easter week rebellion two years ago—it has broken out into searing and scorching flame. But never has the fire of resentment died down.

It was this deep and bitter hatred of the British which formed the motive power of Parnell's efficient machine. Parnell himself, reserved, repellent and singularly un-Irish in temperament as in demeanour, was able, for a time, to control this motive power and make it work his will. But with a less masterful leader than Parnell in charge of the machine to-day it has now got completely out of hand and has smashed the machine itself to smithereens.

This would not have occurred—or, at all events, would not have occurred so thoroughly or so soon—but for two other factors which combined to render the situation in Ireland well-nigh desperate. The first of these was the supineness and spinelessness of Mr. Birrell's whole administration. He failed to read the handwriting writ large on every wall in Ireland. The Ulstermen landed arms on the coast of Antrim under the very noses of his officials, and he affected to think that it was merely "pretty Fanny's way", and that nothing serious would come of it. The Nationalist Volunteers followed the Ulstermen's example. And still Mr. Birrell pursued the same policy of "masterly inactivity". For months preceding the rebellion he sat on a gunpowder barrel and apparently knew it not.

When the rebellion took place the Government—it was then the Asquith Coalition—handled matters weakly and woefully. Nor has the present Ministry been much less inept. Both displayed extraordinary deficiency as regards alike the strong hand and the constructive vision. Concessions made with the object of placating the Nationalist party only strengthened the Sinn Féin cause. The release of the imprisoned rebels certainly gave a fresh stimulus to the revolutionary propaganda in Ireland. On all sides—and particularly in Dublin and other cities—flagrant disregard of the law, its sanctity, and its sanctions, flaunts itself openly.

The second factor responsible for the Irish resentment against Great Britain getting beyond the control of the leaders of the Nationalist party has unquestionably been the fact that those leaders have grown singularly out of touch with, and singularly unresponsive to, anything that can fairly be called democratic sentiment in Ireland. The Irish people have real needs, as distinct from manufactured grievances. To these real needs the Nationalist party and its United Irish League wire-pullers have exhibited a surprising indifference. The party's constitution and machinery have, for long, stood in need of a vigorous overhauling, and much of the latter requires relentless scrapping. Anyhow, no unprejudiced observer can be blind to the fact that the Nationalist party's own backstairs methods are largely responsible for the adhesion of such large numbers of young and ardent Irishmen to the standard of Sinn Féin. His best friends may well adjure Mr. Redmond to get back to contact with democracy at once—to renew his strength, like Antaeus, by touching the earth.

Thus a curious combination of circumstances has enabled the Sinn Féiners to challenge—and, for the moment at any rate, with success—the hitherto almost unquestioned supremacy of the Nationalist party in the south and

west. Moreover, it looks as though in Mr. de Valera, hot of heart, but cool of head, they have found a leader with many of the essential qualities of real leadership. Whatever else the Irish of the south and west may lack, they do not lack imagination. And Mr. de Valera, with all the glamour of the Irish rebellion about him, has captured it. They are a race of born dreamers. And in him they believe that, at long last, they have the man who can make their dreams come true. Incidentally, he is the most intractable enemy Great Britain has had on Irish soil since the death of John Mitchell.

For it is certainly the case that the strength of Sinn Fein just now is to be found even more in the audacious ardour, and the strong intellect, of its leading members than in popular enthusiasm for its aims. The Irish people have become, in large numbers, so intoxicated with those leaders because they see in them men who know their own minds—which is exactly what the Nationalist leaders do not seem to do. Constitutionalism might be a good thing, or, on the other hand, revolution might be a good thing. But the nimble-witted Celt saw that it was clearly impossible that he should tread the constitutional path with one foot and the revolutionary road with the other, as Mr. Dillon, Mr. Redmond's chief follower (or perhaps his rival) constantly seemed to suggest. Hence the huge and growing accessions to the Sinn Fein strength. They betoken, probably, not so much dissatisfaction with constitutional methods as disgust with the small advantage to which those methods have been employed by the Nationalist party.

Be that as it may, it is certain that the younger Irishmen are rallying to the Sinn Fein standard in astonishing and alarming numbers. Probably many of them are not at heart so revolutionary as the language which they applaud would indicate. But, at the same time, it will not do to forget that the cardinal feature of the Sinn

Fein policy is complete revolution and an absolutely independent Irish Republic.

More amazing than anything else in connection with this Irish portent is the hold which Sinn Fein has obtained over the younger Roman Catholic clergy. When it first began to make itself felt as a power to be reckoned with, many, even of men who know Ireland well, prophesied that its growth would speedily be checked. The church, it was said, would frown on it. And so the hierarchy did. But the younger clergy, fresh from their colleges and imbued with Sinn Fein ideals, disregarded those august frowns—disregarded even the issuance of hierarchical regulations prohibiting their political exuberance. Sinn Fein had undermined even the discipline of the priesthood. At recent bye-elections the spectacle has been witnessed of priests espousing the causes of the respective candidates from rival platforms, one section extolling the leaders of the Easter-week rebellion as heroes, and the other denouncing them as murderers. The Church authorities are bitterly hostile to Sinn Fein. Yet in spite of that hostility the movement spreads and spreads even among the priesthood—a complete and convincing refutation of the long-cherished theory that the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland could be relied on to form a solid and unbroken bulwark of settled order.

Meeting in such circumstances, the prospects of the Irish Convention must necessarily be of the gloomiest. Even if the delegates thereto agree on a solution of the problem of Irish government, what guarantee can there be that any such solution will be acceptable to their fellow-countrymen, in view of the fact that the forces of Sinn Fein—forces of unascertained, but certainly of great and growing strength—are self-excluded therefrom? Yet, if the Convention arrives at no solution, the outlook before Ireland is all too probably one of poli-

tical, and possibly of material, anarchy.

One thing, at least, is certain. Mr. Duke, the present Irish Secretary and a Unionist, has, to a great extent, followed Mr. Birrell's example in abrogating most of the functions of government. That way lies danger of the gravest kind. Irresolution, masquerading as forbearance, at once amazes and amuses the Sinn Feiners, who themselves are neither irresolute nor forbearing. Unless the Government meets, firmly and promptly, the audacious challenge which Sinn Fein,

both in speech and in action, is throwing down to it, there is going to be another rebellion. Suppression, it is true, is not construction. But, regardless of conventions, the Government has a clear duty to perform—a duty alike to itself and to the people of the United Kingdom as a whole, including the Irish themselves. That duty consists in a firm administration, unbiassed by fear or favour, of the law of the land. In such administration is to be found the best immediate hope of averting any disaster in Ireland.

THE WOMAN

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE gay world and the giddy,
The bright world and the loud,
I have followed it and followed it
And been lost in its crowd.

The fine world and the stately,
With its high men and dames,
I have followed it and followed it
Like a jester at his games.

The hard world and the bitter,
The cruellest of all,
It has followed me and followed me
And shunk beneath my shawl.

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

VIII.—DR. MARION OLIVER, FOREIGN MISSIONARY



PERHAPS some reader may wonder why missionary women should not be represented in this series by one who has done notable work in Canada itself. Who, indeed, could have a better claim to the title of pioneer missionaries than those heroines of New France, Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, Jeanne Mance or Margaret Bourgeoys? Or—as our subject has been women pioneers in modern Canada—why not have sketched the work of such a woman as Mrs. Ridley (wife of the Bishop of Caledonia, British Columbia), type of hundreds of women who have helped to lay deep as well as broad the foundations of what is best in the life of the Dominion?

The enormous debt which Canada (in common with other Christian countries) owes to missionaries would have furnished an excellent reason for taking as our subject a woman whose work was done in and for Canada. I think, however, there is an exceptionally strong reason for choosing^a a "foreign missionary". The foreign missionary campaign is one of the great world movements and women (until recently almost every-

where debarred from sharing fully in the public affairs and national life of their own lands) have been pressed urgently into this service, which, though established for religious purposes, has proved an informal but very practical method of establishing helpful and friendly relations between peoples of history and customs most diverse.

My thought is that the foreign missionary (though intensely occupied by the extremely personal processes of the propagation of Christianity) is sharing in an international work of immeasurable importance, and though no sage is sufficiently prescient to declare absolutely what shall be the result of any sincere and excellent piece of work, there is a large directness in the aim of foreign missions, which contrasts with the limited character of much of the toil assigned especially to women.

If genuine, Christianity is a living thing, which cannot fail to re-act on the society in which it is planted. The second of its two great commandments—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"—bridges the whole distance from its individualistic beginnings to the dissipation of national prejudices and the recogni-



DR. MARION OLIVER

A Pioneer Canadian Foreign Missionary

tion of the solidarity of the human race. Foreign missions go hand-in-hand with many varieties of "social service"; and there is no form of missionary activity which has proved more effective as a pioneer agency than that in which the self-sacrificing endeavour to heal the sick and to prevent disease is associated with the preaching of Christ and his cross. It did not happen, however, that Canada's earliest foreign missionaries were qualified in medicine.

Canada's first foreign missionary was John Geddie, who seventy years ago went from Nova Scotia to carry the Gospel to the South Sea Islanders. The first missionaries to be sent out from Ontario were—so far as I can

discover—two women, Miss Rodger and Miss Fairweather, who, in 1873, went to India. They were supported by the Presbyterian Church of their own country, but were so much of pioneers that they had to labour in one of the missions of the American Presbyterian Church until in 1877 a Canadian mission was established at Indore, in Central India.

Seven years later the Indore mission added immensely to the effectiveness of its appeal to the puzzled people of its own neighbourhood, by the opening of a medical mission for women, in charge of a "singularly sympathetic" Canadian woman, Dr. Elizabeth Beatty. Unfortunately her health was speedily undermined by the strain of the demands upon her and she was never able to return to India after her first furlough in 1891.

Five years before she was obliged to relinquish her task, however, she was joined by another earnest and resourceful Canadian woman, Dr. Marion Oliver, and she was able to carry on most effective pioneer work for Christianity and medical science for a quarter of a century, whilst she so won the hearts of those for whom she toiled that they ceased to think of her as foreign.

Dr. Oliver was of Scottish parentage, but her father, Adam Oliver, had crossed the Atlantic with his young wife immediately after their marriage in the early summer of 1842. They arrived at New York after a comparatively quick passage of thirty days, and made their way to Galt, where they stayed three months.

In the autumn they journeyed on by stage to Stratford. Thence they followed the course of the little River Avon to Avonton, where they spent a week in the rude but hospitable dwelling of John Murray. Finally they selected a homestead five miles farther down the river, and on October 28th the walls of their shanty were built. When night fell it lacked both door and roof, but the young couple settled themselves in it as best

they might, consecrating its log walls in the good old Scottish fashion, with "family prayer". These two were the beginning of the flourishing Presbyterian congregation of Avonbank and generously they exercised hospitality to the ministers of those pioneer days.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver were blessed with ten children, of whom the future missionary (their third daughter) was the seventh in order. She was born on May 4th, 1853, to a life of strenuous demand on all her powers and energies. Her sister, Mrs. James Hamilton, to whom I am greatly indebted for many of the facts in this article, remembers as amongst her outstanding characteristics as a girl, determination and courage—qualities without which she could never have accomplished her work in India. She delighted, for the spice of danger, in walking the rafters of the barn and the railings of bridges. When driving the cattle to and from the pasture, she used often to mount an old white steer. She took her share of work both in the fields and the house. She could use a spinning-wheel as well as knit stockings and mittens from the yarn so made. She loved reading, and sometimes tried to combine its joys with such monotonous tasks as that of scrubbing a floor.

For the most part she obtained her education at the rural school near her home. Fortunately it was a good school of the type, the teachers in "S. S. No. 8, Downie" doing "splendid foundation work".

When she was a girl in her teens a young married woman from Hamilton, who had formerly been a teacher, came to live in the neighbourhood, and she gave Marion "her first peep into the outside world". The seeds of ambition were sown and she resolved to be a teacher, too. After attending high school at St. Mary's for some short terms, she began to teach. She "did excellent work for a number of years as a public school teacher in rural sections in the county of Perth", gaining valuable experience.

During this period a biography of that famous Massachusetts teacher, Mary Lyon, who founded Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, fell into her hands and inspired her with the determination that "her life also should count for truth and righteousness".

The result was that she offered herself and was accepted for service as a foreign missionary of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Assigned to work in Central India, the newly-organized Woman's Foreign Missionary Society "invited her to attend Queen's University to fit herself for medical work. She agreed to this and entered upon a four-years' course of study in the autumn of 1882". For one summer term of her course she worked with Dr. Emily Stowe. She graduated with honours and was chosen valedictorian for her year.

In September, 1886, she was designated to her new work in her home church at Avonbank. She broke her outward journey with a brief visit to Scotland, and a few days before Christmas, was cordially welcomed by Dr. Beatty at Indore. She felt very glad to be "at home" after her eight thousand miles of travelling, but had hardly had time to settle to her work at the language when Dr. Beatty fell ill, and she was obliged to fill her place as far as she could, though her efforts to discover what diseases her patients were suffering from must often have been an amusement to them".

With her shrewd common-sense she endeavoured not to overwork herself, and no doubt her own many-sidedness went far to save her from the early breakdown which overtakes so many missionaries. She found relaxation in books, in intercourse with friends, in "the beauties of nature and all the joys which God had placed before us". Dr. Oliver was alive to the advantages of a leisurely spirit in her dealings with the Oriental people whose hatred of the hurrying breathless ways of the West has become pro-

verbal. "The more I know of the women of India," she wrote after living nine years amongst them, "the more do I realize that to get them to understand and believe that I have real love for and interest in them I must be ready to *waste* time over them."

Until 1888 the two doctors worked under the great disadvantage of having no hospital for the treatment even of the worst cases brought to their dispensary, but in that summer they fitted up three rooms, where they could accommodate six patients, unless they chanced to be of more than three different castes. The number of patients attending at Indore dispensary (and at another at a little distance) was now about 1,500 a month.

Three years later, in 1891, Dr. Oliver joyously took possession of a real "Woman's Hospital"—a convenient and picturesque building erected on ground granted for the purpose by the Maharani of Indore. It was afterwards improved and enlarged, and when Dr. Oliver went home for the last time, in 1911, it contained forty-five beds, besides a private and an isolation ward. In her last official report the doctor recorded the treatment in 1910 of 387 in-patients, 6,114 out-patients, and the performance of no less than 315 operations. More than once during her long service plague and famine devastated Central India and brought a great strain upon the doctors. At Indore, temporary sheds were erected in the grounds of the Woman's Hospital for the treatment of women and children perishing from hunger and disease, and every day from fifty to three hundred meals had to be provided.

In early days it was difficult to obtain young Christian women to train as nurses, but many of the girls taken in during the time of famine were glad to receive training as nurses.

Dr. Oliver lived long enough in India to see many changes, and one who heard her speak in the autumn of 1912, thus sums up the situation, "India, the sullen, the silent and indifferent—as she recalls it twenty-six years ago when her work began—is to-day India the active, forward-moving, stirred by new forces, first amongst which is the movement of Christianity. The name of Christ is a power in India to-day and by many is held in reverence, even outside the native Christian church. . . . India is being won for Christ."

Dr. Oliver loved her work and won the love both of her associates in her labours and of those for whom she toiled, not only in healing and teaching. Something of the joy of harvest gladdened her later years, but the strain of her long service was telling on her when her third furlough came due. Unfortunately the *Asia*, in which she had taken passage for Vancouver, was wrecked on a ledge of rock soon after leaving Hongkong. The passengers got ashore and were taken back in a little coasting steamer to Hongkong, whence they sailed again in a fine, fast boat, "with a captain strictly temperate".

Dr. Oliver reached home in July, 1911, but never fully recovered her strength. Still she hoped to return to her beloved India, but in the spring of 1913 a sudden illness ended fatally. She died at midnight on May 22nd at "Burnside Farm", the old homestead near St. Mary's.

The next sketch of this series is of Miss Carrie M. Derick, a pioneer university professor.



From the Drawing by
J. Hubert Beynon

A NOCTURNE

Exhibited by the
Ontario Society of Artists

One Path to Arcady

BY KATHERINE HALE



BOB HARRIS received his invitation for the week-end in a form that pleased him mightily. There is so much in the way these things are done, and while young Maidie Thompson could have long-distanced him or even sent a message by Jack Taylor, she did neither. She took the trouble to write a note. Bob liked the note, the hand-writing, and the note-paper.

"A silver 'M' on pale blue ground just about suits Maidie," he mused. "She knows how to do things right."

The missive was indeed a delicate affair, and issuing from the pen of sweet sixteen to a manly, if ever so slightly junior, it contained only the merest hint of gentle sufferance. It ran:

"My dear Bob: Mother's little house party has just about vanished, leaving three whole vacant guest-rooms, and we are hoping that you will fill one with your charming presence from Friday next until Monday. I am writing for Floss Thompson, and hope that Bert Williams will complete our foursome. As Jack Taylor, our next door neighbour, is always about, it is possible that it will really be a case of five. Anyway, we are going to have a lovely time, and I do hope you can come. Ring me up or answer by return mail. Yours, Maidie T."

An invitation, indeed! So easy, so dignified, so different from the note that any other girl he knew could write! He must answer at once; and

not a thing did he possess in the way of writing material but an old fountain pen that wouldn't work, a linen pad, and an ornate picture post-card.

Therefore he strode softly but firmly towards the desk of his sister, which stood in the music-room for the reason that it was a lately acquired Jacobean prize of which that young lady was immensely proud.

When he attained the music-room he was annoyed to find Maudie in full possession, and in the throes of composition. She greeted him coldly as he approached, beaming and shuffling expectantly.

"Well?" she questioned, looking up from her paper. "What do you want, Bob? I'm busy."

"Why, nothing much," he answered. "Nothing to speak of, except that I have to catch the noon mail with a letter, and there is no place to write in this house—and nothing to write on. I've only a pad and the old fountain pen you gave me. It won't work."

"My dear boy," replied Maudie hurriedly, "I can't help that. This is my desk, and I'm writing a most important note—a week-end—and it simply has to catch that train. Use your pad and pencil if you really have to write."

Pad and pencil, forsooth, to answer a celestial note of blue and silver. Nay, not a pad for him. But as time flies, and mails do not tarry, by what invention could he distract her so that the treasures of her writing-

desk might he his! Right well he knew that it was stocked, for it had been her coming-out present from an outrageously wealthy godmother who loved Maudie not wisely but too well.

Subterfuge comes easy to the nimble mind of fifteen, but in this case it was not needed, the harmless necessary telephone called in urgent tones, and Maudie responded eagerly.

"O, my dear!" she was soon cooing from the hall. "Such ages since I heard your voice! When did you get back?" Etc., etc., etc.

Bob was swiftly at the desk. His eagle eye glanced lightningwise over the letter cards also embossed with "M". But a stolid, staring, golden "M"—how different from moonlit silver! He read in his sister's roundest hand: "My dear Mr. Nichol. Mother joins me in hoping that you will be able to come to us on Saturday for the long-promised week-end. Take an early train in time for lunch and be sure to bring—"

The moment was his, and though the drawers squeaked, he recklessly jerked them open and at last arrived at a good plain initialless paper, suited to the needs of a strong man. He took several sheets, also a new fountain pen, for she was writing with an antique quill, affected, like Jacobean furniture, by modern young ladies, and was proceeding joyously on his way when the thought of envelopes assailed him. "Ye gods," he ejaculated hoarsely. "I never saw one among the outfit. Oh! go on talking, Maudie—go on talking."

Earnestly he prayed to fate, but she is a poor blind thing, after all. Somebody's mother wanted the telephone at the other end of the line and Maudie's conversation was broken off. She suddenly returned to her desk in time to view one of those acts of petty larceny which enraged her anew every time.

I shall not linger over the painful scene which followed. We who have been party of the first or second part are familiar with each cold accusa-

tion and cruel jibe. Bob secured an envelope, but I regret to say it was almost wholly by main force, and the lady who assured him that, while victory was apparently his own, disaster lurked for him in the near future—yea, disaster held within her own right hand—was not so far wrong.

Tragedy was already piling up for Robert Harris under the fair sky of promise.

And it was a fair sky that beamed upon him as he slipped his brief and emphatic acceptance of the long-coveted week-end into the post-box at the end of the street.

This was Wednesday. Only forty-eight hours until that moment, in the early afternoon, when he should mount the suburban car that would take him by hill and dale along the pleasant roads to Orchard Beach where her "Apple Tree Cottage" nestled just across the road from the blue lake, on and in whose waves they would disport themselves. Here he could show her what a swimmer he was, how he could sail, and above all how grandly and untiringly paddle her about in the crimson canoe that Jack had spoken of with a sort of proprietary pride all summer. He winced to think of Jack's hated propinquity and the endless chances for friendship with Maudie that it gave him, the chances to do things for her and with her, while he had wasted July and August in a silly Muskoka boarding-house with his family, sailing and fishing with other restless adolescents who longed to be old enough to "play the game" and enlist, who, gazing furtively at one another's smooth chins and girlish skins, berated their mutual youth, and put fear into the hearts of mothers by dark hints of next year, "if it lasts".

And now for three whole days in Paradise.

But even Paradise means preparation, and, newly returned from Muskoka, there was much for Bob to attend to. Mother, Chinaman, and presser must be seen, urged and command-

ed, as the case might be, two new ties were necessary, also a ticket, also week-end offerings, for the divinity, must be carefully thought out. So having established sympathetic maternal connections, extending even unto the telephoning of Young Lee, and Smith, the presser, he sallied forth to the shopping district jingling in his pockets a great deal of loose change, the entire remains, in fact, of his month's allowance, augmented by one dollar earned through cutting the grass in the grounds about the house. All told, he was possessed of some five dollars and fifty cents, which must positively see him through. His ticket being only one-ten, he wanted to squeeze out two ties—at fifty cents each—some magazines and a box of the proper kind of candy to take to such a girl as Maidie. "Fellows often have no taste about such things," he mused, as the ear bore him swiftly down town. "Such stuff as Leighton, for instance, brings to Maudie—all just a lot of one kind dumped into a disgusting loud box, large enough for a family. Fancy bringing just one kind—not even a choice. Some people don't like chocolates. I'd rather have a good fudge any day myself—the home-made kind. I'm going to get a moderate-sized, sensible box of candy and maybe a magazine—and stick to it. This week-end business is overdone, and Maidie is not that kind. One dollar will see me through, then I'm safe for this month with the dad."

Thus meditating, for at times relations as to pocket money, its appearance and disappearance, had been slightly strained between father and son, Bob arrived at a haberdasher's and selected two strong, quiet, manly ties to match equally important socks bestowed as an incidental gift a day or two gone by.

This business over, he turned to the equally happy task of candy, and entering the New York Shop he proceeded to give the saleslady a bad half-hour. For he looked over the entire stock and found not one box to

his liking. "The stuff," he assured, "is all right, but the boxes are all wrong. There isn't a good-looking one in the place. Now, I want this fudge, I want two pounds of it, but I don't want a bulldog, or a picture of Kitchener or a woman watering flowers on the box, and I don't want one of these plain, glaring, red or purple things. I want something quiet and—attractive."

The saleslady was unmoved, gazing out the window at the hurrying traffic, but she observed idly that the stock seemed to please most people and she was sure she was sorry, etc.

"You've nothing more?" questioned Bob anxiously, for he did want the fudge.

"Nothing but a patriotic box that wouldn't interest you," answered the bored blonde lady.

She reached under the counter for a substantial cardboard coffin of khaki, on the cover of which a Canadian Tommy disported himself, surrounded by a wreath of maple leaves, both yellow, red and green. It was indeed a patriotic sight, and the soul of Bob responded to the khaki and the maple leaf. He was no laggard, not he, in love of country, though to hand a hero like Kitchener to a lady, on a candy box intended to symbolize something personal, was not to his liking. This was different—was possible, in fact. It even prophesied that dim "next year" towards which his young heart yearned. He inquired the price.

"Well, we're just making those in four-pound boxes, they're a novelty, and really intended for the higher-grade candy. This fudge is only thirty cents a pound, but I'll put you up four pounds if you like."

'Twas done in five minutes, and with his patriotic present under his arm he started down the street for Johnston's, where every new book and magazine was on view. Here again care must be exercised. He wanted to give something lasting, yet inexpensive. "Perhaps I'll just take *Life*

and *Punch*," he thought, "or 'Aunt Sarah and the War'—that is selling at fifty cents now. But, no, she must have read 'Aunt Sarah'." Inspiration might come when he saw the windows and their brave display. And, oh! it did—it did. There, just at the left-hand corner, right under his eye, lay the book of books to carry to Maidie. It was a slim volume bound in palest azure, with markings and lettering in her own symbolic moonlit silver, and the letterings ran "Pathways to Arcady", by Peter Joyce. There were several piled together, and there was also a price card—\$1.25. Steep! yes! but what matter! The title, the colour scheme, the whole get-up suggested the very soul of her.

"Pathways to Arcady!" Moonways that they two should paddle into soon, sunways, when they should swim together the blue lanes of the lake, woodways, green and shining, little, gay, valiant, splendid ways of youth. Of course, he bought it. Of course, he bought "Pathways to Arcady"—map of his own land.

And then he went down the street until he met Arch Martin, a good and trusted chum of his, who asked him to go to a picture-show, the afternoon being, in the jocular style of Arch, "yet young".

"Why, I guess, yes," assented Bob readily, then, glancing down at his parcels, "I suppose it's not any hotter indoors than out."

"Cooler, old chap," assured Arch. "They have hugest fans ever at the Regent. You feel the heat?"

"Naw," rejoined the honest Bob, "not I, but I've got a whole bunch of New York fudge here that might. And, by the way," he suddenly remembered, "let's go and get some for you and me. This is a kind of special box thing that's the dickens to untie."

"Girl, in other words!" grinned Arch. "Don't you undo it. I'll show you the best sweet-junk place in town, though, if you want fudge."

And he led Bob right into the very jaws of Disaster.

For the New Sweet Shop was not New York, but Boston. It had a mission in life—to elevate, to ennoble, and that by delicacy and originality. Where its rival offered rich wares and obvious effects, the Sweet Shop was all subtlety, faint colours, delightful odours, and boxes—such boxes of azure and of rose, of palest violet, and tenderest apple-greens, wrapped in faint-hued papers, tied with broad or slender ribbons, and decorated sometimes by a flower of kindred or contrasting hues with the colour scheme. The bon-bons, too, were tender of tone and doubtless as delectable as they looked. Each box was indeed a poem, and the soul of Bob Harris responded as to a new kind of music. Even the taffy and the fudge was appropriately boxed, and as they purchased a modest twenty-five-center Bob noticed that the box was done in brown khaki. It made his ninety-cent purchase look cheap. He turned sadly to the door when his eye caught a very special box standing on the counter. It was azure in hue and embossed on the top with a large silver "M".

"Oh, heavens, how could the fates so torture a man!" Here was his present, heaven-sent, celestially planned, matching, as if made for, the "Pathways to Arcady", and—well, simply Maidie all over. Actually, the silver "M"—what could that mean, by the way?

"Is that box a special order?" he asked shyly.

"Oh, no," answered the smiling waitress—even the salesgirls were pleasant and friendly here—"we've dozens more. It's our own brand of marshmallows done up in special style, two pounds for a dollar, with silver tongs included in each box."

She opened one and showed the pure contents: row upon row of white mounds, with a few purple candied violets carelessly sprinkled here and there.

Well, it just had to be, that is all. Fearful lest the precious stock might by some possibility run low, he pur-

chased, pulling out dimes and quarters recklessly. With the fudge it amounted to a dollar and twenty-five cents. He dared not think of the ashén hour of reckoning, but with an empty seat beside them piled with parcels, and refreshed from time to time with fudge, the life-story of the film actors doing a bit of bloody melodrama passing on the screen before them, the hours sped quickly by for the two friends.

That evening Bob Harris placed his purchases on his dressing-table and regarded with grim seriousness the afternoon's work. For the hour of reckoning had been brief. His expenditures had actually left him minus one dollar of the amount of his ticket to Orchard Beach. He communed with his soul and found the situation desperate. For the month before he had been obliged to ask the dad for a slight loan—owing to a certain financial speculation with this same Arch Martin, having contradicted expectations—and had been given to understand that it was absolutely the last courtesy of the kind forthcoming.

Help from that quarter was closed, so—subterfuge again! He began to think hard dark thoughts of ways and means.

But the parcels distracted him as they stood in festive array upon his dresser—votive offerings fit for a queen. If only he had not wrecked his fortune on the ties! In a way they were unnecessary. They could have been eliminated. That khakied fudge—it could have been eliminated. Yet all things had worked together towards his meeting with Arch and introduction to the Sweet Shop.

It would seem, however, as though he were a mere pawn in the hands of Destiny. No sooner had plans begun to frame in his mind than something happened to lead him in an appointed way. To him presently came Maudie. No Nemesis now, but rather for the moment a suppliant. Strangely softened in demeanour and appear-

ance, her greeting was respectful, containing even a tinge of wistfulness as though she were uncertain how a sisterly proposition might be met. This was anything but the lady of the writing-desk. Bob's practised ear caught the change and he stiffened his spine accordingly.

"Bob," she began reflectively, while a soft, slow smile played over her features, "isn't life the most unexpected thing? Do you know I have just had a telegram—from Jim Nichol. You know I wrote him to come Saturday morning for the week-end, but it seems that he had promised the time ages ago in another direction, and as he doesn't want to disappoint me he wires that he'll arrive—to-night, of all times. And the spare room is being papered, and there's that Red Cross fête I'm helping at and the dance later. I'm simply chained. If there was any way of meeting him and putting him up! You see, he could come on for the dance, if any one met him—but where to sleep! I can't think of anything?" Silence. "Can you?"

Bob's apartment, a cell-like affair containing a narrow brass bed, had been commandeered so often that it was an old and sordid tale. It meant turning out, house-cleaning, the removal of treasures and a miserable night on the living-room lounge, which wasn't by any means all that it was cracked up to be by the relative who wanted the use of his room for a friend. Bob reviewed the whole, even to the meeting of Nichol and his convoy to the fête, with dull depression. Until, of a sudden, the thought occurred to him that, after all, there might be something in this for him. Could it be that Maudie was to become an instrument in the hands of justice, so rewarding him for many of fate's jibes in the past? He felt, vaguely, that the situation was crucial, and needed delicate handling. Nichol, a new admirer, was almost unknown to Bob, so that he would be breaking new ground with no definite certainty of results. Still, in such a

crisis, one reaches out to almost any chance. He agreed to give up his room and also, at a pinch, if she was sure she could not manage it herself, to meet his guest.

Maud, genuinely relieved that affairs were arranged without the usual protracted struggle, was casting a contemplative eye about the room on suggestions of evacuation bent when the bundles of gold-corded confectionery met her gaze.

"Why, Bob," she began, in those tip-tilted tones wherein spoke incredulous question, then—was it something in Bob's gray gaze, or anxiety for the comfort of Mr. Nichol? At any rate, she and Bob did not discuss the unwonted bundles, save in that swift language of the eye which renders our poor human speech so futile.

But he knew that she knew there was something up.

It spurred Bob on to that immediate planning which always precedes a great coup. The evening, wrapped in meditation, passed swiftly into a night of dreamless sleep.

At four o'clock the next day, when the train slipped into the Grand Central, Bob met and took instant stock of his man. Mr. Nichol was slight of build, somewhat nervous in manner and intensely agreeable. On their way to the house he informed his host three times that he hardly knew if he had a clean collar in his bag, he had been so hurried in throwing his things in, a press of engagements, as well as a little necessary bank work owing to the bore of having lost a few cents in his balance, and having to find them before getting away. Mr. Nichol, Bob gathered, was a man of affairs—prime mover in the musical entertainments of his city, secretary of the Cricket Club, organizer of a dozen enterprises, as well as drilling some four nights a week.

"Something doing all the time, eh?" quoth Bob genially. He had now an inkling as to his man, and himself well in hand.

Pensively he ushered Mr. Nichol in-

to his own apartment, a chamber now subdued, chastened, robbed of all its real features and immaculately clean. The contents of two bureau drawers had been dumped into a box by Maudie and placed under the lounge in the living-room. Shining white paper now lined them. Bob pulled them open to show the guest that they were entirely at his disposal. Then he started back to exclaim:

"Oh, I say, these have been left here by mistake. This room is really mine, you know, only the guest-room is being decorated."

He took out the parcels and placed them on the bureau.

"These," he said, "are the very latest things in confectionery, left to me the other day to dispose of by a poor chap that's, well, gone mash. Gone the limit, so to speak. He got this imported stuff to take to a girl where he was going to visit, and the truth is he left town in debt instead. I told him I'd do what I could. In fact, I may take it along up to the garden party with us. I daresay they'd sell it for five dollars a box there."

He moved carelessly to the door. Nichol paused in his unpacking. The candy shops were often his happy hunting-ground.

"Do you know what sort it is?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," said Bob softly. "you see, I was with him when he bought it, poor chap. As I said, it was to take to a girl, and—well, he's the kind that does that sort of thing properly and he just searched the shops till he found what he was looking for. He says it makes a great difference the kind of thing you give. I myself have heard pretty savage attacks in certain quarters when a bunch of girls are comparing notes after a week-end. Got any sisters yourself?"

"No," answered Nichol hurriedly, "or rather, yes, but they're all married and I've been away from home so much. Then, the girls in Brockton aren't such critics, I fancy. I don't find them so, anyway."

"No," quoth Bob darkly, "you wouldn't. They don't show fellows that side exactly. It's afterwards. When they're together. Gee-whizz! when I think of the things I've heard and seen. I tell you, it makes you pretty careful, having a sister of your own."

Mr. Nichol was becoming interested. He vaguely sensed a possible side of the attractive Maudie which had never dawned upon him. He had met her at tea dances, and her gentle, almost quaintly reserved manner was as attractive to him as her really spirited dancing. She did not talk much, but what eyes! What a dear, engaging smile! She was—yes—quaint and unworldly in his sight. He thought of her gentle, piquant smile, and was unbelieving of any innuendo. Also, the knowledge was suddenly borne in upon him that in his mad haste he had indeed forgotten to bring with him an offering to his hostess. Could he purchase at the garden fête? He inquired of Bob, who was doubtful.

When I spoke of taking the candy there it was just a chance," said that gentleman. "They may not even have a candy booth—often they don't. They sell the silliest things at these affairs, pincushions and so on, and they're expensive as the dickens. I was soaked dollars the last one I went to." (Here Bob's guardian angel sighed). "The girls just rush at you and won't take no unless they see you pretty well loaded up with parcels. It's a good thing to do a little shopping down town first, just for the sake of carrying the parcels. That is," he concluded carelessly, "unless you have plenty of money. If you want to spend a fiver or two it's different, of course."

Now, Mr. Nichol, accountant in the Brockton Merchants Bank, man of many claims and activities, had not a fiver to lose, and right well had Robert Harris sensed that fact. The game, begun so carelessly, was now developing rapidly as Nichol caught

and applied each suggestion just as the cool-minded Bob intended that he should. Surprise, intimidation and possibility having been implanted, he now withdrew to leave the victim a moment to think things over while he "called up a chap on the 'phone'".

Upon his return, his guest, looking very trim and neat, was awaiting him hat in hand. Bob essayed the parcels and was for bearing them off. Then, yes—yes—the magic of suggestion was beginning to work. His man hesitated—halted, then inquired further. What kind of candy? What price? And could they be undone enough to discover the contents? Bob guessed so, but really didn't want to disturb them, in thought of prospective purchasers.

"They're so absolutely fresh, you see. Just from the shop last evening. I could describe them. This, for instance, is a splendid box of fudge in Canadian design. I mean the cover is khaki, showing one of our soldiers. And I tell you the contents is some fudge—simply melts in your mouth."

Mr. Nichol admitted that fudge can be very good. He asked of the larger box. Here Bob's pulse quickened a little. He grew a shade nervous.

"The other is—paler stuff," he answered. Got it at the New Sweet Shop—candied violets or some such thing done up in light blue. Not as attractive really as the other."

But Mr. Nichol's mind, so fatally open to suggestion, had leaped to the thought of violets. Ah, that expressed her, the gentle, the piquant. What more fitting gift could he give to Maudie. Lo! the violets must be his. He plunged at once.

"Say, old chap," he said, his hands in his pockets, "you've been giving me some hints without in the least realizing it yourself. You know, I've been in such a rush the last day or two that I actually came away without a thing for your sister. I meant to order some flowers at once on arrival—but really you've given me a

better idea in mentioning violets. I can combine the two, flowers and sweets in one. A bully idea. How much?"

"Oh, they're not all violets," said Bob hurriedly. "Just a few were upset here and there. It's really a box of marshmallows."

Oh! the silver "M" on the lid! The azure ribbons! The tongs! Surely this was not the way the game was going.

"The fudge box was really much more unique," he continued, "and if it is for Maudie, she adores the military, I can tell you that. She's as crazy about khaki as the rest. However, the fudge is one dollar and the violet stuff two. Take your choice."

The moment hung suspended in air: a scale containing two little petals of destiny. Bob took his chances like the good gambler he was, and waited breathlessly to see whether Caution or Sentiment would come up or go down.

Did sickly sentiment ever fail since the world began? In a trice had a two-dollar bill exchanged pockets, and all that azure and Arcady had meant changed owners. Only the fudge remained.

Why linger over the ending of the tale? Its conclusion must be obvious. When one has gambled in beauty, and pulled out only hard cash, the reward is a certain security. I have no doubt that Robert Harris enjoyed buying his railway ticket the moment he had disposed of friend Nichol at Maudie's Red Cross booth. Also, he deliberately exchanged "Pathways to Arcady" for a magazine and kept the change, because he felt that without its companion box the book looked objectless, and, moreover, he thought him of necessary tips and other incidentals.

He had now a dollar and some small change over and above his ticket, and his mind was easy, though his spirit was depressed. Moreover, he had still to reckon with Maudie before the hour of departure, for when he knows that

she knows there is a secret enterprise on hand it is not the lady who feels nervous.

The luncheon hour of the following day saw the next meeting of brother, sister and guest. Maudie and Nichol had returned from a motor ride and Bob was in a state of pleasurable anticipation as to the 2.30 for Orchard Beach.

"Want us to run you over to the station, Bob?" asked Maudie amiably. "You have a lot of things to carry, judging by the array I saw on your dresser the other day."

Mr. Harris looked up suspiciously from his mutton chop and regarded his son steadily.

"Nothing doing," Bob replied frankly, "only got my suit-case to carry."

"Dear me!" went on Maudie sweetly, "where are all the offerings I saw standing in festive array ready for the goddess? I do hope Bob that you didn't fall a victim to their charms and perchance devour some yourself aforetime!"

"Likely, isn't it?" returned Bob grimly.

"How otherwise vanish?" pursued the torturer. "I am sure they could not be returned. Damaged goods, you know. Second-hand."

That was all. But the arrow struck two in passing, grazing an ardent young soul, and piercing a sensitive one. The very tips of Mr. Nichol's ears went pink. In that awful moment he, too, vaguely knew that she knew.

Bob, hastening his departure, refused the motor lift quite curtly at the end.

But Maudie, when she met him on the breezy platform when the trolley drew up at Orchard Beach, seemed to him a joyful compensation for the uncertainties and speculations of the past two days. Her plans for the week-end were many and glorious. The sun rode high and life was blue-and-gold indeed, except for one small white flock of cloud. The moment

was still to come when he should hand her the white parcelled box with its brown satin ribbon.

It did come, and Maidie, opening it, exclaimed, "Fudge! Of all things my favourite! And what an adorable box! I might have known that you would choose khaki. Somehow or other, anything very fussy about extras like candy seems vulgar just now, don't you think so? I heard of one man who bought marshmallows, tied

up with blue ribbons, the other day. They were a dollar a box, and the girl actually accepted them—with our men starving for chocolate at the front, and all of us working our fingers off already over Christmas parcels. Well—it's simply bad taste, don't you think so?"

"I do," Bob agreed heartily from the very heights of relief, and he watched a small white cloud drift gaily up the sky.

TO ONE SO SCARRED

BY FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY

TO one so scarred, who smiles? Ah, traitorously

Mirth makes a mask of that so loved a face!

Giving it semblance of a strange grimace,
Until I, even I, must turn away from thee.

To hide the tears that rise! How meet that smile,
That ever-present anguish which no mirror shows!
The lips distorted as with long-past woes . . .
Shall I forget it in a little while?

O dear one from the wars! Mirth would not leave thy lips.
And mine shall answer—quivering maybe—
Surely a little thing indeed to ask of me!
Only a smile into the sun's eclipse.

Only thy smile which is my misery!

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

V.—EDUCATION AND THE WAR



YOU may upset a nation's electoral system, revolutionize its labour principles, inaugurate a new standard of health—you may even alter its morals and reorganize its methods of trade—without a complete picture of national regeneration. But when the functions and direction of education are disturbed it is safe to conclude that the nation is stirred to its depths. And all these changes, even the last, the war has introduced into Great Britain.

Naturally such a creature of tradition has shifted its ground with a measure of apology, of denial even of that which it was in the very act of doing, but it has, nevertheless, accepted the lessons of experience and set about ordering its house. It is not the manner in which one works that counts, but the quantity one does. "If anyone doubted the value of our elementary schools," said Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the new Minister of Education, in his memorable announcement of educational reform to the British House of Commons, "that doubt must have been dispelled by the experience of the war." And thereupon he proceeds to pull the system to pieces and to build from the ruins a new structure that will prepare the nation still more efficiently for the next war as well as for peace.

Great Britain, even before the war, was beginning to question her system of education as a complete equipment for modern commerce and competition. But with the first few months of the great struggle her gaze became focused on outstanding faults that were looming larger and larger with the ups and downs of the armies in Flanders. Something was wrong. The British soldier was as firm a bulwark as ever, but that which stood behind the perishable flesh and blood of the trenches was not fulfilling its part. German preparedness was demonstrating to a nation which had always had reason for pride that loyalty, a record for unconquerableness, self-confidence, and determination were poor obstacles to the inventions of modern warfare. As Mr. Fisher put it: Great Britain was discovering that "the capital of this country is not merely cash and goods, but brains and body". "There is something in your d—— board school education after all," a ship commander, glorying in the service of his men, wrote him. But both Mr. Fisher and the House that listened knew the compliment was but an introduction to a practical expression of national dissatisfaction.

"One might have imagined," said the Minister, "that the war would have so occupied and exhausted the mind of the country as to leave room

for no other thought. But it has had quite the opposite effect. Quite naturally, and as it seems to me quite rightly, this great calamity has directed attention to every circumstance which may bear upon our national strength and national welfare. It has exhibited the full range of our deficiency, and it has invited us to take stock of all the available agencies for their improvement." After such a confession of weakness, the most intolerant critic of the old educational system is content to await that firm stand for reform which is characteristic of the British nation when it sees its mistake.

The English educational system laboured under several disadvantages. First of all, in characteristic fashion, it was constructed like its castles—with an eye to its permanency. It is the British habit to build for all time. But if anything has been revealed by modern progress it is the superior value of adaptability to permanence.

It may seem treason to fly in the face of the hitherto much-quoted tribute of Sir Joshua Fitch to the English system of education. "The public provision for the education of the people of England is not the product of any theory or plan formulated beforehand by statesmen or philosophers: it has come into existence through a long course of experiments, compromises, traditions, successes, failures and religious controversies. . . . It has been affected . . . only to a small degree by legislation. The genius—or rather characteristic habit—of the English people is averse to the philosophical system, and is disposed to regard education, not as a science, but as a body of experiments to be discovered empirically and amended from time to time as occasion may require." But the new Minister of Education—and he is the first practical educationist in the forty-seven years of compulsory education who has filled the important post of Minister of Education—took issue, and the applause of the country

proved that he shocked no sensitive susceptibilities in so doing. "More grant," he announced, "will be paid to an authority which believes in flesh and blood than an authority which puts its trust in bricks and mortar." And the House cheered as much at the suggestion of symbolism as at the reforms outlined.

The history of British educational legislation is so closely entangled with another of education's drags that it seems to demand attention here. In a country where Church and State have never been dissociated it was certain that the most influential institution should be demanded by the Church as its prerogative. And the struggle of the Church to maintain its hold has written a record of educational progress in Great Britain which is not a proud one.

The first state education came in 1832, when treasury grants were given in aid of elementary schools. Naturally at that time the early influences were religious rather than economic. It is in this condition, continuing through the decades since, that lay the strong foundation on which classicism stands, the dead languages being the door to theological learning of that period. Also, being controlled by the theologians, education, from the earliest days, was not conceived as a right to the masses, but as a privilege to those who might increase its power as well as be increased thereby. The baneful influence of the Church was evident in the long struggle that was fought out by old educationists concerning the basis of education. The Grammar School Act of 1840 attempted to improve elementary education without that subservience to its classical branches which had been considered its very essence, but the Church resisted the application of ancient endowments to schools not under its control. Up to the time of the Endowed Schools Act of 1869-1874 educational endowments, unless there was evidence to the contrary, were considered to imply instruction in the doc-

trines of the Church of England. In 1870 a form of compulsory education was introduced, but not until six years later did Disraeli make compulsion complete. In 1902, the time of the last real change in the educational system and the only one with evidences of permanency—in the light of later years—the pressure of the Established and Roman Catholic Churches for equal treatment with the voluntary and board schools brought about the abolition of the parochial school board and made county councils the local authorities. Two attempts to separate education from Church control were made, in 1906 and 1908, but both failed, the offer of the Government for the Church properties and endowments in the latter year not being considered sufficient.

The danger of Church control is its narrowness, its concern as much for its authority and influence as for the efficiency of its system. But times have changed. No flagrant deficiency, in Church or State, can long survive the opening eyes of the masses.

The third unfortunate influence on education in England is the snobbery of class. Even to-day there is the unexpressed theory that education, in its more advanced stages at least, is not for the common people. It can be taken for granted that every system in England is somewhat under the blot of the existing traditions of class distinctions. The war is overthrowing them in every phase of life, but the instincts are there, even in the proletariat itself. One has only to look at the general system of education to see it at its worst. Elementary education of the masses is conducted at what are called board schools. In a general way they correspond to the public schools of Canada. But they are handicapped by this essential difference—that they are not public schools in the sense which implies the patronage of the general public. In practice they are confined to the lower grades of so-

ciety. To attend a board school, especially in the cities, is to be socially degraded.

Everyone who can afford it sends his children to private or public schools. The latter are in no sense public. Entrance is as firmly based on certain unalterable rules—and they have nothing to do with intellectual attainment—as is admission to the universities. A certain standard of wealth is evidenced by the ability to pay the fees demanded, and the boy's outfit is more precisely defined than the requirements of a girl in a ladies' college in Canada. Indeed, some social status is a necessity in many of the public schools of England, although the depletion of students resulting from the war is putting an end to that in the most effective manner.

Accordingly the system in public schools has followed a readily conceivable channel. Denoting in its initial stages a certain plane for the student, in wealth and often in society, the public school is conducted to further develop an estimate of life's responsibilities consistent with such an inception. In this I would not be misunderstood. There is nothing finer than the real English gentleman, but there is no Englishman, gentleman or not, whose outlook on life is not coloured by generations of training in exaggerated significances of social levels. The public school does not produce the snob so much as it produces those who appreciate class distinctions without permitting it to make them deliberately offensive. Its aim is to produce a "gentleman", that peculiar embodiment of virtues which, un-Canadian as it is in some of its opinions, is of a much finer clay than that which comes under the usual English designation, "gentleman".

To put it more affirmatively: The English public school, while it sends out a grand type of youth, handicaps him in the outside world by developing certain sides of him which are apt to neglect modern essentials and foreign opinions. It goes in for sports

as a feature of the curriculum, a mark of the gentleman. It lays such stress on "sportsmanship" that war with the Hun, for instance, is a more perilous and costly operation than it need be. It adheres to certain lines of education in the face of the daily revelation of their inadequacy. It strengthens the disastrous conviction that tradition is the standard of excellence. It narrows even while it makes more indulgent. It builds up a fine fellow at the expense of his future in the world's competition. And yet the public school boy is imbued with so much of the best that is in the word British that, can he but forget some of his indirect training, he becomes the world-citizen who has built up the British Empire. When he fails there is nothing more intolerable. Remove the stain of the principle behind the public school, and the public school—barring one or two details—is beyond criticism.

An example of the parental attitude indirectly encouraged by the public school is afforded by a letter from a father recently read in public by a headmaster who was much impressed with the spirit of snobbery in its reds, but failed to sense it in its grays. "I wonder if I might ask your co-operation in regard to my son," it pleaded. "The boy's extraordinary liking for what I regard as the most repulsive branch of natural history—newts, beetles, and insects—is a source of much disappointment to his mother and me. Can you, either directly or indirectly, turn his mind to a higher and more refined branch of the subject—birds, trees, flowers. I cannot help feeling that the tendency of the present study is degrading." It was the wail of a parent who was frank enough to acknowledge that public school as the propagation bed for caste education.

Public schools—there are 110 of them, with 35,000 students—are, of course, not officially recognized, although thirty-four of them receive grants and thirty-six are inspected.

In their upper grades they come under the general educational classification of secondary schools. And it is officially and popularly admitted that in secondary school education Great Britain has failed dismally, not alone in the snobbery it is inclined to encourage, but in the low educational standing of its teachers. Mr. Fisher declares that in no other country is there such a proportion of secondary school teachers without a university degree. This is largely due to the small salaries paid. There are, it is well known, a comparatively small number of public schools whose standing cannot be questioned, but being out of Government control the majority have developed methods and standards of efficiency not conducive of the best results.

The secondary schools, whether official or private, failed, too, because of the multiplicity and lack of uniformity in their examinations. There are more than a hundred examinations demanded by the different callings and professions for which education directly prepares a boy. In every way there was discouragement for the lad forced to consider advanced education as a means to a livelihood. Thus there are three times as many pupils between the ages of fourteen and eighteen receiving systematized education in France as in England, and in Prussia six times as many.

In the universities conditions were not so bad, but still unsatisfactory. England has taken to itself great credit for the remarkable response of its universities to the call to arms. It is a fact that the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are almost empty, their examination rooms given over as hospitals, their laboratories to the inventions of war. But if the higher development of a nation's education does not breed patriots sad indeed is the lot of that nation. If education does not teach the true place of loyalty to one's country it has missed its greatest mental stimulation. It is to its universities—to its more in-

telligent classes—that any country must look for its salvation.

But the older universities of England had fallen into the national habit of conservatism, of settled lines of learning too slow to adapt themselves to the requirements of modern progress. This was especially evident in the prominence of classics at the expense of science and moderns, and what has come to be called the humanities. Based on the past, on the English reluctance to change, young men entirely unsuited for classical education, others to whom such training could be of too little value to merit its grind and time, were forced to devote themselves to Greek and Latin, when any modern language would have assisted materially in fitting them for the struggle of life ahead. And science was comparatively neglected. This light attention to science has exacted its penalty during these grim days. While the German was directing his perverted, but well-trained, mind to the production of the engines of war, Great Britain was forced to rely for counter-attack and protection upon those acute individual brains which have been the foundation of Britain's position in science, including its medical branch. Until the misdirected brains of the country could be switched from that form of development which tended only to the effective in oratory and literature, in abstruse dissertation and "intellectualism", the interests of the warring nation were subject to the attainments of those who had rebelled against a standard mould for the Englishman.

To be sure there had often struggled to the light rebellion against an unworthy appraisal of science, but the disadvantages of such a campaign are that its backers are obviously revolutionists, and their uncultivated weapon of publicity is dull compared with that wielded by those whose accomplishments are verbal, not practical. In 1889 the Technical Instruction Act supported technical or manual instruction, and a Department of Sci-

ence and Art promised good results. But the Board of Education Act of ten years later swallowed up the new Department. And science became a study without direct usefulness, since it was insufficiently developed to adapt it to the needs of industry. Through mal-nutrition, too, even when it was productive it failed to meet the educated Englishman's demand for intellectual stimulus. And in English industrial life there was small reward for the scientist, a good works chemist before the war receiving a paltry six hundred dollars.

But protest and warning were coming from many sides. A number of new universities—Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, and latterly, Bristol—had sprung up to cater to the crying need for a more practical education. Even Oxford was looking about for some plan of organized training in science that might be accepted as in conformity with its high standards. The universities were pricked into introspection by the clamour of the large industries that faced the competition of the outside world. Reverent as these industrial firms were towards the English university—their heads were usually university educated—they were the immediate sufferers from its inherent weaknesses. The head of one of the largest ship-building firms declared the other day that he preferred the university man in his works, but "when I go up to Oxford to look round I do not pick the fellow who has been first in Greek and first in History, but the fellow who would have been first if he had worked". It was a subtle pronouncement against the final aim of Oxford education, while applauding its general influence. He wanted the man with the Oxford brain, but not with the Oxford honours—might I say, ideals.

Several organizations were at work to introduce remedies. The Educational Reform Council intelligently attacked the administration. The Association of Directors and Secretaries for Education urged a number of re-

forms for continuation schools, pointing out the advantages of compulsory education for a limited number of hours a week for young people between fourteen and eighteen, whether in employment or not. The Oxford Association for the Improvement of National Education, the Departmental Committee on Juvenile Education, and the London Education Committee were striving for improvement.

But the most effective spur to reform came from the Workers' Educational Association. Mr. Fisher admitted that "our popular system of education is popular in one sense only". He saw that the schools of the people had not behind them the support of the working classes. The activity of opposition from the working classes came as a war result. Higher wages were bringing higher aims, a clearer perception of the possibilities of improved status. The workingman was ceasing to accept the doctrine that higher education should be reserved for the upper classes. And the Workers' Educational Association represented this movement, one of the most important, Mr. Fisher admitted, for the promotion of higher education among the workers. It ridiculed as entirely inadequate the eight hours a week suggested by the Departmental Committee, claiming that the hours of labour should be limited and the hours of education the real consideration.

The small salaries for teachers was an active issue even before the war, but with the increased cost of living and the growing demand for reformed education the teachers took a firm stand. In London they even went on strike against the miserly pittance allowed them as a war bonus.

The scale of salary of the English teacher reads like the record of Quebec Province a few years ago. In England and Wales there are 160,000 teachers, of whom 60,000 are uncertificated and 40,000 without training college experience; and almost none of them have university education.

Five certificated masters—two of them head-masters—and 219 certificated mistresses received less than \$250 a year, twenty thousand (certificated) less than \$375. A head-master, after thirty years, had improved his pay from \$435 to \$480, another in forty years from \$350 to \$475. In one school in a large English county nine teachers (all in the school) receive less than the caretaker. The average salary for a certificated head-master is \$880, for a certificated assistant \$645, and for an uncertificated teacher \$340. And women receive only two-thirds those amounts. In many counties the maximum salary for a certain grade of head-master is \$15 a week; and the average salary for an uncertificated assistant is \$325 for men and \$280 for women. Yet the war bonus, with food one hundred per cent. higher, was sometimes as low as twenty cents a week.

Into conditions like these there was projected the first educationist to hold the Ministerial position: and in his choice Lloyd George made one of his many demonstrations of irreverence for tradition. Mr. Fisher knew the state of affairs from practical experience. Better still, he was uninfluenced by political or personal considerations. Starting with what he knew himself, he sought only what affected education. And he found it out. The result is educational reform that would never have come from the most honest politician such as those who have hitherto invariably filled the Cabinet positions.

Elementary education he first stroked, then admitted its deficiencies by granting an additional \$17,000,000, chiefly as teachers' salaries. "An embittered teacher is a social danger," he declared. And the extra money is to be allotted by inverse ratio to the wealth of the district.

Secondary schools, "which are the key of the situation," are favoured with an extra two million dollars, the principal objects being higher salaries, more teachers, and encourage-

ment for advanced courses. A strenuous effort is to be made, too, to drive out the caste system, so that "the son of the manufacturer, the son of the foreman, and the son of the workman should be educated side by side". Five years ago such a principle would have been killed at birth. For this purpose well-to-do parents are to pay for their children, while the Government comes to the assistance of the poor. The multiplicity of examinations is to be modified, although already a concerted attack has been made by narrow head-masters of some of the smaller private and public schools, who fear that candidates from uncontrolled schools might be discriminated against. This simplification of examination has been placed in the hands of a committee of eighteen, composed equally of elementary and higher education representatives.

A pension scheme for teachers is proposed.

Little has been done with the university system as yet, although action promises in the not distant future. Probably the Minister considered that he was undertaking a sufficiently large proposition for the present in reorganizing the less advanced forms of education. His tendencies with regard to the universities were expressed in a demand for "ample provision for the prosecution of free and independent post-graduate courses, and also for scholarships in science, technology, and modern languages". His

attack on tradition consisted of a desire "that every child in this country should receive the form of education most adapted to fashion its qualities for the highest uses". He contended, too, for greater unity in the universities.

Without the war education in England would have proceeded along the old lines until the dire straits of inability to compete forced a change. While the record in England of the years immediately preceding the war showed a waning commerce in the markets of the world, only the very fight for existence revealed to the nation some of its weaknesses. To be forced for two years and a half to its limit merely to meet the war inventions of the enemy, without freedom to develop its own originality, has been gall and wormwood to the Briton. To look about him and see the ordinary conveniences of life missing because their supply had crept into the hands of practical Germany while England was advancing eagerly in philosophical and philological directions has opened the eyes of the nation to something lacking.

Therefore, when the new Minister proposed a drastic alteration in the very foundations of national life, instead of the customary outcry from the admirers and convention, Mr. Fisher is met with eager support. Education in England is being democratized, as is everything else. And therein lies the future of the Empire.



The Fair Fugitive

BY G. M. L. BROWN



HEY met as the train neared Niagara Falls, the Canadian Boy and his chance acquaintance whom I am naming, for reasons hereinafter set forth, the Fair Fugitive, alias the Woman with a Past. She had been having difficulties with a hand satchel, which had to be opened for the inspection of the customs officer, and the Canadian Boy hastened to her assistance. . With a dexterous twist he turned the key and threw open the bag. He did not intend to open it more than a crack, and she knew that he didn't and smiled at his discomfiture.

"I beg your pardon," he ventured.

"For what? I was just going to thank you."

"For—for—seeing in your bag; I didn't mean to."

"I know you didn't, and, anyway, I don't mind a bit. Now I'll let you look it, if you will be so kind, and put it in the rack."

"With pleasure. Isn't it strange that just because I shouldn't have looked I saw most of its contents?"

"You ought to be an inspector, then, for I'm sure you took only a second."

"Oh, no, if I had been an inspector I probably wouldn't have seen half so much. The inspector looks for definite things, and if there is nothing dutiable, he sees nothing. Now I saw something that greatly interests me, and I'd like ever so much to discuss

it with you—or them, I mean the books."

The Fair Fugitive made a hurried estimate of the young man's age; then recalling her own, performed the necessary though annoying subtraction, and with a glance around her, half defiant, half explanatory, as if to justify the unconventionality of it, she motioned to the opposite seat.

"You may sit down," she said graciously, and smiled at the alacrity with which the invitation was accepted.

"Haven't you often marvelled," he began, in a tone that he intended to be formal but which to his vis-à-vis seemed irresistibly naïve—"Haven't you often marvelled at the infinite number of groupings that are possible in everything? Why, just the other day I saw a British army officer and a Baptist minister and a plumber walking down the street like old classmates. Now do you suppose that that particular combination of callings ever occurred before? I don't."

The Fair Fugitive thought it highly improbable. Moreover she thought it highly amusing, this being entertained by a whimsical youth of unknown name and antecedents. She had been getting a headache from *ennui*—at least she assured herself that it was *ennui*, though she knew well enough that it was from fear and worry—and all in a moment a companion had dropped from the clouds. Truly the gods were kind.

"I astonished a waiter yesterday,"

continued the young egotist, "by selecting two ordinary articles at an ordinary café and combining them for my lunch. That chap has been a waiter all his life and I suppose he serves fifty people a day; yet he was so dumbfounded that he dropped a plate."

"What did you order?" the Fair Fugitive asked with genuine eagerness.

"I admit it sounds rather unusual, but that happened to be the combination I wanted, and so I asked for it."

"But dear me! Am I never to learn what it was?"

"Why, corned beef hash and Burgundy. The waiter will never get over it. And still I was pretty nearly as surprised at the books I saw in your satchel; and say, come to think of it, couldn't they be described as hash and wine?"

The Fair Fugitive laughed outright. A collection of essays by Gilbert Chesterton wasn't badly described as hash, and the "Tartarian" adventures were certainly as near to wine as anything she could recall in fiction.

"But I also have the '*Pensées de Joubert*' which your official eye seems to have missed—how shall we describe it?"

"That little green book? I never heard of Joubert—tell me about him," said the Canadian Boy with unembarrassed frankness. Then forgetting his request—"But why don't you ask me what I am reading?"

"I was just going to."

"Well, officially I am reading 'Marius the Epicurean', but I don't make much progress except in public, and that I suppose is due to snobbishness."

"Snobbishness?"

"I mean the feeling of superiority that comes to one in having a book like that in his possession while people around him are reading 'best sellers'."

His companion was quite won by the evident sincerity of this confession and glanced her admiration. "Joubert

says, '*Les esprits simples et sincères ne se trompent jamais qu'à demi*'."

"I don't understand you, so I can't tell whether I'm guilty or not; but look at the lady over there—how can I help feeling superior to her with my 'Marius' at my side? She has just bought the *Buffalo Call*, and is evidently going to devour every word of scandal in it. At present she's on page one, and she's reading all about —"

He stopped in embarrassment. Whose portrait was that? It seemed strangely familiar—someone he had met recently—someone—who—didn't—seem—to—belong—there.

The Fair Fugitive noticed his bewilderment, glanced inquiringly across the aisle and beheld—her own picture.

"I assure you I didn't know," stammered the boy, half doubting his senses. But his confusion soon changed to alarm as he noticed her deadly pallor.

"Please take me to another car," she faltered. "No—I'll get out at the next station."

"You won't unless you let me accompany you," announced the boy firmly. "You are going to New York, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you are taking the very best method to get there."

"Buy one—buy as many as you can—quick!" she implored, as a newsboy approached with an armful of papers.

Her companion understood.

"How many papers have you?" he demanded. "Never mind counting so carefully—call it a hundred. Here, put them under the seat—thanks!"

Turning to interpret her next wish he found her crumpled up against the sill—in a dead faint.

He was potentially a man of action, as are all his kind who sever home ties and venture abroad, and he vaguely realized the responsibility that he had taken on his shoulders. This charming woman whom he was befriending, he reflected in a series of mental flash-

es, must be implicated in some scandal. "Diana of the Crossways" obstructed his vision for a fractional part of an instant, but he gently pushed her aside and concentrated on the problem before him. What the scandal was he didn't know nor care to know, but people in the car were reading about it and gazing at a very life-like picture of her. She must be protected—secluded—at once.

All this had taken possibly seven seconds, and censuring himself for the delay he beckoned the car conductor.

"Conductor, my wife has fainted—no, don't bring water—haven't you a vacant stateroom?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we'll take it. Let us wrap her in this shawl and get her there as quickly as possible. That's it."

A few steps, the turn of a key, and the limp form was carefully laid in a private berth. With a gentleness akin to reverence, he loosened her collar and began the work of resuscitation.

"Now, conductor, send for some ice-water and a little brandy, please, and I'll bring her to in a jiffy. These attacks come from eye-strain, the doctor says. Thank you, I'll manage all right—you needn't wait. Just ask the porter to fetch our things, including that pile of papers. When you run a Clipping Bureau you have time for about three things—eat, sleep, and clip."

As the Fair Fugitive regained consciousness, the train was swaying around a bend, and the motion, reminiscent of a sea voyage, puzzled her not a little. But when her eyes rested upon her new acquaintance, who had been down on all fours capturing a fugitive piece of ice, memory returned, like an apologetic servant.

"Was I recognized?" She demanded.

"Yes, ma'am; I may be slow, but you needn't rub it in."

"I mean by the others."

"Not your face—we had to pile some things on it, but your feet were well inspected."

"Please be sensible and tell me how you got me here. Oh, never mind—I can guess. If you will come nearer I will tell you what I think. There! Now look at me—I think you are the dearest, cleverest boy I ever met."

"Madam," protested her companion with a furious flush, "I am your husband for the time being, so please treat me with becoming dignity."

"Well, sir, would it be beneath your dignity to remove the library from that satchel and get out a small bottle of cologne?"

The boy obeyed, flushing still deeper as he fumbled among various articles of the feminine toilet, and inhaled their faint perfume, to him at once exotic and delicious.

"And now tell me what they say."

"Who?"

"The reporters—the papers."

"I haven't looked—I don't want to."

"But I wish you to."

"It's against my principles; I must finish my 'Marius'."

"I thought you knew the code of knight-errantry—is it against your principles to oblige a lady in distress?"

"A lady with an excellent pair of eyes." He had forgotten the eye-strain.

"So that is Canadian chivalry!"

"Well," he replied, scrutinizing her face to see if she were mocking him, "if you put it that way, I'm afraid I'll have to surrender. Do *you* refuse to read them?"

"I can't—don't you see how I am trembling? I know what we'll do—you will read them to yourself, and then tell me what they say as kindly as you can."

To this he assented, and after scanning several columns, not without evident surprise and distress, he briefly summarized the story:

The governor of a mid-western state had been found dead in his office with the photograph of an unknown woman in his hand. He had not died

unattended, yet the witnesses had utterly vanished. That a woman had been present there were many proofs. A handkerchief, unfortunately without initials or monogram, a hat pin, and a woman's magazine were found by the detectives; but on the other hand the doctor who was summoned testified that it was a man's voice that had spoken over the 'phone. To add to the mystery, no one recognized the portrait held so tenaciously by the dying Governor. The police, while convinced that no crime had been committed, were determined to identify the strangely missing witnesses, and this portrait they regarded as the most important clue.

When he had finished his faltering recital his auditor was in tears.

"You loved him, then?" There was an incipient jealousy in the tone.

"Yes, once—a long time ago."

"He was married?"

"No."

"Then why didn't——"

His questions were smothered in the hiss of the air-brakes, but she understood.

"Because," she quivered, "he once led me—oh, I cannot tell you. It rendered me unworthy—or at least——"

"So *he* said, you mean?"

"Yes, so he said."

"But that very attitude made him unworthy of you."

"That is just what I told him."

"And you continued to love him?"

"Oh, no, I learned to despise him."

"And yet——" Each question was put more haltingly, wistfully—the boy himself was on the verge of tears.

"We hadn't met for years. I was living in a literary colony in California, when I received a letter from him telling me that he was in wretched health, and that he wanted to see me on most important business. He enclosed a check for a large sum, out of which I used enough for my travelling expenses and those of a friend whom I brought along for company. I had just handed him the balance before the—tragedy. Do the papers mention

a roll of bills left on his table?"

"Yes."

"We were arguing about it just before he died. He protested that he still loved me and could not live without me. He took my photograph from his pocket as proof of his affection and—and kissed it."

"But the other man?"

"No one else was there except Alice, my friend, who accompanied me to the outer office. She had the presence of mind to call up Doctor Frank, who was an old schoolmate of hers, and he has evidently been trying to throw the police off the track."

"But you poor little woman," said her protector, annihilating the gulf of years between them, "why didn't you recover your photograph?"

"I hadn't the heart to. I had sent it to him at his request, but accompanied by a note telling him that since he had lost the substance it was fitting he should receive the shadow. A modern adaptation of the old fable," she explained with a wan smile.

"So I stood there defiant, at what proved to be his death struggle, and refused him even the pressure of my lips. Yet what I had given him was his—women may be unjust in a legal sense, but they delight in poetic justice. Still there may have been fear or superstition in my action, or possibly a touch of vanity—I never learned to analyze motives."

"Fear or vanity in allowing a brute from his very grave to compromise your whole life? I should call it sublime unselfishness."

He had been pacing the narrow floor as he spoke, in unconscious harmony with the motions of the train.

"It was the testing of your soul," he continued, with eyes aflame. "This man had done you the greatest injury in his power, and instead of retaliating, you would not permit yourself to do even a fancied injustice to his wretched corpse. Oh, I tell you that took sublime courage, and I love you for it—I love you for it."

Saying which, this stalwart Cana-

dian—she had not noticed before how big and manly he really was—reached down and gathered her into his arms.

For a moment she resisted him: then yielding to a torrent of hysterical emotion, she pressed her tearful, radiant face to his, and gave as eagerly as she received.

It is easy to offer a synthetical formula for a given act, *after the event*, but what psychologist would have the temerity to prepare his formula in advance, and definitely denote either the direction or the force of the human reaction? For he knows that one infinitesimal factor omitted, or unforeseen, might change the whole process. Omar Khayyam blithely defines an earthly paradise, but, apparently ignorant of the supreme importance of the minutest details, fails to mention the title of the book or the brand of wine, or even to specify whether the bread should be rye or white.

The Canadian Boy, while precocious in things intellectual, had proved so bashful in affairs of the heart that his name was an actual bye-word among his girl acquaintances.

The Fair Fugitive had just emerged from a long period of self-discipline, strongly fortified, she had vainly supposed, against all passions and sentiments not "passed" by an alert board of censorship, in which mind and conscience cast the deciding vote.

Yet these two reticent beings, strangers to each other even in name, were exchanging caresses and endearments with an abandon that would tax the credulity of a puritanical spinster. It was long after the Fair Fugitive had supplied me with the outline of my story that she summoned the courage to tell of this scene, and while shame and exaltation struggled in the confession, it was very apparent that the latter triumphed.

A creaking lurch brought them to their senses. The express was pulling out of a station, and a glance at the darkened window pane warned them that it was almost night. The figure in blue, now a mere shadow, retreated

to her berth. Her outraged censors had regained their ascendancy and were vehemently denouncing every impulse and emotion that had contributed to the unpardonable indiscretion. In short, she was very repentant.

"You smoke, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then I want you to go to the smoking-room and have a cigar, and please make no resolves, no plans of any kind. When you return, bring a menu with you and we'll order a little dinner, after which we'll talk just as sensibly and philosophically as if you were my age and I were the heroine of a Henry James novel."

He recoiled at something incisive and prosaic in the tone of her voice and, stumbling in the darkness, struck his temple against the door. To his horror, he almost swore, and the Fair Fugitive had difficulty in suppressing a titter. Both felt nonplussed and guilty.

When he returned the train was shrieking into Syracuse. He had brought the promised menu with him, but it was not necessary, for he found dinner already served, and the Fair Fugitive seated at the diminutive table, smiling her welcome.

"I haven't ordered hash," she said with mock gravity, "because I detest it; but here is your Burgundy, and if you don't like broiled chicken, ring for the waiter and order what you wish."

He accepted the chicken and other courses offered; but so far as his observation served him the chicken might have been salad, the salad dessert, the dessert a package of brass tacks. For this impetuous young egoist had fallen quite desperately in love, and despite her command—issued rather tardily, he might have protested—had been planning their future at a speed so precipitous that the progress of the train seemed slow to exasperation.

"Have you read much of Chester-

ton?" she demanded, when the table had been cleared.

"No, not very much—he irritates me."

"Still he is wholesome. Let us see if this book contains anything about nasty romances between, well, let us euphemistically say youth and maturity. Oh, here we have something—page 140." And she began rather haltingly:

"When a young man of twenty falls in love with a woman of thirty-seven, I deem him fortunate—though not so fortunate as a lad of fifteen enamored with a maiden of forty-seven. For I cling to the old-fashioned belief that youthful ailments should be suffered in youth—the earlier the better—and that upon their severity depends future immunity. I said that I deem the youth lucky, but I did not say that I deem the woman lucky. On the contrary, it is she who is to be pitied. For the ensnarer becomes the ensnared. Her victim recovers and goes his way, but she—"

"Look here," interrupted the boy, "let me see that book."

"Why?"

"Because I believe you're improvising. Gilbert Chesterton delights in paradox, but he doesn't write piffle."

"What an ungracious criticism. That is the plain truth, so why quarrel about authorship?"

"You know it isn't even a caricature of the truth. Anyway, I hate to be imposed upon."

He spoke with the warmth of injured pride, and the Fair Fugitive was quick to offer amends.

"I know you do, and if ever a man earned fair treatment at the hands of a woman, you have earned it from me. Can't you see that is why I am trying to disillusion you? Please don't make it any harder."

With apparent unconsciousness she stopped to light a cigarette, and after a few vigorous puffs, continued:

"Let me see—it is now nearly ten. I think we met at about half past three, which was as much as six hours ago. The first thirty minutes of our acquaintance was given up to light comedy. Then came an hour or so of

melodrama, in which you were the hero, and I the victim of untoward circumstance. I cannot sufficiently compliment you on the part you played—had you done it with less skill there might have been a tragedy on the boards. Well, one would suppose that this double bill would have satisfied us, but not a bit of it. Up went the curtain on a romance, Romeo almost creating a new part in his fervour, and Juliet a trifle frayed, but supporting him as well as her poor ability would permit. Then to modernize it, we ended the act with a misunderstanding—just the suggestion of a lover's quarrel."

She was interrupted by a hoarse roar from the engine, and a vibratory conflict of brakes with swiftly revolving wheels warned her that another stage of their journey was past. No, it was not Utica, as she had supposed, but Albany—the last stop before their destination.

"I was going to style this final act a return to light comedy; but we will be frank and call it a realistic problem play, which it is. Now let us review things in their true light:

"A young man of twenty——"

"I am nearly twenty-two."

"A young man of nearly twenty-two, but with more knowledge of books than of people, meets a woman fifteen years his senior—a woman with a past."

"Who in heaven hasn't a past?"

"I mean a past that is concealed."

"Not from me."

"Yes, from you. You are too chivalrous to see things in their true light. You never even stopped to ask me why I came so readily at the call of a man I despised. You called me magnanimous for leaving as I did, but overlooked the cowardice of leaving at all. You have deceived yourself by over-emphasizing the wrong done to me and ignoring my responsibility. Also you have confused misfortune with innocence. You may not believe me now, but you couldn't live happily one week with a woman who lacked that

maidenly attribute which the French call *pudeur*. You may even learn to despise me for the readiness with which I received your embraces, and the memory of my cigarette will certainly not be pleasant in retrospect."

"That was a stage trick, pure and simple."

"Not at all. I purchased those cigarettes at Detroit—long before we met."

She stopped to light another.

"I let you wax eloquent over my 'sublime unselfishness', though my fingers tingled with shame. Yet belief in another often bears magic fruit, and already I am a better woman for what you thought me. Now I cannot be sublimely unselfish, because there is nothing sublime about me; but I can be prosaically unselfish, and I am going to prove it this very night. I have made up my mind that we shall be strangers to each other from the moment of our arrival, and I am going to request you not to follow me or search for me."

"But suppose I refuse?"

"You will not refuse. You are going to leave me without knowing my name, and although you may miss me for a few hours or days, you will gradually comprehend that even as you helped me to escape so I have helped you and to that extent, at least, have repaid my debt, with interest. Some day the whole drama will be clear to your vision, and if you should continue to think kindly of me it will be for just one thing—for what I am doing now."

Her eyelids drooped, her voice faltered. Overcome by a flood of feeling, ill-defined and indefinable, she flung herself in pathetic abandon at his feet. But when he attempted to caress her she shrank from his touch.

He desisted. He found himself denuded of his buoyancy and power, and realized with humiliation that the

masterful lover had somehow shrunk to the awkward youth of a few hours (or was it centuries?) ago. He felt dusty and tired, and very much at odds with the world.

The Fair Fugitive knew instinctively that the crisis was past, and that it behoved her to suppress the last trace of emotion. So well did she succeed that when she finally looked up her eyes were tinged with mirthful witchery and her lips curled in mischievous bravado.

"Speaking of queer combinations," she laughed, "has there been any circumstance since we met that has not been unusual or distorted? To begin with, the very meeting of idealistic youth and *blasé* maturity."

"Please don't," he protested reproachfully.

"Then we had the Buffalo *Call* and 'Marius', as you pointed out; my escape from detection after fainting before a full car, thanks to the clever deception of a young man who until that moment scarcely knew what duplicity meant; an announcement of marriage with the contracting parties ignorant of each other's name; the foundation laid for a lasting friendship, and——"

"Wrecked before it can be built on," he finished.

"Not wrecked—simply—what shall I say?"

"Abandoned."

"'Abandoned' then if you will."

Said the boy with a rueful smile, as he helped her from the car, "Will you take this confounded satehel, or may I have it as a momento?"

"That was our undoing, wasn't it?" smiled the Fair Fugitive. "Next time I travel I will take care to check it."

"You needn't trouble," he replied, bravely echoing her laugh, "I travel hereafter in the smoker."

The Curse of Babel

BY HILTON M. RADLEY



IF Europe were freed of the "curse of Babel", a writer in a recent issue of *The Literary Digest* maintains, we should hear much less of race conflict. To substantiate his argument, he goes on to show how effectively America has become an immense melting-pot for diverse races, and he claims that this has been brought about by the use of a common language—English. While adult immigrants, he points out, remain in sentiment and prejudice what they were, their children, of precisely the same race, are Americans, indistinguishable from those of Anglo-Saxon origin. They read American papers, think American thoughts, and dress and speak like Americans. "The spread of the English language," he concludes, "does much to make the world akin."

This is all very well as far as it goes, but is it exactly desirable that the world should be made kin on the American plan? The American "idea" is wonderfully pervasive; it appeals to the materialistic side, which is strong in man, and where barriers of language do not interpose it often makes great headway.

It is just because most nations realize what an effective "barrier" language forms that they are so insistent upon the retention of their native tongues. The Finn, the Hungarian, the Pole have no desire to see their peculiar culture and tradition im-

perilled by the infusion of foreign ideas through the predominance of a strange language. Thus we have Finland, after a century of union with Russia, steadily resisting all efforts to impose upon her the language of her conqueror. Intensely Western in her outlook and sympathies, she regards "Russification" as being synonymous with retrogression. In the same way, the Polish, Magyars and Czechs have refused to become "Germanized". It seems that one might almost regard language as being a kind of "protective tariff" under which the peculiar genius of a nation may come to full stature, unembarrassed by the intrusion of foreign elements which might retard or distort its growth. Some instinct in the nations make them jealously guard the integrity of their native tongues. Doubtless if the "curse of Babel" were removed, the world would be more quickly welded together, but on what plan, American, French, German or Slavonic, leaving out, for the moment, consideration of the Oriental peoples?

Just as it is impossible, in the words of Edmund Burke, "to bring an indictment against a whole nation", so it is impossible to attribute to any one race a monopoly of the virtues. H. G. Wells in his "Anticipations", published in 1902, made out a very good case for the future predominance of French, as opposed to English and German. A greater number of serious books, he said, were published in French than in English—

books which represented more keenly contemporary intellectual life—and thus the inducements for learning the language were greater to the foreigner than in the case of English. The German language, so unwieldy, and so “accursed” by its lettering, was not sufficiently attractive to become universal. French, too, had made headway in parts of Europe where German was not tolerated. For English, unless a “great intellectual renaissance” took place, he had less hope of linguistic predominance.

The fact is that we cannot say at the present time that it would be ideal for the world to become either Americanized, Germanized or Russianized. What we need is the contribution to the world civilization (for which we hope) of the peculiar gifts of the diverse races, and this contribution can only be satisfactory when full opportunity is given for the cultivation of those gifts under the most favourable conditions. The world is not yet ready for a federation upon any other terms. In the noble words of Mazzini, the great Italian patriot, “The social idea cannot be realized under any form whatsoever before the reorganization of Europe is effected; before the peoples are free to interrogate themselves, to express their vocation.” And he goes on to say that “nationality ought to be to humanity that which division of labour is in a workshop—the recognized symbol of association, the assertion of the individuality of a human group called by its geographical position, its tradition and its language, to fulfil a special function in the world of civilization without foreign domination, in order to elaborate and express its idea, to contribute its stone also to the great pyramid of history.”

Inspired by the great concept of freedom—freedom to express themselves in their own way—we find the nations of the world insisting more than ever upon national integrity as it is symbolized in language. Slowly we of the Anglo-Saxon race are com-

ing to realize that what we prize so highly ourselves is equally prized by other races. The full significance of the great national awakening which took place in Europe after the French Revolution is at last filtering through to our consciousness. Perhaps we first began to appreciate its significance when we attempted to analyze the secret of Germany’s growing commercial strength. In analyzing her “methods”, we discovered with what care she studied the language, institutions and customs of the countries with which she desired to trade. The American in Mexico has had many a rebuff, justly merited, on account of his arrogant assumption of superiority, which has caused him to slight the language and social usages of the Mexicans. He is suffering for his shortsightedness now. The Latin Americans remain suspicious of his overtures of friendship, of his belated appreciation of the desirability of a closer relationship with him. Such an attitude on their part is decidedly inimical to the scheme of “Pan-Americanism” of which we are beginning to hear a good deal in these days. The American, in common with others who are influenced by Anglo-Saxon culture, does not take kindly to foreign languages. This has been due, in part, to false notions of racial superiority which have been inculcated into him. As late as 1911, for instance, men like Professor Brander Matthews were confidently assuming that before long English would be an international language, and were minimizing the importance of modern language study in the schools. It is not so many years ago that Lord Avebury, at a meeting of the Chambers of Commerce in London, England, deplored the frequent necessity in mercantile and banking houses of “calling in the German clerk” whenever any foreign correspondence had to be undertaken.

In Canada, and especially since the outbreak of the war, the signs of awakening are everywhere manifest.

With the sending of representatives of mercantile houses to foreign countries to inquire into conditions of trade, has come an appreciation of the value of foreign languages. With the opening of branches of some of our banking institutions in Mexico and the West Indies, has also come the conviction that it "pays" all round to be familiar with the language of the country with which we wish to do business. Thus we have the Bankers' Association, which has established a regular banking course at Queen's University, adding a Spanish course to the existing one. Quite recently there was some talk of making Russian an optional subject in our high schools. Many of our business and technical colleges are now offering special courses in commercial French and Spanish—all significant "signs of the times."

Whatever may have been the case in the past, it is certain that to-day we recognize, as never before, the importance of modern language study. But although we recognize this, we have not yet discovered the "methods" of study necessary to make our realization effectual. This is not surprising. The question of method in the study of languages has always been one upon which there has been much diversity of opinion. Between 1500 and 1800, for instance, 650 dissertations on system were published, the large proportion of which bore the title, "A New Method!" And yet if we look back through history and inquire into the systems which were conceded to be most effectual in the teaching of languages, we shall find this common experience: The study of such languages was commenced by children at a very early age. Thus after the conquest of Rome, Greek was taken up very extensively in the Roman schools. Greek slaves, Greek scribes and Greek learned men were much in evidence, and Max Muller comments in this connection that from their very infancy the Roman child heard Greek, and he learned to speak

it, if anything, better than Latin. Erasmus (1466-1536), writing at a time when much emphasis was laid on the importance of Latin and Greek, says: "As soon as a child can learn anything he must begin with writing and pronouncing the letters of the Greek and Latin alphabet. Rules of Grammar should be as few and concise as possible. Power in language comes not from rules, but from use in conversation".

But we need not go back to history. One of the reasons, one must believe, why the French and Germans are usually such good linguists is that their school systems provide for the teaching of languages to children at an age when our children are still in the primary schools. Admitting that the linguistic ability of Canadians and Americans does not compare favourably with the ability of the French and Germans, it might be pertinent to ask wherein our system differs from theirs. It differs in this important respect: We allow all the impressionable early years of the child in the primary schools to pass without familiarizing his ear with any language but his own. In a former paper I tried to show why these early years are most favourable for the acquisition of foreign tongues; but we have only to reflect for a moment on the astonishing rapidity with which the very young children of immigrants "pick up" English to have brought home to us practical illustrations of the point I am trying to emphasize. Some time ago Professor Price, the State Inspector of Modern Languages, New York State Educational Department, instituted an inquiry into the reason for the poor showing made by high school students in language study. What he discovered, as a result of this inquiry, was that the average high school teacher knew very little more about the language which she professed to teach than the average pupil. He made the discovery in this way: He invited a number of teachers of French and

German to write to the State Department in the language they taught, stating at some length their qualifications for teaching. When these letters came in he made a "little anthology" of them. From these compositions he learned much. Many of the letters, he says, were wholly un-French and un-German, and there was hardly a sentence in any of them that was free from error. And yet all these women had passed through high schools, and most of them had, in addition, spent four years at college. In some way the American system is at fault, and one is naturally inclined to infer that the fault lies at the point of departure of that system from other systems which have proved more effectual. The point of departure, as we know, lies mainly in the failure of American schools to provide for the teaching of foreign languages to children in the primary schools. It really does look as if in this way we could at least partly account for the fact that Canadians and Americans are such poor linguists.

In Canada we have good reasons for making a special study of French. To begin with, it is the language of our compatriots the French-Canadians. In my paper, "An Aspect of the Bilingual Question", I dwelt at some length on this side of the situation. French is also becoming more and more a diplomatic language. Some of our statesmen have recently

expressed the embarrassment they felt on certain occasions when, by virtue of their high and responsible positions, they were brought into contact with the *élite* of European intellectual circles and found themselves practically the only ones present ignorant of a language which, in more senses than one, is becoming international.

It is conceded that the knowledge of even one language besides one's own not only vastly improves one's "vocabulary", but greatly facilitates the learning of other languages. If we Canadians were to concentrate for a time on French, following the most approved methods of study, Spanish, Italian and Russian might follow in due course—and with far more prospect for the real mastery of them than there is any prospect of under present conditions.

True, our awakening to the importance of the study of foreign languages has been brought about by our appreciation of the commercial value of such knowledge, but in furthering those interests along broader vision we shall learn to respect the individuality of other nations, and in the effort imposed upon us to "understand" them, we shall grasp the truth that we gain more from those who have something to offer us in the way of new and striking points of view than from those who, in the words of Emerson, yield to us in a "mush of concession".



The House of Hohenzollern

A RECORD OF THE FAMILY WHOSE LINEAL DESCENDANTS ARE NOW
SHOCKING THE WORLD

BY HAROLD SANDS



OCH means high; hohe or hoehe means heights or hill; zoll means tax; zoller, one who taxes; zollern, they who tax.

A German American explained it that way, and he recalled that the first mention in history of the Hohenzollern family to which the existing branches can trace their name is found in an ancient chronicle dated 1088.

Burkhard of Zollern was the founder of the family, and his castle stood on the hill of Zollern, about a mile and a half south of Heehingen, which is in the extreme southwest of Germany, not far from the Swiss border. The name is maintained in the little principality of Hohenzollern-Heehingen, between the River Neckar and Lake Constance. It's a harsh land, with an uncongenial climate. Burkhard exacted tribute from those around him. His family was the hohenzollern—they on the heights who taxed.

It will be seen that the family started a long way from Prussia. It took centuries before the Hohenzollerns, as social climbers, reached an eminence where other robber barons of their type considered them worthy of notice. Nevertheless they were a pushful people, always striving for leadership. Not until 1618, however, did the branch of the family to which the Kaiser belongs begin its rule in Prus-

sia. It took six centuries to reach that height and has maintained it for three. Starting in 1618, will 1918 see its end?

During those three hundred years war has been almost as breath of the nostrils to the Hohenzollerns. Few of them have been able to resist the temptation to "unsheath the sword" when victory looked certain. By the sword the family forced its way up from rulership of a small castle to lordship over all Germany. The present head of the family, not content with imperial honours, sought super-imperial dignities and plunged a world into woe to gain them. Slowly but inexorably the world is preparing his punishment.

All pushful families have their ups and downs and the Hohenzollerns were sometimes on top and sometimes in danger of being submerged from the year 1050 to 1415. In the latter year they finally got their heads above water. The member of the family who happened to be Burgrave of Nuremberg, the beer and toy centre, received Brandenburg, of which Prussia was then a part, from his brother-in-law, the German King Sigismund, for services rendered.

There were still centuries to go, however, before there was a king in the family. The year 1701 is marked red by the Hohenzollerns, for it was then that the Elector of Brandenburg crowned himself King of Prussia.

Viewed in the light of to-day the Hohenzollerns were for centuries little more than a family of robber barons, producing no outstanding figure until 1640, when Frederick William I., called the great Elector of Brandenburg, rose as a giant among the men of his time. He "put the fear of God", as the Germans understand God, into his subjects and his enemies. To him Prussia owes its existence. He never was King of Prussia, but he is recognized as its maker. He had to be content with the title of Duke of Prussia, and he was supposed to pay homage to the King of Poland, the Duchy of Prussia being a Polish fief.

Brandenburg, with its capital of Berlin founded by Albert the Bear, was a good deal more important in those days than the wild Duchy of Prussia, with its capital at Königsberg. However, Frederick, who succeeded the Great Elector in 1688, had his eye on a kingship, and paid particular attention to Prussia. His father's dying advice to him was that he cultivate friendly relations with England and "caress the Prussians, but ever keep a watchful eye on them".

Frederick assumed his honours as King of Prussia on a cold January morning in 1701. He wrote his own proclamation and it had the usual Hohenzollern sound. He claimed the kingly crown by divine right. The proclamation read:

"Whereas it has pleased God, in His omniscient Providence, to raise this Prussian Duchy to a Kingdom and to create the sovereign thereof, the most serene and powerful Prince and Lord, Frederick, King of Prussia; now, therefore, the same is hereby to all and sundry made known, published, and proclaimed. Long live Frederick, King of Prussia!"

Almost the first thing he did, after the coronation, was to establish the famous Order of the Black Eagle, instituted in commemoration of the raising of Prussia to the rank of a sov-

ereign kingdom. From that time dates the motto of Prussia—*Mit Gott für König und Vaterland*.

It is believed also that Frederick wrote the benediction pronounced by his home-made bishop who, after anointing him, said:

"May it please your royal majesty to take this anointment as a divine symbol that Almighty God has made and installed you king. May God anoint your majesty with the Holy Ghost, so that you may, as the anointed lord, rule and reign over your kingdom and people in health and strength for many years."

Count Wartenberg, Lord High Chamberlain, then carefully wiped the oil off the kingly head with a napkin, the bells of Königsberg pealed and a salute of guns shattered the windows in the neighbouring houses.

Prussia was a somewhat primitive kingdom in those days, as may be gathered from the fact that Queen Sophia Charlotte, who didn't take the proceedings so seriously as her lord, took a pinch of snuff during the coronation and sneezed loudly on her throne. The people thoroughly enjoyed the festivities, for they drank freely from fountains which flowed with wine and stuffed themselves with geese, fowls, sucking pigs and venison.

The second King of Prussia, Frederick William I., started out as a reformer with Peter the Great of Russia for his model. He interfered with everybody, from the great chamberlain down to the humblest kitchen wench. Those who didn't reform quickly enough to please him felt the weight of his heavy cane.

Frederick William was a great trencherman and invariably drank a bottle of old hoch for dinner and sometimes two. A royal menu which has come down from those days shows that the meal started with soup. The next course was boiled beef, followed by ham. Then came sausages with the inevitable sauerkrant. By this time the royal appetite was ready for

salmon, followed by a huge pie, three or four kinds of roast, salad and a capital cheese to top it all off. There was great snacking of lips at the royal table.

After dinner this valiant eater attended his famous tobacco parliament, where his cronies drank beer out of big mugs and smoked cheap tobacco in short clay pipes, while they freely discussed the king's policies. His consort considered him an uncultivated, ill-mannered boor, but if he was somewhat crude he was a great force in his little kingdom.

Prussia's military régime really started with Frederick William. He raised the famous regiment of tall grenadiers and he made the army superior in equipment and training, giving it, in fact, that prominence which it has maintained to date.

Frederick William worked, hunted and drank so hard that he became a martyr to gout, which, combined with dropsy, carried him off in 1740. This military monarch of a military monarchy was succeeded by the man who became known as Frederick the Great.

The new king had been a puny child and at one time was supposed to possess the artistic temperament, but he got over that. As a boy he liked to read naughty books on the sly and played the flute, for which he was not infrequently caned by his unmusical father.

The young man flirted with the arts and sciences, corresponded with Voltaire, wrote books, caroused and never neglected the pleasures of the table. But when he came to the throne he changed almost as greatly as previously Madcap Harry of England had changed. He took his kingship very much in earnest, and above all cultivated the military spirit, becoming one of the greatest generals of his time.

Having inherited a magnificently-trained army and a big war chest, Frederick the Great improved both and then began to look for trouble. He let it be known that he was not

averse to starting "a conflagration which would set the whole of Europe in flames", something which his descendant, William II., accomplished in 1914.

Audacity marked Frederick's career from the start. To use the descriptive reporter's phrase, he burst like a bombshell upon an astonished Europe. In less than a year after his accession he proclaimed war against Austria in order to enforce his claim to Silesia. After peace was concluded he announced that he expected to have to "unsheath the sword"—William II.'s pet phrase—within a few years. He was a true prophet, for two years later he invaded Bohemia, but instead of "planting his foot on the throat of his enemy", as he had boasted he would do, he was soundly beaten.

Taught thus early in the hard school of adversity Frederick the Great, with true German thoroughness, improved and increased the size of his army, reorganized the cavalry, replenished the treasury, and started once more to contribute to the aggrandizement of his house. In the campaigns of 1745 he scattered his enemies and retrieved his fortunes. He gave a public dinner in Berlin to celebrate his victories, and many of his guests were mean enough to stow the royal plate away as well as the royal victuals.

Militant women next occupied the attention of Frederick the Great. After a decade of comparative peace the alliance of the three graces, as Frederick called it, was made against Prussia. Maria Theresa of Austria, the Marquis de Pompadour of France and the equally indiscreet Empress Elizabeth of Russia, joined hands against the Prussian, and the Seven Years' War resulted. But for the British Prussia would have been annihilated. With their help the kingly Fritz emerged from the fray a conquering hero, but with his country on the verge of ruin. He restored it. He turned from the pursuit of glory on the battlefield and devoted his efforts to placing his kingdom on a

sound footing, in which he met eminent success. Gout and dropsy, hereditary diseases in the Hohenzollern family, carried him off in 1786. The great blot on Frederick the Great's escutcheon was the partition of Poland, to which he was tempted by that same Catherine of Russia he had so freely denounced.

Pleasure, not glory, was the aim of his successor, Frederick William II., surnamed "the Fat". He has been described as a royal mystic voluptuary. He succumbed at an early age to the blandishments of a beautiful brunette, with a perfect figure, and she had many successors.

Like the deposed Czar of Russia, the fat Prussian monarch was a strong believer in the supernatural. His mistresses and courtiers fed him to the full on it. Although he was conspicuous for folly, there is this much to his credit—he believed that the German language and customs should be maintained in Germany, and therefore he made the court German instead of French, and encouraged German writers, actors, musicians and architects. "We are German, and Germans we wish to remain," was his dictum in expelling the French language and customs from Berlin.

One of the seductive beauties to whom Frederick so easily yielded sold the famous ring with the black stone, which Frederick the Great gave to his son on his deathbed, with the injunction not to lose it or the family prosperity would depart. After the attractive Countess Lichtenau took the ring the fortunes of the corpulent king began to decline, and Prussia also lost the proud prominence it had gained under his father. An inglorious campaign against "the ragged Republicans" of France, as the Prussians called them, shook the prestige of the army and Prussia experienced great humiliation. Frederick's end was pitiable. He died on a dull November day in 1797, attended only by servants, who upbraided him for taking so long a time.

A shy and awkward prince was Frederick William II. when he ascended the throne of Prussia, but frugal, pious and virtuous also. He was un-
bought and his manners were none of the best. Treitschke described him as a thorough German. A mediocre man and lacking in decision, he was no king to cope with Napoleon, as was shown at Jena, from which disastrous battle he fled after cutting a poor figure. His queen, the famous Louise, was the "better man". Even after the French occupied Berlin and she and the king fled to the confines of their kingdom she remained every inch a queen, while Frederick William made a sorry show.

The king retrieved himself to a certain extent at the Battle of Nations at Leipzig in 1813. The defeat of Napoleon on that occasion was largely due to the Prussians, and Frederick William III. was, in fact, hailed as the "liberator of Europe".

While Europe was calming down after the Napoleonic wars the King of Prussia developed melancholia and the doctors prescribed the distraction of female society. His courageous and beautiful wife died in 1810. A fresh young girl was obtained to console him and proved a real helpmate in his old age. In 1840 it was whispered about Berlin that the famous White Lady, whose appearance is believed to herald a death in the royal family, had been seen in the castle. Whether she was or not, it is true that that year the king died.

A far different man from his father was Frederick William IV. Passionate, intelligent and stubborn, he seemed cut out for a stormy life. He early conceived a dislike of Great Britain, and especially of the English system of government. The idea of the divine right of kings was firmly implanted in him, and he was strongly opposed to the spirit of freedom and nationalism which was beginning to assert itself. His father had bowed before the storm by granting Prussia its first semblance of a national par-

liament. The son opposed the constitutional movement until he saw it could not be stemmed, and then, with true Hohenzollern shrewdness, he placed himself at its head, just as William II. is seeking to do. This leadership boded little good for constitutional reform. The constitution proclaimed in 1851 was far from meeting the desires of the people.

In his later years Frederick William IV. suffered from mental derangement, and a regency was established. The mad king died in 1861 and the regent, who afterward was famous as William, first German Emperor, came to the throne. He has been described as every inch a soldier and a king. He was firmly imbued,

however, with the divine right theory despite the fact that in his "Principles of Life" he modestly set down that he would "never forget that a prince is a man".

He was warlike from the very start. The first thing he did was to reorganize the army. As a military leader, however, he was overshadowed by Moltke, and as a statesman he was eclipsed by Bismarck, who made him the first German Emperor, after conquering France and Prussianizing Germany. The Hohenzollern cup of glory now seemed filled to the brim, but that didn't satisfy the first Emperor's grandson, William II. He spilt it over and drenched the world in blood.





HOSTAGES

"The lives of hostages have not been respected, these have been shot without the least personal fault having been laid to their charge."—*Belgium Committee of Inquiry.*

The Art of Making Books^{*}

BY CHARLES H. THURBER

A FAVOURITE device for teaching geography is the so-called dinner-table method. Since it applies the principle of proceeding from the known to the unknown, it seems to be based on sound psychology. If the child knows anything it knows what is on the dinner-table. Where did the tea and the coffee and the pepper come from? The grocery store. But where did the grocer get them? For the city child even the origin of the butter and milk and cream might be equally mysterious. Knives and forks and table linen would open up other industries and other lands. If all the materials on the dinner-table were merely collected and thrown there, however, you would not have a dinner, but a mess. The artist who transforms the mess into a palatable, nutritious, even luscious dinner, is the cook. But we have recently discovered that the cook must see to it not only that the materials are properly assembled and mixed and presented, but also that they contain a proper amount of certain mysterious substances or qualities which have not yet been isolated, about which very little is known, but which are absolutely indispensable for the health and vigour of the human machine. These elusive and mysterious substances or principles are called vitamins. About all we know of them at the present time is that they are

found in certain food materials prepared in a certain way, that they are not found in the same food materials differently prepared and that it is absolutely unsafe for the human race to try to get along without them.

The art of making books may be approached in a similar way. Take up any book and you will find it offers as many as or more varieties in materials than the dinner-table. The first thing you see is the cloth on the cover, which can be followed a long way to the fields where the plant was grown, through the mills where the cloth was manufactured, and then to the special book-cloth mill where the cloths are put through a secret process. There is the dye which must have been used in colouring the cloth. There is, perhaps, gold on the cover, real gold, which leads us to consideration of the ancient art of the gold-beater. Without opening the book you see that it is composed of a great mass of paper. What is the paper made of? Rags from a Mediterranean port, or pulp, the ignoble end of some monarch of the forest? Here is a whole vast industry with all its ramifications, from the materials and chemicals used to the nations that contribute them, an enormous industry with many picturesque features. There is glue; there are bits of cloth to hold the book into the binding; there is thread used to sew the leaves together; there is ink on the pages. How did the ink get on the pages in the form

^{*} An address to the Ontario Library Association.

which makes an intelligible, readable document? It was put there by pressing the paper against metal—metal type, or more likely in these days, metal plates. Where did the metal come from? How many different kinds of metals are used? How are they arranged in just this particular way? There may be pictures. How did they come into being? If all the materials that go into a book were merely thrown together we should no more have a book than we should have a dinner if the materials on the dinner-table were thrown together. It is the cook who takes the materials for the dinner-table, arranges them properly, saves them from becoming a mess and makes them a dinner. So there must be some agency to perform a like function for the materials which go into a book. There must be, to carry out the figure, a *book cook*. That, for many years, has been my job.

Now the dinner cook does not need to know absolutely everything about the origin of the materials that go into his dinner—he may know very little about them and yet be a very good cook. So the book cook need not know everything about the origin and preparation of all the materials that go into a book, but both cooks, if they are to succeed, must know when their materials are good and how to combine them properly. Finally, just as in the dinner there must be these elusive, mysterious elements called vitamins, or else the dinner doesn't minister properly to our physical needs, so the book must contain the vital elements of fact, or thought, or fancy, which are the vitamins of the heart and the mind and the soul. These book vitamins the author must supply. Bad materials and poor cooking obviously spoil a dinner. If the food vitamins are not there, that defect while more fatal is not obvious. It is quite possible to have a dinner that looks good and tastes good, that would be lacking in food vitamins, so that if we ate only such dinners we

should pine away physically. Bad materials and poor cooking may spoil the physical appearance of a book, and yet the author may have the spiritual vitamins in it. Good materials and good cooking may make a good-looking, artistic-appearing book which is, after all, defective in soul vitamins. A good literary critic's job should be to analyze a book and discover whether it does contain these elusive, intellectual vitamins which are the only legitimate reason for the publication of any book. Milton says, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit." If it be scientific or technical it may represent years of laborious research on the part of the author; if a work of literature it may present the finest flowers of sentiment and fancy and imagination. A true book is the ultimate expression of the subtlest and highest elements in the author's intellect and soul.

It is not my place, however, to discuss literature nor to go into a detailed account of the mechanical side of book-making. I am here primarily as the cook to describe, if possible—and I find it very difficult, as most men do, to describe my own work, particularly when it is of a somewhat complex and elusive character—to describe as well as possible how the complex of physical and spiritual elements, the raw materials and the vitamins of a book are worked together into the finished product.

Men have recorded their thoughts and achievements from prehistoric times, so that books in one form or another are among the most ancient possessions of the human race. Hammurabi published his wonderful code, which has been preserved to us these thousands of years to be discovered again only in the present generation, by means of baking it in bricks. The commandments were graven on stone; many ancient records have been discovered graven on stone. Books were written on papyrus, on tablets of wood or ivory, and later, writing on

parchment until the discovery of printing was the only method generally practised for producing books in the European civilizations. You have your own conceptions of what a library is or should be, but you see that it may well have been a pile of bricks, a collection of stone pillars, a heap of papyrus rolls or of wood or ivory tablets, a collection of parchment manuscripts. Yet the essential function of the library, so far as it is limited to the preservation of knowledge or literature, was the same in the heap of stone or the pile of bricks as it is in the most modern library in the world. It is astonishing to think how long this essential idea of a library as the jail of knowledge dominated the world. The replacing of the jailer spirit by the missionary spirit in the library is the achievement of the last quarter-century, if not of the last decade. As a book might have been of brick or of stone or something else, so the art of the printer or the art of making books was played successively by the baker or the stonecutter or the penman. The latter art as practised by the monks, especially in those wonderfully illuminated parchments, is a marvellous example of human skill and patience and often of the highest artistic achievement.

All this time and until long after the invention of printing, books, it hardly need be said, were rare and costly treasures. When we consider how they had to be preserved and the vicissitudes to which they were subjected all through the turbulent ages, the wonder is not that so much of our ancient literature has been lost, but that on the whole so much has been preserved. When reading and writing were themselves mysteries which only a few of the initiated could practise, when great monarchs could at most sign their own names, small wonder that the book produced with such toil was looked upon with awe, and that not only the Bible as the Book of books, but all other books were to a

great extent objects of reverence.

The invention of printing did not immediately change this condition, for the early printing presses were few and the process was slow, laborious and expensive. Really it is only in the present generation that books have become cheap and common and sometimes, alas, though properly enough, despised. The multiplication of books, the cheapening of their prices and the dissemination of knowledge are all ultra-modern, and so long as they do not lead to that contempt which is natural to human nature for everything that is cheap and common, to a contempt for books and for knowledge, this modern development is altogether good.

The parties involved in the production of the book are the author, the publisher, the printer or manufacturer, and the buyer or public. These different parties to the transaction are generally all different individuals. A few large publishers are also printers or manufacturers, and occasionally an author undertakes to be his own publisher. Books have been written on the relations between authors and publishers, and the Scripture even has been perverted to parody these relations, making that passage, which is so well known to all of you that I need not quote it in its proper form, read, "Now Barabbas was a publisher". Yet as a matter of fact these relations are to-day generally based on mutual confidence and respect.

The first step in bridging the chasm between the author's brain and the manufactured book in the hands of the public is in making the arrangement between the author and the publisher. Here the initiative may come from either side. Quantitatively speaking, it comes from the author's side. Authors are always seeking publishers. A large percentage of the seekers do not find and do not deserve to find success, but many of them do deserve success. Authors often have the feeling that their work is not given careful consideration by pub-

lishers. They should remember that the publisher has no other way of making his living except by selling books and that he can't sell books unless he gets saleable books on his list. The foundation of every publishing house is the securing of good books and it must continue to secure a constant stream of such good books or it will fail. Mistakes of judgment are made, of course. "Ben Hur" sought a publisher for some ten years and "David Harum" was rejected by most of the great publishing houses in the United States before one editor saw its possibilities and opened the way to its enormous sales. On the other hand, great sums of money have been lost on books which never returned the cost of their printing. Most people can hide a fair share of their mistakes, and generally do. The publisher must flaunt his mistakes in the eyes of all the world. When he has cooked his intellectual dinner he invites every one to partake of it and he is seldom so fortunate as to please all of his guests. He often has the experience of being commended and condemned for precisely the same thing and occasionally in the same mail.

But while authors are always seeking publishers, it is also true that publishers are always seeking authors. Those authors who have already established their fame in whatever line of writing are reasonably sure to be approached by various publishing houses with requests for their work. It is the duty of the editorial manager of a publishing house not only to pass upon the propositions and the manuscripts that authors submit, but also to canvass carefully the possibilities for new books. This is particularly true, of course, with publishers who specialize in educational and technical lines. Knowing the task to be done, the editor must find the person to do it. Wide acquaintance helps. Searching and long-continued inquiry is necessary. Having found your man, you must present your case

attractively and at the same time honestly. In delicate negotiations personal interviews are better than the best letters, and your desired author may be in California or England. Often the best appeal is not the financial appeal. Here may well be said that in my experience the best books are made by men and women who have something they believe in enthusiastically, something that seems to them a high privilege and a compelling duty to bring before the world.

In this search disappointments are many. Perfect plans only too often come to no fulfillment. The author may die, or he may live and not work. I know one case where a book was kept standing in type for fifteen years waiting for the author to write the introduction and give the final reading to the proof. At last he wrote the publishers that the book did not represent his opinions any longer and he should never allow it to be published. I know another instance where the plates of a book have been ready nearly twenty years, waiting only for some matter at the beginning and end. Nearly every year the author explains why he has not finished the work and promises to complete it without delay. Again, authors, especially the best of them, are apt to be gifted with the artistic temperament, so that each is prone to write in his separate star the thing as *he* sees it, and to make a perfect book for whomsoever wants that sort of a book. The trouble then is likely to be that nobody wants it. It is part of my professional creed that there is absolutely no quarrel between the ideal book and the counting-room. That needs explanation and qualification, but is essentially true. Naturally there are many splendid books that can never be profitable because they are written for a very few specialists who alone can and will read them. Parenthetically, it may be said that such books generally sell at a high price, the only chance to get back the cost. The pub-

lisher generally does not make money on the very expensive books. To come back to my theme, I illustrate it by showing that the biggest seller the world has ever seen is the Bible. How much good would that wonderful Book do if nobody bought it and nobody read it? The same is true in a degree of every good book, whether its purpose be to entertain, to instruct or to inspire.

Here comes in again the function of the *book cook*. No one person is competent to pass on all the manuscripts on all the subjects that a publishing house with a large list has to consider. There must be a larger or smaller staff of editorial advisers or readers, as they are often called. Some of these are employed regularly, some of them are more or less regularly retained and some are consulted as specialists only from time to time. A manuscript may be read by a dozen of these advisers, and often it is no easy task for the editor to make out from all these reports what the verdict should be. He reads the manuscript himself along with the reports and when, as is often the case, some of the readers are warmly favourable, some decidedly unfavourable, and some neither hot nor cold, but merely lukewarm, the final judgment may be hard to reach. The jury disagrees, but the judge must decide. He may see that the public will disagree, just as his advisers do, that here is a book with real individuality. If the editor were as wise as he ought to be he would always know when he accepted a book for publication just what constituency it would please and where it would run against hostile criticism. A book that neither especially pleases nor displeases anybody is not worth publishing.

As a result of all this criticism by the readers and advisers and, hopefully, of some skill of his own, the head book cook ought to see two things clearly—first, what the real merits of the manuscript are, if it has any; and second, how its defects may be mini-

mized so as to make the book appeal to the widest possible audience. There may be passages in the book that will give offence to some particular class. Generally the author has not willed to give offence—he simply isn't aware of the sensitive spots. In the United States, with its multitude of races and creeds, these sensitive spots are very numerous. The book may be too large or it may be too small; it may contain material irrelevant to the main theme—mere padding, weakening the whole effect of the book—or it may omit some points essential to a well-rounded, satisfactory treatment of its subject. If it is a textbook for school use, there are innumerable other detailed requirements to be considered. If the manuscript has in it the making of a real book, then it is the duty of the editor to point out to the author its defects as he sees them and to recommend that the manuscript be revised accordingly. By this service many a book, impossible as it came first from the hands of the author, has been made a great success and done the world a great service. If a book has a real message or can do a real service, then the editor does a high kind of service in so changing that book instead of reaching a thousand people it may reach and serve and inspire a hundred thousand or a million people. Of course, there are many worthless books that also reach millions. So does the influenza.

The manuscript, let us assume, has finally been accepted and is ready to be turned into a book. What road must it travel before it reaches that goal? I will not undertake to speak in detail of all the processes, particularly as it is hard to describe them clearly and interestingly. But there are two elements for which I may perhaps profitably take a few moments of your time.

The first of these is the work of what I shall term the book architect. Page architecture is an accepted and commonly used term. The phrase "book architecture" is not in common

use, but it is needed, and as the art of bookmaking is more and more developed this phrase or an equivalent must be generally adopted. As a matter of fact, it describes the work in a well-organized publishing house of a definite person. It includes page architecture, upon which it is based, for the size of the page determines the size of the book. There are established rules now for good typographic arrangement of the page, rules that so far as school books are concerned are practically laws based on the principles of school hygiene. Here be it observed that these rules as laid down by school hygienists in the United States, and I believe this is true in England, cannot be complied with accurately because they are based on foreign studies where the metric system prevails and our type foundries do not work on that basis. Do the best we can we shall be a millimeter or so out of the way! The size of type, spacing, number of lines on a page, size and shape overall, including margins, the placing of illustrations on the page are all questions of page architecture. Books tend to be of the same general shape, and this is no accident but an established canon of the printing art. The golden oblong (five by eight) is the best form, and departures from it are either for some good specific reason or else from ignorance. The book architect must choose the size and weight of paper, and many elements have to be carefully weighed in making this choice, such as the use to which the book is to be put, whether it is to be illustrated or not, and if so, how; he must select the cloth for the binding and when his specifications are all made out, he must prepare a dummy which will show exactly how the finished book will look and even how much it will weigh. Sometimes several dummies must be made before one gets the *o.k.* of the chief.

The other topic which ought not to be passed by in any discussion of the art of book making is the illustra-

tions. Into all of the technical questions of reproduction it will not be possible to enter. It is enough to call attention to the crude wood engravings in the New England Primer, which were practically the only kind of illustrations available up to a comparatively recent time, and ask you to compare those with the fine pictures so commonly found in our best books to-day. Wood engravings, to be sure, are not necessarily crude. The best wood engravers were great artists and the best wood engravings were perhaps the most expensive illustrations ever used—a single one, to my knowledge, having cost \$400 for the engraved wood block. The very fact that good wood engravings were so costly limited their use. The invention and improvement of photo-engraving has brought excellent illustrations within the reach of moderate purses. It may be noted that in photo-engravings, or halftones as they are commonly called, there is very great difference in cost. You may get them for ten cents a square inch or for twenty-five or thirty-five cents a square inch, or even more. The modern processes of colour printing have also opened up a wonderful field for the beautifying of books.

The originals from which these reproductions are made are in part photographs and as such need no special consideration here. But original drawings and paintings are also used. These are of all degrees of excellence and of all grades of cost. Many of the very best, and incidentally the highest priced, artists devote much of their time to book illustrating. The planner of the book has to decide how good an artist he can afford to employ for the book in question and he needs to have at his command a large number of artists, the more the better, upon whom to draw when he needs their services. The art editor, therefore, is a necessary and a very important officer, not only in an illustrated magazine or paper, but also in a book publishing house.

This work of illustrating is often carelessly done. The drawings may be poor or they may be poorly adapted to illustrate what they are intended to illustrate. Sometimes pictures seem to be stuck into a book without much regard to their relation to the text, but merely as embellishments. This is frequently the case in novels. You can all recall instances where the text describes the heroine with disheveled hair and bathed in tears, while on the opposite page is a beautiful picture of the heroine at the same moment in an afternoon gown and a garden hat, wreathed in smiles and radiant with happiness. Or the hero is described in the text as doing something calling for an outing shirt and tennis shoes and depicted on the opposite page in a silk hat and correct afternoon dress. Things of *this* sort "get by" in books of *that* sort, but they will never get by in serious books, particularly in educational and scientific books. The illustration in that case is often absolutely essential to the proper explanation of the text and it must be made absolutely accurate. Sometimes it is very difficult to get this done. You have no idea of the immense amount of pains that must be taken in what would apparently be so simple a matter as getting correct diagrams for a mathematical book. They are perhaps more often drawn incorrectly than correctly. Few artists or draughtsmen who are competent to make the drawings properly have an intelligent understanding of the subject they are trying to illustrate.

It is a happy time for the art editor when on approaching an artist with a proposition to illustrate some book, he is welcomed with enthusiasm and told that that particular book is something that the artist will regard not as a job alone but as a joy. I recall a recent instance that came to my attention. The publisher approached probably the most distinguished black-and-white artist in England to see if he would illustrate an edition of Tom

Brown at Rugby. The artist replied that this was a plan that he had cherished for years, that he welcomed the opportunity to do it, stipulating only that he should have his own time for the work and agreeing to make, for a large sum, but not too large under the circumstances, a certain definite number of drawings. The agreement was made and nothing further was heard from the artist until the drawings came in, with a letter in which he stated that he had gone to Rugby, spent much time there, made all of his sketches on the spot and enjoyed it beyond almost any other work that he had ever undertaken—I believe he was a Rugby boy himself—and that he had made something like twice the number of drawings he had agreed to make, all of which were at the publisher's service for the price agreed upon. The publisher could use them all if he chose, or make such selections as he wanted to. The drawings were superb and that book will be a properly illustrated edition.

A great many books are published into which consciously the art of making books has not entered at all, and if they are well and artistically made it is apparently by accident. Yet that is not really true. There are many able men and women who are devoting their lives to the making of good books. Now and then one of these men manages a small printing plant of his own and is his own master artist and master craftsman. Such a one, like Updike of Boston, may have a more than national fame. Others work for the few publishing houses that keep their standards high and find their reward in the satisfaction of good work well done quite as much as in the money return. These men are organized into societies in the larger cities, hold regular meetings, get the benefit of the group experience, and even publish their own craft organs. The work of these artists is leavening the taste of the whole reading public. Their influence reaches vastly beyond their own pro-

ductions. When the publisher who does not know much about the art of making books sends a manuscript to his printer, he is apt to send along with it a book he likes and tell the printer to copy its style; or if the publisher gives no such instructions nor any instructions, the printer may choose some model already in existence to follow. The printer is very apt to have good taste and to care for the good appearance of his finished product. The models selected are pretty sure to be the product of some printer who has studied the art of making books. In this way the work of the specialists is copied by many who never heard of them and certainly never helped pay their salaries. When publisher X, who spends not a cent for printing art, tells his printer to put out a certain manuscript just like publisher Y's book, Y being publishers who spend thousands of dollars a year for their special book designers, Y may be flattered but not altogether pleased. But Y can't help himself and X *can* help himself to all of Y's ideas! The public thus gets the benefit of all the best experimental work done anywhere. So the crude, flamboyant, showy book is more and more not being done, and the simple, dignified, truly artistic book is more and more preferred even by those who have never analyzed the reason for the preference.

To repeat Milton's words, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit." It is not primarily a thing of cloth and paper and ink, no matter how artistically arranged, no more than a tailor's dummy, no matter how radiantly attired, is a man. But a decent man desires to be decently and becomingly dressed, and a good book deserves the same. This dress should be sound and durable. It is amazing to see what a large proportion of books that deserve better treat-

ment and for which, incidentally, good prices are charged, are not even decently well made, though they may look well superficially. I have not dealt much in the technicalities of book-making, because it would be impossible in the limited time to give you any permanently useful information, and to have tried to do so would have made my remarks even duller than they have been. But I cannot refrain from saying that if every librarian as a part of his or her training had some sound instruction in the processes of book manufacturing and librarians then refused to buy books that were not soundly made, the result would be altogether good. Because they do not have this accurate knowledge, librarians now sometimes make impossible demands and yet fail to demand what is perfectly possible and perfectly right. It is always to be remembered, of course, that a book is made of paper and cloth held together by thread and glue, not of armour plate and steel rivets, and that paper and glue will not stand as much hard treatment as armour plate.

Librarians, authors, editors, publishers, we are all engaged in the same great ministry to the minds and souls of men and women and little children. We may conceive our office nobly or ignobly. The librarian may be a base jailer of knowledge, the author may be an intellectual pandarer, the publisher may be a soulless trafficker. Our concern is not with such as these. We conceive our ministry to be as sacred as any human calling, for we are guardians and dispensers of the winged words that inform and cheer, uplift and inspire. In our charge society places the solemn trust of preserving and passing on to posterity the records of the achievements of that civilization which you and I believe shall not be allowed to perish from the earth.

A Good Job at Section Twenty-Nine

BY RALPH AND CELESTE LISTON HARRIS



EVERYTHING would have worked out all right when mother came to the homestead to keep house for Jake and me. Only mother had changed a good deal in some things since we had left home. If we'd only known of this difference in her we'd 've acted different.

You see, Jake and me had been away from the old home ten years altogether, and just went back for a few days five years ago to see mother before we started up here to homestead, and to see—well, a couple of girls we knew when we were kids, you know. Since we'd been here we hadn't had a woman on the place till mother came, and you know batchin' and doin' your own washin' don't tend to refine a man overly. So when mother decided to come out here to stay a spell with us, we just naturally failed to attach as much importance to having things smack and clean about the cabin as maybe we should. Anyway, we just calculated that mother would fix things up to suit herself, once she got here.

We decided that Jake should go to Broadview, the little town at the end of steel, that stands right out on the prairie and gets all the fresh air that blows, to meet mother, while I stayed at home to red the shack up a bit and fix the binder, it bein' an understood

thing between us that I was pretty good at both, considerin'. It's ten miles to town, and the train gets in there at midnight, so, of course, I never once thought Jake would drive out before morning. But it seemed mother was kinder anxious to see her "baby" (that's me) and, besides, she was allus the kind that liked to finish a job by night so as to be ready to tackle a new one bright and early next morning. I remember when we used to drive away over into the next county to visit our relations when I was a boy, and mother allus insisted on dad drivin' all the way home in one day, with us boys tucked in snug and warm on some hay in the back of the sled (it was always winter when we went visitin'), sound asleep long before we got there, so's she could "start" her bread early next morning.

So out they drove. Jake and mother, getting here about two a.m., and I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry, not havin' cleaned up a mite that day, bein' so busy with the binder. I didn't even have a bunk ready for mother, but she lay down on Jake's bed and was asleep in five minutes after she kissed me: she was that tired, what with the long railroad trip and all. She said the jerkwater branch from the main line out here was rougher than the ocean in a storm coming over from the old country.

Jake and me turned in soon's we

got the team put away, but I was a bit uneasy over the look mother gave to the surroundings as she took her bonnet off, and I resolved to be up long before she woke next morning and clean things up a-plenty before calling her. She would need the rest, anyhow, I thought.

In one respect, though, mother hadn't changed a speck, for we were awakened next morning by the familiar call:

"Come, now, you boys, get up and wash. Breakfast is ready."

I thought I was dreaming. It seemed like twenty years had slipped back and we were boys again, on the old Ontario farm. I waited for mother to make her customary third call while I took another little snooze. Just as I thought I should hear father's booming voice I woke with a start, and there stood mother with the pancake turner in one hand, her face flushed with the heat of the little red-hot sheet-iron stove—and I guess something else besides. The way Jake and me turned out and got ready for that breakfast, after just one smell of it, was a thing indecent. So the meal passed off very well, exceptin' that neither Jake nor me thought about making any allusions to how good it was, we were both that anxious to be the first one through, so as to beat it to the barn and leave the other to square it up with mother about the house. Everything pointed to my successful get-away, for Jake had just landed three more pancakes on his plate, and I suddenly decided to forgo my seventh when mother addressed us both, asking where we expected her to unpack her trunk. Her question was innocent enough, but her voice held another element than innocence. It had the same effect on me as I've experienced in walking over a swollen stream on a footlog and expecting every minute I'd slip and take a plunge into the icy waters.

Jake gulped his last mouthful of coffee, grabbed his hat and turned the responsibility onto me in a mad-

dening way by replying in even tones. "That's your room, mother," pointing to the door in the only partition the cabin boasted, and at the same time making a bee-line for the barn and calling back over his shoulder that I'd help her all she needed, as he had to harness the plow-team right away.

As long as I was left to face the music alone I decided to fortify myself by eating a few more cakes, so accepted the three steaming hot ones mother carried to the table on the cake-turner as she went to take a peep into the designated room. My! You ought to've seen the look on her good old face when she had had a squint into that room; and as I look back now I can't say I blame her for the things she said, though at the time I remember I felt considerable martyred. For four years it had been used for a catch-all for the surplus stuff that will, somehow, accumulate in a bachelor's shack. Into it had been pitched a set of old oxbows and yokes, a box of harrow teeth, a breaking plow (to keep it from being unceremoniously borrowed by a shiftless neighbour), several beef hides, a buffalo skull and the pelts of six coyotes.

"You'll not plow any to-day," said mother, in a tone that left no room for argument. "I'll send Jake to town to get me some civilized furniture, and you are going to help clean this trash out and bring water to scrub this whole house. It's a disgrace to you, to both of you."

Mother went to the cabin door and in the same clear, bell-like voice of old called, "Jak-i-i-e-e-e, Jak-i-i-e-e-e." Jake heard it all right; in fact, I suspected he had been waiting for it, and he came in, looking rather sheepish.

"What is it, mother?" he asked. Jake allus was a good bluffer.

"What is it, mother!" she repeated, her voice getting a little sharp-edged. "It's enough! You boys have lived so long in this forsaken country without women folks around that you're a discredit to the mother that raised

you. I want you to hitch up, right now, and go to town and get me a bed with a mattress and spring—like a Christian woman that's pioneered in old Ontario is entitled to, and a bureau and some other things. It would be different if you boys was poor like I and your pa was when we came to Ontario before you was born, but you ain't, for all the way out here last night you was telling me how you had prospered and about your bank savin's." Her voice softened a little as she added, "It's a shame you boys have forgotten Madge and Kate and just left them girls waiting for you to say the word, and—." Here she broke off as though she had said too much, and she had, too, as far as I was concerned, for her words brought back a flood of memories about a certain black-eyed, auburn-haired girl that I had made some promise or other about coming back for when "I got rich", and here I hadn't written a line to her for more'n two years. Jake winced a little and rushed off to hitch up the team most too quick to be in keeping with his general tendency to argue and have his own way.

After he drove off toward town in the new wagon we'd bought in the spring, and with parting admonitions from mother as to just the kind of furniture she wanted, she and I set to work on the biggest upheaval that cabin had ever witnessed. I never knew before how much could be crowded into so small a space. All forenoon I carried stuff from the cabin to the barn, where I cached it. There were things I had forgotten we owned, and a lot of 'em would now come in handy about the place. By the time Jake returned in the evening the cabin was clean, believe me! It had sure taken a deal of water, and my knees had blisters on 'em from getting down with a scrub-brush to clean the floors. Mother had carried the day, in spite of my protests against that method of scrubbing, for, as I told her, me and Jake just throwed a pail of water over the

floor when we scrubbed and swept it out with the broom. Mother said she wondered if we'd really ever done that much to it!

Jake got home in record time from town, and we could see mother was real pleased with his purchases, which she had him put right in place in her shiny, clean room. He had got her some little "extras", by way of atonement, such as a picture for the wall and a frilly pin-cushion for the bureau, and some fancy white towels for her own use (she had made some derogatory remarks about our grimy roller towels that morning). Jake and me took turns, when we thought each other wasn't lookin', goin' into mother's room just to get a good whiff of its cleanness. It sure did look like another place, with the fresh buildin' paper tacked onto the walls and a real bedstead in one corner with one of mother's pieced quilts on top of it, and I, for one, made up my mind that, come what might, I'd never live so slipshod again, if I had to divorce Jake, and him my only brother.

Early next mornin' we got out to our plowin'. Mother said at breakfast that she liked the place better than she had, someway, and we both agreed that no matter what she might take a notion to want she should have it if she kept up her present lick in the cooking line. I tell you what, a fellow whose mother is a good cook has a lot to be thankful for. We had a cow and a bunch of barred rock hens and a garden patch that mother said she could find no fault with, and say, the way she could throw together a dinner of hot biscuits, fried chicken with cream gravy and mashed potatoes, topped off with punkin pie, was something to be proud of. Sometimes she would vary the bill of fare by substituting boiled chicken with dumplings. Then we made fools of ourselves.

It wasn't long before every bachelor homesteader within twenty miles was losing his stock about once a

week, and the search always led past our door about dinner time.

After a few weeks, when we had accepted the fact that mother had settled down and that things were running as smooth as clockwork, we came home one night to find mother lying on her bed and no supper ready. We felt no end worried, for neither of us could remember ever seeing such a thing happen to mother before in all our lives. She said she guessed she had been overdoing it a little and that we would have to throw together something for our own supper. I got supper and Jake grumbled and made odious comparisons about several things, such as potatoes boiled in their jackets versus creamy, mashed spuds. He was especially vociferous about the burnt pork chops. You'd a thought *he'd* never burnt any.

Several times in the succeeding weeks mother felt indisposed and one night when Jake and me had had a particularly wordy argument about who was to get the supper mother came right out and said that if she had a girl to help her she could still do the cooking and wouldn't keep getting tuckered out this way. "There are the chickens to tend to and the butter to make and the house to clean. Now, if I had a girl to help me do all this, and the washing, too, I'd not get so tuckered out that I couldn't get your suppers."

Well, say, you could a-knocked me and Jake over with a feather, we was that surprised. You know that after a fellow has lived without any woman around the house for five years or so the idea of a hired girl seems a little superfluous, but, as usual, we finally gave in to mother's wishes, even to her request that we'd have to build another room and buy some more furniture. Within a few days we were busy hauling lumber from a nearby sawmill, and in a very short time had built on a new room, which, again following mother's suggestions, we built on a good foundation so that it would serve as the basis for an en-

tirely new house perhaps the following spring, as the sod-roofed, low-ceiled place was enough to get on a body's nerves, mother said. When the room was about ready we began to question where the girl was to come from. Not in the whole valley did we know of a girl who had escaped matrimony long enough to hire out to work, unless it might be one of the half-breed girls from the reserve down on the river. Mother listened a while, then with a smile, said we were worrying needlessly, as she had already written to a girl she knew back East that she thought would come. Sure enough, Mary (mother called her that) wrote to say she was willing to come, so we dug up the fare for mother to send for her.

Mother seemed to regain a good deal of her old-time vigour after this arrangement had been completed, and she sang snatches of hymns as she bustled about her work. It seemed to me she was slicking things up so well the girl wouldn't have anything to do when she got there, and I certainly did hope mother would continue to do the cooking.

The day came when the girl was to arrive in town, and next morning mother announced that she would go in to bring Mary out.

"She might feel shy if one of you boys went," mother explained.

Well, we felt too shy to insist on going, so hitched the team to the democrat and mother started off early. They returned in the evening before we got in from the field, for it was pretty near harvest time, and we worked late. When we came blustering in mother cautioned us to be quiet, as Mary was resting from her long trip. I saw right away that mother had put the white tablecloth on the supper table, part of our boasted bank account having been requisitioned for its purchase some weeks before, and she insisted on me and Jake puttin' on our clean shirts, which we thought was goin' it a little too strong. We certainly didn't mean to

change our shirts before supper every night just because there was a hired girl in the house, not if we knew it! First thing we knew she'd be wanting us to shave every morning before breakfast! But mother only looked at us in a way she has, and we grabbed our clean shirts off the top shelf and beat it for her room without another word.

Mother's hasty look when we came back to the big room satisfied us that our improved appearance pleased her. Both Jake and me felt self-conscious and kept smoothing down our hair and pulling our neckties like two young sprouts at their first dance. Time never dragged on so, and I was that hungry I was gettin' hot under the collar. Finally mother went to the door of the new room and said, "Come, Mary, supper is all ready now."

I had resolved to appear very unconcerned, so I glanced up carelessly to behold—not one, but two girls. And I rubbed my eyes and got red in the face and otherwise made a fool of myself when I discovered that those two girls were none other than Madge and Kate. Madge stood there smiling at me (a peach of a smile she's got, too, believe me), just like ten years ago when she was a slip of a girl only seventeen. And pretty soon I saw that Jake and Kate had clasped hands in a way that indicated the years had rolled away, leaving them

young and full of hopes, too. Mother had gone outside to feed Carlo, and when she came in she said, just as though nothin' unusual had happened:

"Well, children, supper's getting cold."

No use telling you how that evening two men and two girls walked over the nearby hills unravelling the tangled threads of the past, while a full moon shone over the world and the air was balmy with the soft odours of turf and harvested grain.

During those following days it was surprisin' what a lot of times either Jake or me, sometimes both of us, had to go to the house the middle of the forenoon, and like as not the middle of the afternoon, too, to get a drink of water or look for somethin' we forgot! And it was surprisin', too, how mother forgot all her ailments, and every night insisted on washing the supper dishes, while she urged us young folks to go for a walk, saying she "had been young, once".

It wasn't very long before mother said her sister wanted her to come back East and spend the winter, and she guessed she'd better start soon as the weddin' was over. So Jake drove to town the next week and brought out the Methodist missionary, whose business in life, he said, was to make folks happy. He certainly done a good job of it on section twenty-nine, on top of mother's boostin'.



Cheating Aunt Jane

BY EDITH G. BAYNE



GISBORNE leaned back into the downy depths of his many-cushioned chaise lounge and puffing slowly at his pipe watched with languid interest the game of ground hockey in progress on the green sward. It might have been reasonable to expect him to exhibit some trifling enthusiasm over the game that resembled that Canadian sport in which he was himself an expert. But compared with ice-hockey as he knew it, this seemed more or less of a burlesque and a sort of mild resentment was seething in him at this British assumption of what he considered a strictly home-made product. More than once he had been on the point of falling asleep, but a due regard for the feelings of his hostesses restrained him, just in time.

Also, there was the girl in the blue-striped blazer. One couldn't doze with her to watch. She was so entirely "different"! Gisborne lazily compared her in his mind to Mr. Wells's Miss Corner, who was such a valorous hockeyist. Then he amended the suggestion, and likened her to Mary Pickford, because there was that sheer joyousness, that delightful abandon in her every movement, which was the very spirit of gladsome childhood. The other players in their swirl and dash across the lawn were just players and no more—figures in white and pink and blue, "smacking the ball about," as Lambert said.

(That constituted another griev-

ance! Why didn't they call it the puck?)

But the girl in the blue blazer seemed to be a fairy, a grown-up elf that had been conjured up to add a touch of unreality to the picture. Presently she must melt ephemerally away . . .

Still, she was substantial enough to be "ruled out" occasionally, and then she would subside on to the "bench" with an air of pretty humility that made Gisborne's firm lips curve in spite of himself.

She had a rather unruly mass of bronze-coloured hair, eyes of an indeterminate gray-green and a lithe, boyish figure. From her perch on the "bench" (and Gisborne noticed that her slim ankles swung several inches from the ground) this little person idly contemplated the semi-circular row of convalescent officers. Once she smiled in his direction, but starting up, he discovered that his next neighbour, Captain Lambert, was the lucky man. Lambert gave her a military salute.

"Not bad, that last play, what?" he drawled to Gisborne, after a moment.

"I—I'm afraid I wasn't watching," confessed the Canadian. "The heat has nearly put me asleep."

"It is extraordinary warm for September," returned the Captain. "But, I say, you know, if the weather holds out like this till the fifteenth we shall be taken to the Blantshire Links to see the golf match. You positively ought not to miss that! Miss Moxley

—that girl in the striped coat——”

Gisborne straightened up, and removed his pipe.

“Moxley! So that’s her name!” he exclaimed.

“I noticed your interest in her! Well, I was about to say that she plays a wonderful game. Has a remarkable drive. Absolutely corking. She holds three cups.”

Lambert talked on about golf in general. He did not perceive the expression of surprise that lingered on his companion’s face.

“The hoe of course is mightier than the niblick, nowadays,” he observed. “But it is a difficult thing to quite stamp out the golf habit. I mean to say one might as well suggest that we do away with such institutions as the Bank of England, Whittaker’s Almanac, Trafalgar Monument——”

“And tea-drinking,” put in the Canadian, with a smile. “Don’t forget tea!”

“I’ve been thinking of it for the last hour, my dear chap! And, by Jove, here it comes at last!”

A bevy of pretty waitresses flocked about them. Tea-carts were wheeled up and soon Gisborne, like the rest of the men, was hungrily devouring delicate sandwiches, cakes of a marvellous lightness, and tea of the fragrant brew that is England’s own secret.

To the eyes of the Canadian officers tea on the terrace of an old manorial hall, which was *pro tem* a convalescent hospital, made a picture that would live long in the memory. The long, gray-stone, ivy-clad mansion looked out upon a sweeping driveway and an emerald lawn dotted with cut cedars, rhododendrons, laurel bushes and little silvery fountains. In the background were mighty oaks, and from over the lowest hedges one might catch fascinating glimpses of an old English rose garden.

Presently, however, as the early-September sun began to cast long shadows across the pleasant scene a chill crept into the air. Nurses and orderlies assumed a very business-like

manner, and in a very few minutes the last wounded officer had been wheeled through the long French windows, and the delightful day was over.

In the long main corridor stood a green-baise covered announcement board. Here the lonely soldier-boy from overseas might learn that Lady Grex-Greene would be on hand at two o’clock on Tuesday with a Rolls-Royce seating seven. Or that Miss Sibthorpe, the well-known lecturer, etc., would bring three motors at one-thirty on Wednesday, to make tours of The Embankment, The Royal Residences, Mayfair, and other places of interest. Or that anyone desiring entertainment for the evening would be taken to St. Bernard’s Parish Hall, where the ladies of the Auxiliary were providing supper for fifty, with lantern-slides, and prayer, afterward.

The drives were always accepted with eagerness. The latter form of entertainment found a steadily diminishing number of advocates. It may have been the prayer.

Three days after the terrace tea Gisborne limped slowly past this bulletin board. But a name halfway down the list caught his eye and he returned. In a moment he had picked up the pencil and written his name, in acceptance after the following invitation:

“Miss Vera Moxley will call at three with a side car. Room for one only. Tour optional.”

Just after the luncheon hour the sergeant went about trying to gather promises for one of the aforementioned semi-religious sociables. He came to Gisborne’s group, but they all with one accord began to make excuse, saying:

“I gotta beast of a cold to-day. Think I shall remain indoors.”

“My Aunt from Upper Tooting is coming to see me this afternoon.”

“Honest, sergeant, I promised a chap upstairs that I’d play a game of chess with him to-night.”

“You’re mykin’ gammon o’ me, that’s wot!” and the sergeant shook

his head sorrowfully. "Ah, 'ere's Lootenant Gisborne! 'E'll go."

"Sorry, I've accepted Miss Moxley's invitation."

If the Canadian had dropped a bomb into the midst of them it could scarcely have produced a greater effect of consternation. The sudden silence was broken by a horse laugh from a Cockney corporal. Then the rest joined in.

"Well! Anybody here got a pre-emption on Miss Moxley?" demanded Gisborne, with some heat.

"Pre-empted is it? *Boycotted* is the word!" said an officer of the Irish Fusiliers.

"She'll talk the bloomin' 'ead off you," the corporal put in.

"As long as she doesn't run me into the ditch, I guess I can hold my own with her," Gisborne stated.

"It's not that," said Major Walmsley quietly. "She's the most inveterate matchmaker in England. If you don't take another think you'll be the next goat, my dear chap. Before it's too late——"

But a vision of the charming young athlete rose before the Canadian. He shook his head.

At three o'clock an orderly announced that Miss Moxley was at the front with her side car, and Gisborne limped out by the aid of his stick and was ensconced in the roomy basket seat.

"I'll be very careful," his fair driver assured him, as she helped to make him comfortable. "And we can go as slowly as you wish, you know."

In her chauffeur costume, consisting of mannish belted coat and peaked cap with the goggles pushed up, she made a striking figure. More than ever Gisborne was reminded of some slim boy, only that presently he noticed her feet encased in serviceable tan boots. They were small. And occasionally a wisp of that wonderful hair strayed from under the close-fitting cap.

"Miss Moxley is 'er own man an' drives like a regular Gee-who," the corporal had told him.

Gisborne reflected that he must have meant "Jehn"—if such a term could be applied to the driver of a motor-cycle!

The sputter of the engine cut Gisborne off, as he was about to remark politely that she could proceed at any pace short of the speed laws, if she liked. Miss Moxley did certain things to the machine, examined the tires, and then springing to her seat, steered a deft course out along the winding driveway to the lodge-gates. Not until they were well along the road to Market Glenborough did she speak again.

"Am I going too quickly?" she asked, half turning her head.

"Not at all," returned Gisborne.

They spun rapidly past vivid autumn-tinted hedgerows and beneath a continuous leafy archway the like of which for sheer loveliness Gisborne had never beheld. Miss Moxley appeared to be absorbed in managing her machine. Her silence seemed to disappoint the Canadian, who had looked forward perhaps to lively conversation. From time to time he sent sidelong glances at the enchanting, child-like profile.

"These English roads!" he exclaimed at length. "Is there anything to equal them?"

"Smooth as asphalt," she answered briefly, without turning her head.

At the end of an hour they were in the High Street of the fascinating old town of Market Glenborough. Miss Moxley applied the muffler to her engine.

"It is customary to take the guests to tea at this hour," she said. "Where do you wish to go?"

"Allow me, please——" began Gisborne hurriedly.

"Thanks, no. The treat will be mine."

"Very well. I am a stranger here. Wherever you like. Some quiet place, preferably."

Miss Moxley, who had been casting her eye toward a very popular tea-room opposite, seemed to hesitate.

But soon she had decided. In five minutes they were seated opposite each other in an almost deserted tea-garden, under some spreading oaks. The air was warm and still.

Gisborne leaned across the table.

"Now!" he said decisively. "Please tell me why you are masquerading under the name of Miss Moxley?"

She returned his steady gaze, and smiled slightly.

"It is very warm. I'm going to take my coat off," she remarked, suiting the action to the word.

"I would like an answer to my question. Now that we are relieved of the noise of that motor surely you can——"

"Poor soldier boy! I would gladly do anything to please you, but we are strangers, aren't we? After all, I am not the kind of person you approve of——so you said plainly that night in Vancouver. So we meet as total strangers——"

"That was two years ago. Things have changed——I have changed. The whole perspective of a man must change under conditions such as——"

She looked at him gravely, as he broke off with a shrug.

"Then," she said quickly. "Then you believe *now* that a woman has a right to her own soul?"

"Vera, I've been arbitrary and narrow. So have many other men. But after the hell we've been through I——I believe anything you like."

The answer did not wholly convince her. She shook her head slightly. An interval of silence ensued while tea and cakes were brought.

"Am I not to be forgiven?" pleaded Gisborne, at length.

"You said some bitter things, Jack, that time I gave an address on suffrage things that cut deeply. I was only doing my duty. Mrs. Greenlee asked me to take her place on the program, when she became suddenly ill. Fortunately, I had my school address ready, and I just used it. I wasn't 'ranting from a platform,' as you ac-

cused me of doing! If you had taken the trouble to read the newspaper accounts the next morning you would have learned that my little spiel was very well received."

Gisborne looked properly contrite.

"I have your ring, that you mailed to me so very peremptorily. It is here in my pocket. I've carried it for two years," he remarked suggestively.

"Still, you surely didn't expect to see me in England!" she protested.

"Even if you did have an idea that I'd 'come to my senses sometime,' to use your own——"

"Don't quote my asinine speeches, Vera! No, I didn't expect to see you here."

"When did you first recognize me?"

"That day at the hockey match. At first I wasn't sure. But even when Lambert had pointed you out as Miss Moxley, I felt that was Vera McKenzie and no other. No one else plays just like you. But what Vera McKenzie, girl golf champion of the Pacific Coast, was doing in a rural English neighbourhood and using another name——"

Miss McKenzie's silvery laugh interrupted him. He noted, with eyes that were full of the old-time ardour, that her neck and arms were of that delicate creamy-brownness that spoke of a life lived much in the open.

"It was this way," Vera began, as she stirred her tea. "Dad put his foot down about my volunteering as a nurse. Said the confinement and hardships would ruin my health. Mother aided and abetted him. So as I wasn't then of age I had to abide by their finding. But Dad finally agreed to let me come over on a visit to Aunt Jane Moxley (she's mother's only sister, you know). That was before this dreadful submarine menace. Well, coming across, I conceived the idea of getting up a series of games for the invalid officers. But as I was a professional, I couldn't enter into any amateur matches, so I decided for the fun of it to change my name. Aunt

Jane, who is a brick, concurred in the scheme. It was made in a spirit of patriotism, for I just had to help somehow. And we've really done wonders, if I do say it!"

"But——" and Gisborne looked puzzled.

Some remarks of the corporal's were revolving about in his mind: "Talks the bloomin' 'cad off you," "rushes the 'andsome ones," "tries 'er level best to myke matches between us boys an' the girls 'ereabouts."

"And then we were drafted in to entertain the Chigwell Manor Convalescents," Vera went on. "I didn't know you were among them."

"I only arrived last Wednesday. That tea on the terrace was my first real outing here. I suppose had you known I *was* here you'd have ignored me?"

Vera smiled reluctantly at his hurt tone. She took up a sandwich, broke it idly and set the pieces down. Neither of them had tasted anything, though the tea had now grown cold.

"Of course, I only recognized *you* to-day," she said. "Your head, swathed in so many bandages would defy your own mother's keen eye, Jack. You *will* get better soon, though?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Gisborne dolorously.

She paled. Her lip began to tremble. Gisborne restrained himself admirably from jumping up and rushing around the little table.

"I might as well die," he went on. "Nobody loves me. It's either that or 'going out to the garden to eat worms' for mine."

She sent him a glance that set his heart to beating hard—as in the old days. Then, very slowly, she stretched a brown hand across the table.

"You can put it back—where it belongs," she said softly.

The Englishwoman and her crippled husband who were the proprietors of the little tea-garden saw a

rather touching scene from their living-room window.

"Lor! Look at them two!" exclaimed the woman, as she pulled the snowy-white dimity curtains aside. "Look at 'im a-kissin' of 'er an' them just strangers when they kyme in! The polite way they were talkin' when they first kyme!"

"Leave 'em be," said the man. "'E's a Canydian. Maybe the poor chap hain't seen a girl for so long 'e don't know 'ow to behyve."

"She's Canydian, too."

"Well, don't be a-lookin' at 'em, I s'y! A body'd think you never saw a couple spoonin' before! Them Canydians, they're *always* a-doin' of it. Come aw'y!"

When Miss Vera McKenzie put her guest down at the door of the Convalescent Hospital he lingered for a brief moment.

"What shall I tell the boys when they ask me if you have succeeded in betrothing me to some Market Glenborough lass?" he demanded.

"Tell them that Aunt Jane will be on the job again to-morrow! She doesn't *often* get a sick headache. And as for poor Major Walmsley, Aunt Jane has set her heart on matching him off with the charming widow Clerigan, of Moss Terrace. Poor Aunt Jane! She just can't help it apparently, but it—it doesn't run in the family, Jack! And you're coming to dinner with us Sunday, aren't you? We—we'll spring it on her then."

Gisborne laughed.

"It'll hurt her feelings, perhaps—to think that ours was one match she *didn't* consummate."

"I don't think so. She's feeling rather happy these days. Did I tell you that she and Captain Lambert were engaged last week? Perhaps we can have a 'double-header,' as the baseball boys say! I know Aunt Jane will be sure to suggest it."

"Bless Aunt Jane!" murmured Gisborne.

Moose Hunting in New Brunswick

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH



THE season for hunting moose in New Brunswick will re-open soon; and with admirable instinct, an instinct that arouses our curiosity, the moose himself, the bull moose, will withdraw from the common haunts of man and seek safety within the magnificent fastnesses of the forest. The cow and the calf, with instinct equally admirable, will lag behind, well knowing the law is on their side, the law that imposes a costly fine on any person who dare slay either one or other. But the bull, which is the most picturesque of all wild animals, knows that his great antlers, now hard like flint for the mating season, are coveted by trophy-hunters from all parts of the world. Four hundred and fifty of these non-resident hunters held licenses last season at a cost of fifty dollars each. The license entitles the holder to shoot one bull moose and two red deer. Seven thousand nine hundred and ten licenses were issued to residents of the Province at a cost of five dollars each. The bull moose, therefore, and his smaller cousin yielded to the provincial treasury more than sixty thousand dollars. Of course, this game is worth to the Province every season much more than that amount, for no party can go into the moose country without spending a considerable sum of money for pro-

visions, guides, transportation and camping. A well-equipped party of, say, four hunters and four guides, starting on a hunt of fourteen days, will have a supply of flour, cornmeal, oatmeal, butter, evaporated apples, baking powder, sago, candles, corn-starch, onions, peas, lard, tomatoes, honey, evaporated milk, pickles, beans, bread, eggs, pork, cheese, bacon, ham, potatoes, jam, lemons, oranges, sugar, molasses, vinegar, canned peaches, raisins, currants, prunes, soap, tea, coffee, chocolate. The cost of these provisions, many of which are produced in the Province, added to the wages of the guides and railway and other transportation charges from Fredericton, which is the usual point of local departure, amounts to about two hundred dollars for each member of the party.

It was my good fortune to go to the camp at Rocky Brook, which is about forty miles from the railway and in the very heart of the forest. I might say truthfully that it is the forest primeval, for there many of the great hardwood ridges have not yet heard the woodman's axe. These ridges, however, have heard the axe of the hunter's guide and they have reverberated also to the blast of the birchen horn. But some guides profess to have faith no longer in the famous imitation moose call: still they practise it, perhaps for nothing



A BULL MOOSE LEAVING THE WATER

more than pure sentiment. Take, for instance, old Bill Carson. Bill has been traversing Rocky Brook since before New Brunswick entered Confederation, and therefore his years and experience distinguish him as the arch-critic of the birch-bark horn. Many old enough hunters still make the call, especially in the mating season, and even Bill himself, with all his prejudices, can blow an indifferent blast, although I have to confess that he does not seem to put much soul into it. He will call, o' course, just to humour any sportsman he happens to be guiding, but he tells him it ain't no good, and ith disgust throws the bark funnel into the hardhack. He would not condescend to splash his foot in the water or to make other noises peculiar to the cow moose. He admits that you might get an answer in the full heat of the chase. Nevertheless he is skeptical and he says that Birthright says that after the

tenth of October at the furthest you might just as well call to a mountain. And he adds that if there is anyone on airth who ought to know it's Birthright.

Harry Braithwaite, to give him a full and proper name, is a hunter of about Bill's own age. He and Bill have swapped yarns and exchanged dodges and cussed the porcupine year in and year out for half a century. Fifty years is a considerable stretch of time as things go nowadays. If you subtract it from Bill's present age it leaves just twenty-six. Twenty-six bear-trapping seasons, therefore, had passed over Bill's head before he studied the woods as a short road to fortune. First, however, he went down to Chestnut's hardware store in Fredericton and bought a bear-trap. It is the identical trap that we saw him set beside the moose carcass last season. He has carried it, off and on, ever since he bought it, and if he had a



A BULL MOOSE AND COW IN NEW BRUNSWICK

dollar for every time it has not caught a bear he could afford to dry his socks under Assyrian suns and cool his brow in Siberian snow. Still, he has the satisfaction now of looking at things with a seasoning of philosophy. At twenty-six even a bear-trapper is likely to be full of what some persons call the arrogance of youth. Bill gives an instance of this in his account of a visit he and Harry Braithwaite once made to a trap which, he is careful to point out, was set lengthwise at the entrance to a holler log. The trap held a snarling black bear, and when the two trappers came on the scene, Harry volunteered to show Bill how he always killed a bear. He took his axe from his shoulder, advanced to within striking distance of the bear, and struck. But by a motion unforeseen by Harry the bear struck first. The axe flew from Harry's hands; the bear clutched it, and in less time than it takes Bill to get up

at five o'clock, light the fire and fill his pipe, it had bitten the handle as if it were straw and was sitting down, ready for more. Bill then, in accordance with what he regards as a fairly safe practice, stood off and shot him.

Bill owns that only once in his hull life has he been badly scairt. And that once was not mortal. He was walking along the trail, guiding a sportsman, who was following, when suddenly a big she bear riz up out from behind a pine stump and stood facing him, showing glistening teeth and making a snarling noise. Bill, as usual when guiding, carried only his axe. He jerked back a jiffy, then struck with all his might. But the bear was too quick for him. She turned tail and climbed a big black birch, leaving three yearling cubs to scurry away into the gathering gloom. The sportsman shot up at the bear. The bullet entered below the chin and came out at the top of the head. But even at



SOUNDING THE CALL

that, Bill declares, she dropped fifteen feet, caught a limb with one paw, held on for the space of a second, and fell dead upon the ground.

The ground at Rocky Brook is not always a bed of roses. Bill says you are just as likely to light on a stone as on a feather bed, and you are lucky if some balsam boughs intervene to break the fall. I saw Bill himself take a tumble one day when we were crossing some black land covered with windfalls and jagged rocks. He looked a bit seowly for a minute, and I asked whether he had hurt himself. "Yes," he answered, without stopping to swear, "I hurt my thigh." But I noticed that he went on leading just the same as before, and we heard nothing more about it.

Bill's leading is about as easy to follow as an annual report. He says that the moment he lifts one foot yours should fall into its track. You will find it a nice limbering exercise if you are on the tote road or a well-

beaten moose trail; but when it comes to crossing a broiling brook or an overturned spruce, running the rapids on jutting rocks, or jumping from a cedar stump across black muck onto a slippery hemlock root, you feel like taking a short preparatory course as a lumber-jack.

Lumber-jacking, by the way, is not fifty-fifty with Bill when he enters a trail. He enters it with as little timidity as some men enter a profession. In the West you hit the trail, but at Rocky Brook it hits you—in the face, on the head, and under foot. It encloses you on all sides, except the front and back, like a tunnel, and its twists and turns are about as uncertain as the marriage laws of Quebec. These twists and turns Bill knows by heart. He has passed much of his life within their embrace, and he loves them as one might love an ancestral estate. If it is not Bill's estate by birth, it is his by the sheer force of knowledge. And what an



A LONG SHOT

estate! It is all forest, every acre of it that is not water, and in it abound moose, deer, marten, otter, beaver, bear, mink and partridge, with here and there and everywhere the exasperating presence of the fretful porcupine. Bill says that he has killed seven of these bristling beasts at one time, not counting the lucky ones that got away.

You learn in New Brunswick that the porcupine has an insatiable fondness for chewing anything the hand of man has touched. An axe handle, for instance, is a dainty morsel, while an old boot is as larks' tongues to an epicure. You will find these pests, therefore, in abandoned camps and frequently in camps that have not been abandoned. I once heard Bert Carson, a nephew of old Bill's, declare within the hearing of others that he and Charlie Moon, while bear-trapping on the Cains River, four years ago last summer, killed three

hundred and seventy-five porcupines and did not have to go out of their way to do it. The joke came later, when Bert confided to me that it made him smile at the others for thinking he had sure counted quills instead of heads. It reminded one of the claim made by an old French-Canadian that in the days of the wild pigeon he had killed ninety-nine with one charge from a shotgun. He was asked why he did not make it the even hundred. "Do you think," he answered, "that I would tell a lie for the sake of one pee-zhee-on?"

Unlike the pigeon, unfortunately, the porcupine is not extinct. Apart from his proliigious propensities, he has an uncommon capacity for deviltry. He can set off more bear-traps than there are bears in the great hardwood ridges rising between the Oungarvan and the Miramichi. He can make a meal of a boot-jack. He can climb a tree, ruin a dog, or let his



BRINGING IN THE ANTLERS



PART OF THE CAMP-SITE AT ROCKY BROOK

quills sink into the tough texture of a horse's hoof. His only successful enemy seems to be the bob-cat, but even at that he flourishes like the green bay tree. Bill avows that he is a durned nuisance in bear-trapping season and nawthin' on airth can stop him.

Bill has been trying to stop him for fifty years. Fifty years in the forest! Just think of Bill, a young man of twenty-six, going into Chestnut's hardware store in Fredericton and buying a bear-trap, and then think of him, fifty years later, starting out to set the same trap. But he has eleven others. Or is it nineteen? I forget.

Forgetfulness is a failing that we do not always properly appreciate. If one could forget things as Bill now can, one could sit, as he sits, of an evening by the camp fire and enjoy a smoke full of reminiscence that is not marred by the jarring occurrences of to-day. Bill used to have a phen-

omenal memory. Never having been crossed with what we call education, he had to depend on the word of others for his knowledge of the great world out from and beyond the New Brunswick forest. He used to listen to others reading the newspapers, and it is said of him that having heard a passage read he could repeat it afterwards word by word. But now he does not care much about hearing even the news of the war, perhaps because he has a son somewhere in it. He prefers to sit and smoke and think. He thinks of the deadfall set for ermine down near Spider Lake. He thinks of the springback for otter just above Frigid Pond, near the spot where he almost always biles the kettle. He thinks of the best way a bear-trap should be sot, having in mind the fact that a bear is a terrible eritter for toeing-in. He thinks of his reputation, for it is the first time that he has ever failed to lead his sportsman up to a fine bull moose. Could it have



A YOUNG MOOSE IN THE OPEN



A YOUNG MOOSE STARTLED

been the smoking? Some say that you should not smoke during calling-time. But Bill has always smoked, and he has never failed—until now. He swore that he would quit smoking as soon as he quit finding moose. Now he has that also for his thoughts. But most of all he thinks of the son somewhere in France. He says he was a good lad, take him all round, but no word has come from him in a long time. You never know. There has

been a terrible sight of Canadians killed. I tell him that if anything should happen to his son the Government would send word. "Would they now?" he replies, and the smoke rises blue round his white head. Then he guesses the lad is all right over yonder.

Moose hunting? It is like fishing. You do not go fishing just to catch fish. You do not go moose hunting just to get antlers.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING

By H. G. WELLS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

BERNARD SHAW said that we had better close our churches for the duration of the war, a prominent German declared an eclipse of Christianity, and now Mr. H. G. Wells has discovered God.

It is enough to set the rest of us thinking.

In the preface to this book, "God, the Invisible King", Mr. Wells says: "This book sets out as forcibly and exactly as possible the religious belief of the writer. That belief is not orthodox Christianity; it is not, indeed, Christianity at all: its core, nevertheless, is a profound belief in a personal and intimate God." He says also in the same preface: "The Council of Nicaea was one of the most disastrous and one of the least venerable of all religious gatherings." He can pretend to no awe for the "spiritual monstrosities of that gathering". To him "such elaborations as 'begotten of the Father before all worlds' are no better than intellectual shark's teeth and oyster shells". He does not like "morbid speculation about virginity". He says: "The writer's position here in this book is, firstly, complete agnosticism in the matter of God the Creator, and secondly, entire faith in the matter of God the Redeemer. He cannot bring the two ideas under the same term God."

Now this is a headful and a heart-

ful, indeed, for any of our modern churchmen, orthodox Christians, professional theologians and the like. In those sincere and unwitting believers who with simple humility are always ready to cherish the words of the great, the book, if they turn to it for inspiration and counsel, will beget a peculiar bewilderment. The unsophisticated churchman, who buys the book for its title, preparing with condescension and Christian joy to welcome to the true fold a famous novelist, will find surprises calling probably for indignation and dismay. Many, many men and women may say to Wells, having read his book through: "Thank you: the book sounds real. Your God I have known also, Mr. Wells". And sincere Christians who think deeply may find in the book much fine sincerity along with hasty amateurishness and regrettable misapprehension.

I select random passages:

"None of us really pray to that fantastic, unqualified *danse a trois* the Trinity, which the wranglings and disputes of the worthies of Alexandria and Syria declared to be God."

"By faith we of this modern religion disbelieved and denied. By faith we said of that stuffed scarecrow of divinity, that incoherent accumulation of antique theological notions, the Nicene deity, 'This is certainly no God'. And by faith we have found God."

"Contemporary minds . . . had been hypnotized and obsessed by the idea that the Christian God is the only thinkable God. They had heard so much about that God and so little of any other. With release their minds become, as it were, nascent and ready for the coming of God."

" . . . that strange miscellany of Jew-

ish and early Christian literature, the Bible

"This God, inciting his congenial Israelites to the most terrific pogroms."

"The clergy of our own days play the part of the New Testament Pharisees with the utmost exactness and complete unconsciousness."

"God is a person who can be known as one knows a friend, who can be served and who receives service, who partakes of our nature, who is, like us, a being in conflict with the unknown and the limitless and the forces of death. He is our King to whom we must be loyal. . . . He feels us and knows us. He is helped and gladdened by us. He hopes and attempts. God is no abstraction nor trick of words, no Infinite. God is finite. He is as real as a bayonet thrust or an embrace."

"God waits for us, for all of us who have the quality to reach Him. He has need of us as we of Him."

"Without God the 'service of man' is no better than a hobby or a sentimentality or an hypocrisy in the undisciplined prison of the mortal life."

"We of this modern religion say this: that if you do not feel God, then there is no persuading you of Him; we cannot win over the incredulous. If you feel God then you will know that thus and thus and no other is His method and intention."

"This modern religion . . . the new understanding . . . it has no church, no authorities, no teachers, no orthodoxy. It does not even thrust and struggle among the other things; simply it grows clear. There will be no putting an end to it. It will compel all things to orient themselves to it. . . . It comes as the dawn comes, through whatever clouds and mists may be here or whatever smoke and curtains may be there. It comes as the day comes to the ships that put to sea. It is the Kingdom of God at hand."

It will be interesting for us to learn from the publishers whether a book like this will have a wide sale in Canada. If a professor, say, of one of our denominational colleges had written it there would be a heresy trial and certain intent persons would pursue its pages. The rest of us would go on with our work.

But here is a famous "secular" novelist coming out with a glowing title-page announcing "God, the Invisible King". What is more, he talks about God as if he believes in him, that is, as we talk about potatoes or billiards or conscription. Most of us

in Canada, or at least a great part of us, have felt that God is an embarrassing subject like prostitution, or fleas, or undergarments. We had drifted into a way of letting paid clergymen in churches make him a subject of proclamation. He rarely, except among socialists and free thinkers, who mostly derided him, entered practical conversation.

And here is H. G. Wells treating God as seriously as potatoes. H. G. Wells is vulgar or irreverent surely.

Where are we in Canada anyway about the matter of God? We have a more scrupulously observed Sabbath probably than any other people. Though in the cities the situation is somewhat different, in rural parts and small towns a fair proportion of us attends the churches, yet it has been growingly felt of late, even among us who are a comparatively simple-minded people, that our doctors and lawyers and business men, our men of affairs and standing, get little or nothing out of the church and give little but money to it. But the church has talked a great deal about God. There has been a feeling in some quarters that the silence of the rest of us means ignorance and damnation. Certainly our polite conversation has not involved God very often as a poignant theme. Yet here is this Mr. Wells by turns amiable and austere over the subject.

He makes us think of our long relegated catechisms. What is God? Where is God? Who is God? If we say God is Providence (it has always been an easy way out for us when we did not want to use the word of three letters, like insects for fleas), Wells says, do you really think God will bother to make a fine Monday so you can hang out your wash, or a mist in the North Sea so a small British squadron can evade overwhelming enemy pursuers? Do you actually believe that he will look after your children if you leave them at home with the lamp burning? Wells will tell you a lot of things that God is not.

Then he will tell you he is courage and a person and youth and love (of a sort; Wells's definition). When you get done with this book if you have read it carefully you are somehow far readier than heretofore to say to your neighbour something like this: "I was reading to-day a book by H. G. Wells. It's called 'God, the Invisible King'. It's a strange book in many ways. What do you think about God?" Ten to one your neighbour will answer as naturally as if you had asked if his peas were filling out—if he has read Wells. It may easily be if the book has a large sale that Wells will introduce God as a topic of conversation among us. It may set us thinking about God.

And about Christianity.

Wells says he is not a Christian. Doesn't believe in it; a lot of nonsense, obsolete. Yet he believes in Christ, likes Him, has a real admiration for much about Him. Doesn't like His non-resistance doctrine, though; a man with ideas like that can be no God for him. This again may set us thinking. Some of us have had a fetish somewhere amid the jumble of our thoughtlessness called "The Christ". It has indicated in some of us real conviction, the possession of a certain amount of reverence, and a great many hazy notions. It has been the label for whatever of religious feeling we possessed. But it has meant nothing very vital, nothing very clear-cut, nothing belonging very much to the issues of life and death like the price of automobile tires or hogs. It is to be doubted whether the rank and file of us have had any very clear notions at all about Christ, or any definite conviction about religious issues. We have rarely regarded the New Testament as the book of a religion; it has been rather, where it has been anything, the fetish of a superstition. As to God, as has been said, He was not for practical conversation. It is to be doubted whether certain of our psychologists can quite make out a

case for us when they get behind words and concocted terminology and tell us that our interest in potatoes and automobile tires and hogs and conscription, if it is honest and enthusiastic, is our religion and religion enough. This seems a little like telling us that we know all about electricity and are experts in its realm if we can with honesty and enthusiasm push a button and ring a doorbell. We are constantly, all of us, all about the world, pushing buttons and ringing bells. That seems to be our business. But the why and wherefore of it all is a question that remains in abeyance by collusion. Until someone confounds us and irritates us by facing us up with it.

One sets out upon interesting conjecture when one begins to imagine what may happen to us if we really do get to thinking and talking about God and Christ and religion. It opens such an amazing field. We shall possibly be amazed we had neglected it. Our enthusiasm will be so great that someone will write of us that we are having a national revival.

But what it will imply for the churches may be a grave question—for the churches. Creeds will have an agitated time of it. Clergymen will be stirred to a blinking wakefulness.

I may be drifting too much into the Wells vein. Mr. Wells seems to have an uneasy bias against the churches. He says so many fine things that the best elements in the church are constantly saying as if they were new things altogether and the discovery of his own special brand of modern religion. He makes so many vivid and splendid criticisms that only an outsider perhaps can most keenly make, that one begins to suspect Mr. Wells of unfairness. One begins to suspect him of condemning wholesale an institution the true inner life of which he has never known. At times one is almost on the point of being sure that some morning Mr. Wells will wake up an

ardent church member of the evangelistic type; that he is like the man who by himself thinks out a political problem and imagines he has a solution unique and fresh and final, only to discover it is already the platform of a party. That man, if he is honest and humble, will join with the party. One is tempted to say sometimes that if Mr. Wells is honest and humble he will join some branch of the organized church: that surely he is one of the staunchest brethren, and probably a mighty Christian—if he only but knew! The church will do well for awhile at any rate to treat him as a seeker, with some follies but much character. And see how he takes it. Both he and the church may go to the penitent form together. If they are both humble and in earnest that would be a consummation for both of them.

And, then, again, one wonders. Wells turns a corner with a thought. Can you imagine him with Bible and prayers?

Yet he says so many things that so many believe when they pause to do that necessary bit of thinking that preludes conclusions. He may indeed be calling out that great body in whose existence he seems with such passion to believe, that great body of modern believers, devotees of the modern religion, followers of the true God. He may be the prophet of a new phase in religious development. Or he may be a child with a bright idea, which is new to the child but ages old to the world. He may be an amateur.

One thing, indeed, the book does. It raises in an urgent way our question concerning Wells himself. There are two kinds of popularity indicating two kinds of greatness. The man (or woman, of course) is popular after his own fashion and great after a fashion who catches up and reveals in the pages of his book those movements of our thought which are a little out of sight, but quite near the surface. Such a man will serve his

day and generation. He will help his day and generation a step forward. The other kind of fame and greatness accrues when a man reveals our deepest selves and directs our greatest selves with authority which accepts the rights of leadership.

Wells will set us thinking. If he sets us so deeply thinking as to waylay our souls, to startle us, and if he then can make us feel he is verily our leader, H. G. Wells is not of our generation alone; he is of those who make the world, a prophet for the people; he is as great as these pages of his latest book, with a sort of naïveté and a queer humility, seem to imply he is.

But perhaps he is too easy!

He seems to achieve an evasion of the Nazarene.



CANADA, THE LAND OF PROMISE, AND OTHER POEMS

BY S. RUPERT BROADFOOT. Woodstock:
The Sentinel-Review Press.

THE profits from sales of this brochure of minor verse are given in aid of Canadian prisoners of war. That is its best claim on the attention of the public. The author has an appreciation of objects and conditions that bestir the muses, and he has given vent to this appreciation in several localities—Ottawa, Guelph, Pigeon Lake, New York, Springfield, West Flamborough, Bobcaygeon, Osgoode Hall, Hog's Back, and Goldie's Dam. We quote from one of the Guelph appreciations:

THE SPEED BY NIGHT

The moon-magic is on the river, Bill,
I never saw the waters sleep so still.
They lie unwimpled in the steaming haze,
Reflecting bright the mist-enpiercing rays.

Go slow, old chap, let the canoe just drift,
The mood is on me to enjoy the gift
Of the clear blue vault and the gibbous moon,
The voices of evening and its soothing croon.

Isn't it spooky in those long dark reaches?
The bats flit by and a lone owl screeches;
All else is still—the night birds in the
brake,
They stir not at our paddles' swirling
wake.

The banks are alternating inky shade,
And bushy shores in floods of light displayed,
The moon-fire's glow on neighbouring leaf-
age plays,
O, winding Speed, forgive my puny praise!

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DOODLE M'CLINK

By DAVID M'CULLOCH. Toronto: Hod-
der and Stoughton.

THIS is one of the successful humorous war-time books. The title alone is almost enough to set one laughing, and many will regard the whole book as good cause for merriment from cover to cover. Doodle M'Clint is a stoker, one of the "Black Squad" aboard the world-cruiser, the *Sardine Castle*. His ship voyages from one end of the world to the other, and, of course, he goes with her. There are many adventures, humorous and exciting, especially the encounter with a submarine. This story met with much success in England.

✱

AUTUMN

By MURIEL HINE. Toronto: The Oxford University Press.

SOMETHING in the title of this excellent novel attracts one at the outset. It imparts a savour of richness, of mellowness, of that fulness and completeness that in many things besides nature immediately precedes winter. A woman of thirty-five to forty, for instance, is always more interesting than when she was younger, for she is more complete, for she is passing through the rich autumn of her life. These remarks, perhaps better than any formal review, give an idea of "Autumn". The author's style is entertaining and vigorous, and by many readers she is regarded as being among the foremost women novelists of her day.



MRS. MADGE MACBETH

☐ A Canadian writer, author of a new novel entitled "Kleath". (Toronto: The Mussion Book Co.)

THE MEN WHO WROUGHT

By RIDGWELL CULLUM. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THE author of "The Way of the Strong" has in this novel used the present as a splendid background against which to stage his strangely assorted group of characters—a British Cabinet Minister, the head of an English firm of shipbuilders, a Polish inventor and his daughter, a Prussian military officer and a band of German spies. The plot hinges on the operation of a submersible merchantman, a vessel which by plunging beneath the waves can evade all prisoners. There are many intensely exciting moments, a good amount of dramatic force and some melodrama. Altogether, however, it is a strong tale, well told by a writer who is able to meet the requirements of great situations.

A RETROSPECT OF FIFTY YEARS

By JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS. Baltimore: The John Murphy Company.

THESE two volumes, although they by no means represent the literary work of Cardinal Gibbons, who is the author as well of "The Faith of Our Fathers", "Our Christian Heritage", "The Ambassador of Christ" and "Discourses and Sermons", serve, nevertheless, somewhat as a recapitulation of an unusually active Christian life. They comprise selections from the Cardinal's essays and sermons, an intimate account of the Vatican Council (Cardinal Gibbons is the last living Father who attended the Council), extracts from the diary written during the sitting of the Council, the crisis between the Church and Labour in America, with chapters on "The Church and the Republic", "The Claims of the Catholic Church in the Making of the Republic", "Irish Immigration to the United States", "Lynch Law", and "Patriotism and Politics".

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THE GRIZZLY KING

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is in a sense a return to the animal story that was in vogue a few years ago, the time, in fact, when the author made one of his first successes with "Kazan". This time the hero is a great grizzly bear, a beast that seems to possess some human qualities. For one thing, it adopts a motherless black bear cub and sees it

well on the way to independence. It is a novel of adventure as well as a story of nature, in which aspect it is wholly fascinating.

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GOLD MUST BE TRIED BY FIRE

By RICHARD AUMERLE MAHER. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

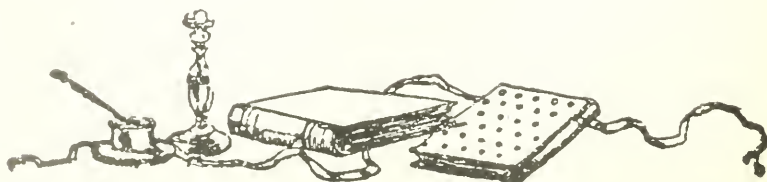
HERE the author of that inimitable character of the Bishop in "The Shepherd of the North" gives us an equally appealing and human figure in Daidie, a young girl who revolts at the monotony and drudgery of her existence as a mill hand. It is a story of Daidie's experiences, the drama of her young career, which almost involves a tragedy, but which, with the solution of the problem which keeps her and her lover apart, ends consistently and, even better still, happily.

✱

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

By CAPTAIN WILLIAM BOYD. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THE author of this volume of what must be regarded as authentic records is the Professor of Pathology at the University of Manitoba. It is a small volume, without much pretension, but it has the merit, notwithstanding the fact that it was written in dugouts, kitchens, barns and other unromantic places near the front, of revealing the beautiful, the picturesque and the heroic aspects of war. For this alone it is well worth being read.





From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

THE SAILING BOAT

Ruskin has said that the sailing vessel is the only thing made by man that harmonizes properly with nature. The harmony in this picture certainly is very pleasing. It is a view of Passamaquoddy Bay, New Brunswick.



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Wildwood Friends of the Elm Clump

BY HAMILTON M. LAING



THE camp in the elm clump stood upon what might be called populous Manitoba soil. With a prairie lake near the front door, a marsh maze not far from the back, and thickets and heavy woods of elm and oak for shelter round about, there were wildwood folk in plenty for neighbours and in variety that may not be found about many camp sites. There were grebes and gulls to cry and call from the open lake, ducks and coots and herons and waders to gabble in the marshes, wrens, yellow warblers, robins and catbirds to sing in the cherry thickets, and hawks and owls enough over in the big woods to lend a touch of the fierce and predatory side of wild life. There were not a few of every kind: it seemed that the wild folk found this a good place to live in or at least to pass the summer in. So did I.

There are some campers who advocate coming early, some who prefer to stay late and enjoy the mellow days of early autumn. For myself, I prefer to do both. Among the wild things June is the month of marriages, July the month of younglings, August brings the wondrous foregatherings, and September is the time of farewells. It was good to see them all.

There were few slack days during the summer in the elm clump. In June it was a musical spot, indeed. Catbirds and yellow warblers and often a clay-coloured sparrow or two always nested in the thickets and the hop-tangled edges of the wood, and nesting with these chaps means song. A dozen songs to the minute is no mean record, yet the little warblers kept it up so for hours. The catbirds, of course, like the great artists that they are, sang much less often, but every one of their song-sessions was a treat.



THE CAMP IN THE MANITOBA ELM CLUMP

Then there were others that came across from the main woods to sing. The black-billed cuckoo, the oriole, the rose-breasted grosbeak and the magic-throated thrasher all stole over to the clump and took a turn here, even though their wives and nests were elsewhere. The isolation of the tiny wood seemed to appeal to the emotional artistry of these fellows. When the meadowlark came up from the low lands, took perch upon the elm's tip over the tent and with abandoned rapture fluted two or three different solos with many repeats, as he did sometimes after rain, I was always tempted to wonder if the man who invented the calumny that the Canadian Northwest has no singing birds should not be hunted down, court-martialled and executed.

The wrens, though not operative stars, were the most voluminous musicians of the place. This partly was of my own doing. Two pairs originally nested here, one in a crack in a dead maple, another in a wood-pecker hole; but a liberal distribution

of tin cans nailed here and there about the little wood increased the wren population by several pairs. I know of no use for old cans that yields such profits. Ten songs to the minute these vivacious fellows maintained in long stretches. Allowing them ten-hour days—there are no unions in the wild, and sixteen hours would be nearer the mark—such song rapidity means six thousand a day. Five pairs in the wood means thirty thousand songs a day, or nearly a million a month! Not a bad investment of time these tin cans.

The thrasher was very different; as an artist, I worship him; but as a bird, I hold a mighty grudge against him. Early in June he sang across the way or came into the elm clump and of a sudden burst out with a tumultuous melody that literally set the woods breathless to listen. He was inspired, a very Keats or Shelly among birds; a genius and not dependable. I never knew when to expect him; I merely accepted him like the inevitable. He would start sud-



THE ENTRANCE TO THE ELM CLUMP



A PAIR OF KINGBIRDS

denly and as suddenly stop; and in spite of his magic throat I fear he was a churl. His song period is always one of the shortest in the woods. He seems to sing for a purpose: to buy for himself a wife; and this accomplished, he shuts up his beak. He is a great deceiver; but evidently never lacks a wife. No art for its own sweet sake for him! He may sing a bit while his mate is brooding, but at the first chipping of a shell musical festivities are off. Only one other neighbour of note here was so mean. The rose-breasted grosbeak with throat as strong and liquid and clear as a mountain stream, also sang but little; and why these two best

musicians of the North woods should have been so churlish is hard to guess.

The catbird and wren and robin were the only bird neighbours to be really friendly. The catbird found the picking-up excellent in the cleared space about the tent. He ate nothing that I gave him; but it was comical to see him watching the song sparrow chewing the kernels out of the oats that I put out for the ground squirrels. He often manifested much interest in the sparrow's way of getting a meal, but he never attempted to imitate him. A neighbouring camper had a catbird that developed a taste—surely acquired—for butter, and he was not backward about coming on



ONLY A VISITOR IN THE ELM CLUMP

the table for it, but mine showed no such trait. He had no particular use for me and merely accepted me as a part of the landscape. I fancy, however, that he was wise enough to know that the crows and hawks did not come close about the tent: but I do not wish any one to infer that he had any gratitude. He never said, "Thank you," even for the drink or bath with soap that he secured when I forgot to throw the wash water from the basin; and he would drink or bath apparently with appreciation in suds that were shockingly dirty.

One day my catbird amused me more than usual. I saw him out on the sodded pathway pecking at some

big thing, and when I trained the glasses on him I was treated to a comical bit of half-tragic acting. He had caught a huge hawk moth caterpillar, three inches long, thick as my middle finger, green, ridgy, a tough customer, and now the bird was trying vainly to puncture him. The consciousness of such a rare morsel was on the inside of that tough skin. How he pecked and pounded and flailed this stubborn thing! I ought to have been sorry for the unfortunate, but I was not, because for two weeks the wretch had lived in the elm branches above my table, and he had no respect for me. Bang, biff, chuck, chuck the bird went at him; but never an im-



A YOUNG PIED-BILLED GREBE

pression did he make. The song sparrow hopped around and looked on as if offering advice or encouragement. I fancy that his seed-crushing beak would have made a breach in the tough wall in no time, but the catbird gave him no opportunity. Finally when I could not stand to see the unfortunate pommelled longer, I threw my hat, and the last scene in the tragedy had to deal with the specimen bottle.

The wren showed less indifference toward me. There was no spot inside the tent that was more sacred to him than was the outside. Many a time I have awakened early to see one of these tiny sprites flit in through the open door, dart to the table or the trunk, turn an eye on me and next up at the ridge-pole, then dart up where a spider-web reposed and drag its occupant out to its fate. Spiders seemed favourite titbits with Jenny, and sometimes I have been ready to believe that on these visits she picked out unerringly the biggest, juiciest old grandfather eight-legs of them all. During these early foragings I must always keep very still; if I winked an

eye Jenny scolded angrily as though I was intruding in her tent, and darted out of the door. Sometimes she was more, and sometimes less welcome than she knew—depending quite on how I felt. I liked my spiders; liked to see them slaughtering my insect foes; but when they crawled into my alarm-clock through the knocker hole and spun webs and tied knots till they stopped the works, then I was glad to see Jenny bear them out to other fields of usefulness.

The black-billed cuckoo pair were shy, morbid-appearing recluses; they forbade all advances of mine and made none of their own. When they came across from the wood they flew low and silently, skimming the milk-weed tops; and when they moved about in the choke-cherry thicket and maples they did it as though they were stealing something. Usually they were silent; but now and again when I sat very still and they came prying near I have heard them emitting a clucking, knocking-on-wood sort of peculiar noise. They sang their strange "Cow-cow-cow" song at any hour of the day or night—a weird,



YOUNG BLACK MARSH TERN

monotonous, ventriloquil chant that at midnight was almost uncanny. They were always sly at their nesting, and though they raised two broods, both sometimes escaped detection. Such youngsters ought to be well hidden. They are the ugliest, spiniest things in the woods; carry such a miserable, wet-hen appearance that they make one feel sorry for them.

In June every bird with a song in him gets it out to the best of his ability. Even the kingbird tries to sing. None of the flycatcher tribe could be reckoned as musicians, yet the kingbird in the very early morning, at this time of year, sings a sort of indescribable solo in a manner deserving of some credit. No tree clump on the plains can be complete without its kingbird pair, and so the elms never lacked these noisy tyrants. I have never heard them sing their song except as a matin, and not often at that; for the morning carol in June begins at such a very early hour that save for the first morning or two of camp life it serves rather as a slumber song than as an alarm-clock.

Late June and July, the time of younglings in the woods, was a season of keen interest. Young sparrow hawks raised in a flicker-hole across in the woods and young flickers also used to come to set up a din in the big elm. It is six to half a dozen between these two as to which can raise the most rumpus when the parents are distributing eatables. Young gulls and terns were often upon the lakeshore, and a chase by canoe sometimes brought a near-flight youngster to bag for the camera. Old Red-tail, the big hawk, always nested somewhere in the oaks and as the youngsters are tardy and stay a long time in the nest I usually could find them and make them pose. Though the early-nesting horned owls always had their young off on the wing by June, I could count on finding a nestful or two of the smaller, long-eared owls. And there are no more interesting youngsters in the woods than the juveniles of the hawks and owls.

The appearance of these raptorial youngsters is the worst of them. There scarcely could be found a more comical make-up than that of the young



"THE BROWN THRASHER CAME ACROSS FROM THE MAIN WOODS"

long-ear. When he is big enough to sit on the nest-rim and see you coming he has a most ludicrous trick of stretching himself tall and thin quite out of all natural or normal proportion. If his home is in the dark he will glare upon you with most devilish eye, a veritable bogey-eyed leer; but he is rather much a bluffer and does not scratch our hands so hard as we might expect even when we give him every provocation. He has a way of using dreadfully bad language expressed by snapping his beak, but he knows little about biting. After he leaves the nest he has a peculiar habit of squealing in the night: it is a signal, I believe, intended for the parents that they may find him and bring him food. Though the long-ears seldom come close about camp, I hear them often disturbing the silence of the night in the elms across in the main wood.

No more interesting visitor from the wild than Jimmy the young red-tailed hawk perhaps ever was studied about camp. True, his visit was a forced one: for though he could fly, he was too amateurish to be a success at it, and we caught him and held him mildly captive for a short time. Instead of being the demon his

appearance at first denoted, he soon smoothed down and became really an amiable chap. The only time he evinced much ferocity was when he was hungry; but a mawful of fresh meat turned him almost instantly from a ferocious Hyde into a well-mannered Dr. Jekyll. He was a wonder all through, and he furnished much nature study food. His marvelously clear eye was his greatest wonder, but his wings that always drooped when he was approached, and his mouth that insisted on staying open before company, his mighty talons and hooked beak and feathered trousers all rewarded intimate investigation.

Not all the neighbours of the summer were feathered. The gray ground squirrels held the fort strongly throughout the wood, the chipmunks claimed the trees, and a striped "gopher" (spermophile) or two usually hung around the grassy entrance where they could make a dash in now and again and share the eatables with their bullying gray neighbours. I am not so sure that any of the three were good friends to have. That both species of ground squirrel considered fledglings delectable morsels and gobbled down every one they could reach



A STRIPED SPERMOPHILE

was a proved certainty; and when I caught this tree-living chipmunk also in a wren's nest murdering the half-fledged young in spite of the utmost efforts of the parents, I felt that perhaps I ought to take out the little specimen gun and make a killing myself. But I stayed my avenging hand, and the little gun wrecked vengeance on the long-tailed weasels instead. For now and again one of these tawny yellow chaps came up from the lake-shore and wandered about the grove; whereupon the other denizens always set up a sort of "stop thief" din, the birds and the wrens especially raising great to-do.

There are more tragedies in the wild than ordinarily one imagines, and it is only when we live close to nature and keep alert that we see realities. There is nothing in the way of a league among the wild things; common interest is the only tie to bind them. Death stalks by day and night and is regarded indifferently, save in its relation to self. More than one tragedy has been enacted almost at my fireplace; and one must be a keen criminal detective to be able always to name the killer in the wild. When I find the feathers of a gull on the sand at the landing, I guess duck

hawk. When I stumble upon a decapitated catbird under the elms, I guess sharp-shin hawk. A meadow mouse warm and limp with a tiny bloody bite about his head, lying in the crotch of my look-out tree, spells weasel. A decapitated coot, with its breast torn, lying near the slough margin, tells me that the horned owl has been hunting there. But though I know that I am often correct, there are many guess-again deeds of darkness that defy my solution.

Death comes also in less violent ways. More than one little grebe has come ashore to die; young gulls lost or abandoned die each season at the landing, and it is probable that the same silent tragedy goes on in wood and thicket. It is merely easier to observe it in the case of the water birds. The young fall out of the nest and perish; winds and rain and hail play havoc. Death seems continually abroad in the wild. Usually the visitation is sudden, but not always. The gull with broken wing that mopes on the shore must await his end by starvation, if not by a visit from the marsh hawk or duck hawk. Many a slightly ailing bird is able to care for himself in a half-way manner, but being unable to migrate must await the com-



A YOUNG LONG-EARED OWL

ing of the freeze-up that brings the kindly-cruel coyote and the white owl. Such lessons as these and many others on the darker side of nature's ways came to me all too frequently in the elms.

The wader chaps that paddled about the landing were scarcely the least interesting of my feathered neighbours. They were not present in June, and their appearance on the shore was one of the infallible signs of early autumn. For the waders are among the earliest of the retreating migrants. Of the godwits, willets, solitary sandpipers, least sandpipers, spotted sandpipers, sanderlings and

yellowlegs, the two last mentioned species were the most companionable and confiding. A callow young yellowlegs fresh from the North is apt to be found wondrously tame and unschooled in the ways of man. The nimble-footed sanderlings were scarcely less trusting, and in attempting to photograph them they have fooled me more than once by running around my tripod. The godwits were not friendly in the least; the willets were more kindly, but when they were routed they always shouted noisily and raised a huge cry. The spotted sandpipers always were found consistently nervous, scary fidgets, ready at a moment's notice to go darting off jerkily over the water.

With the coming of September and the thinning of the leafage the wild neighbours of the summer seemed to melt away. The cuckoo, grosbeak, thrasher, kingbird, wrens and warblers are birds of the leaves and they now stole away without a word of leave-taking. I did not see them go; I merely missed them after they had gone. The ground squirrels holed away; the chipmunks came out only in the sunny hours. The woods were silent save for a rustling by day as the feet of the new sparrow neighbours and juncos moved in the thickets, and a quiet whispering at night: a letting go of tired little leaf hands and a sighing in the fall. A chickadee, sure harbinger of a coming winter, came into camp and left his picture; a flock of rusty grackles took perch in the baring limbs and seemed to sing of something other than summer. Then in the last day or two of September came the fall. There was a rustling of leaves all night, a scraping on canvas as they tobogganed down the slope, and in the morning the pathway was littered with yellow; the limbs sighed naked overhead. The elm queen, but a day gone resplendent in all the golden finery of the autumn, had disrobed. It was time to be going.

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

IX.—MISS CARRIE MATILDA DERICK: UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR

MISS DERICK has the honour of being the first woman appointed to a professorship in any Canadian university, a fact which witnesses incontestably to the distinction of her scholarship in her chosen field of study and research—morphological botany. At present women are far more adequately represented in the student than in the teaching and governing bodies of our universities; indeed, women have almost no voice in the decisions which shape the courses of higher education, even for their own sex.

In the scientific and professorial world Miss Derick is a unique figure, but her career is of far greater significance to her time and country, because she has not chosen to stand aloof as well as alone. Despite the earnest and painstaking character of her work, she has never chosen to shut herself up in study or laboratory, but has shown herself not less deeply interested in the problems of humanity than in the wonders revealed by her microscope.

Miss Derick comes of the Loyalist stock that has contributed so much to the making of the Dominion. Her great grandfather, Philip Derick, mi-

grated to Canada early in 1783. Her father, Frederick Derick, married Miss Edna Colton, an American lady of good family. Their daughter, Carrie Matilda, was born on January 14th, 1862, at Clarenceville, in that corner of Quebec Province known as the "Eastern Townships". The village lies between Missisquoi Bay, at the head of lovely Lake Champlain, and the Richelieu River of terrible notoriety in old days as the pathway of the Iroquois to the French settlements.

Miss Derick has been fortunate in receiving that "thorough training" which she regards as so important "to success in most businesses, trades and professions". She went up from the academy of her native place to McGill Normal School, where she carried off the Prince of Wales medal. Later she entered McGill University, took prizes in classics, zoology and botany, and graduated in 1890, winning first rank honours in natural science and the Logan gold medal.

Immediately she began the teaching of her favourite science, as demonstrator at McGill University and special teacher of botany at Trafalgar Institute. In 1895 she was appointed lecturer at the university. Mean-

while she continued her studies at her alma mater and took her M.A. degree in 1896. Very frequently she took advantage of the long vacation to take special work. Three times she attended Harvard University summer schools: one summer she spent in England, studying at the Royal College of Science in London, and once, obtaining a year's leave of absence from her duties at the university in 1901-02, she spent almost eighteen months in Germany. During the first summer she gave much time to visiting the laboratories and botanical gardens of the Universities of Munich and Berlin. The remainder of the time—a year—she devoted to study at the University of Bonn.

Several years earlier than this—in 1895—she had taken an advanced course in "cryptogamic botany" at the Marine Biological Station, at Wood's Holl in Massachusetts, and here in the following summer she began an investigation, under the direction of the late Dr. J. E. Humphrey, of "the early development of the *Floridæ*". She continued the work independently in 1897, and the results were published, some two years later, in *The Botanical Gazette*, Chicago. The article, which attracted a good deal of attention in scientific quarters, was included in several lists of new literature, and an abstract of it was given in *The Journal of the Royal Microscopical Society*.

In December, 1904, Miss Derick read a paper before the Society for Plant Morphology and Physiology, in which she set forth the results of investigations into "Nuclear Changes in Germinating Seeds". Her conclusions challenged discussion, but further investigation confirmed the results of her earlier work.

Like other true scientists, however, Miss Derick is modest. Reviewing the work of Canadian women in the learned professions for the Government book prepared for distribution at the Paris Exposition of 1900, she wrote: "In science women are but

beginners and though a few are engaged in research work, this is secondary to the demands made by busy professional lives: the product is necessarily limited and of little interest to the world".

In 1904 Miss Derick was appointed assistant professor of Botany. In 1912 she became full professor, but, for more than two years had had charge of the department, with all the arduous work involved of planning courses and preparing and delivering lectures to the advanced students. In addition to her university work, she lectured for a number of years at the McGill Normal School, and later conducted "summer schools and winter classes, especially adapted to meet the requirements of fourth year students of education and teachers of elementary botany and nature study".

Furthermore, Miss Derick has laboured both with tongue and pen to interest the general unscientific public in the study of plant life. At various times and places she has given many popular lectures, including a series of "Saturday Afternoon Half Hour Talks to Children" on "The Sleep Movements of Plants", "Insectivorous Plants", "The Dispersal of Plants", etc., etc. In 1900 there appeared in *The Weekly Star* twenty-eight illustrated articles by Miss Derick, containing much information on Canadian plants not easily accessible to the general reader. Some of these were reprinted, under the title of "Flowers of the Field and Forest".

As a recreation, perhaps, from the severe study entailed by her professional work, Miss Derick has gleaned from time to time in the field of the folk-lore of plants. "In the Eastern Townships," she says, "are to be still found lingering superstitions and quaint ideas which reveal the story of the past. Clarenceville . . . is peopled by the descendants of Dutch United Empire Loyalists. Owing, however, to intermarriage with other nationalities, many of the traits of their Dutch ancestors are lost," and



Portrait by Mrs. Minna Keene, F.R.P.S.

MISS CARRIE MATILDA DERICK

A Pioneer University Professor in Canada

the current folk-lore can often be traced to English, Scotch or Irish sources. Nor is the yield of plant-lore as rich as might have been hoped. "Coming, as they did, more than one hundred years ago, to hew out a new home in the heart of the primeval forest," the early settlers "lived close enough to nature to lay up a rich store of weird fancies and strange legends for the delight of their children's children. But the struggle for existence was too keen." They had no time to weave new stories or even to keep alive the old. "Moreover, the effects of the late war were so deeply impressed upon their hearts that the reminiscences of old age were of the intense realities of the immediate past rather than of the superstitions about field and wood".

As a matter of fact, American and Canadian plant-lore is largely of a medicinal character. In some districts a potato, in others "a double cedar-knot" is carried in the pocket to charm away rheumatism. As "the dyspeptic nature of Clarenceville people demanded varied treatment", and "the efficacy of medicine was measured by its unpleasantness", boneset, dandelion and tansy teas all found eager advocates. Home-made remedies for the prevalent throat and lung troubles were also numerous. Amongst these time-honoured decoctions many are "still considered useful in home pharmacy".

In parts of Canada, as elsewhere, certain plants are used, with the proper incantations, as love-charms. In Campbellton, New Brunswick, love-

lorn damsels have been known to try to divine the future by means of this-heads under their pillows.

Miss Derick is greatly interested in the common and local names of plants. Many have been borrowed indiscriminately from older lands. Others, such as "meeting-houses", (*Aquilegia canadensis*); "quaker-ladies" (*Houstonia caerulea*), and "white man's foot" (*Plantago major*), the last named of which was supposed by the Indians to follow in the steps of the white man, suggest an American origin. "There is a rich field for investigation," says the professor, "in the beliefs of the Indians and the poetic fancies of the French Canadians." In the naming of plants are hints of black spirits and white; saints, fairies, and the quaint, bright fancies of childhood; but "early superstitions are rapidly vanishing before the light of modern science, and all should record at once" [the suggestion comes with peculiar force from so notable a scientist] "any legend or peculiarity met with, before it is too late, for in them lies much of the history of our people; its nature legends are often the only immortal possession of a race".

Amongst Miss Derick's writings are biographical sketches of several workers in her own line, including "David Pearse Penhallow", her predecessor in charge of the department of botany at McGill University, and "Philip Henry Gosse", whose first book, "The Canadian Naturalist", was one of the earliest "to call students from the laboratory and museum to the woods and streams".

Miss Derick is a Fellow of the Botanical Society of America and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and is a member of many other scientific and learned societies.

As an authority on the subject, she "has been called upon to give expert evidence upon timbers and their fungal diseases in law-suits connected with the dry-rot of constructional timbers", and, in April, 1915, she lec-

tured upon "Timbers and their Diseases" before the Montreal Society of Canadian Engineers.

Despite all her achievements, it may be said once again that Miss Derick has not allowed her scientific interests to absorb or make her one-sided. She has identified herself with the work of a number of educational and philanthropic associations. The Girls' Club of Montreal, organized in 1891, and parent of the University Settlement, was suggested by Miss Derick's paper on "Women Wage-Earners".

For many years she has been one of the leading spirits in the Council of Women, and, when in 1912, she retired from the presidency of the Montreal Local Council, she was presented with a hundred dollars in gold, representing the life patronage of the National Council. "In all the work of the Council," said Lady Drummond, who made the address, "Miss Derick's trained intelligence and her infinite capacity for taking pains has been of the greatest value. One object she had followed with especial success—the education of women in civic affairs and the stirring up of the woman's conscience and sense of municipal responsibility. Her efforts were significant of the hope that men and women would come to work together for the uplifting of humanity." She is now elected vice-president for Montreal, and convenor of the Committee on Education.

She has spoken frequently on civic reform, and, as President of the Montreal Suffrage Association, has stood for the recognition of women in the national life. Since the outbreak of the war she has taken a very active part in patriotic work, and has given many addresses in different places on "Women and War".

Miss Derick has devoted much time and thought to the question of the employments and earnings of women, and as long ago as 1899 she urged women to take up agriculture and suggested that domestic service

"might be raised to the rank of a profession, like nursing". "The country did not need the addition of great numbers of women to those already engaged in the learned professions," she said. "though in these women of genius would meet with little difficulty and could render services of incalculable value to their fellows. Where women would find fields worth conquering would be in agricultural pursuits and domestic service."

"With few exceptions" [this is interesting considering how little trodden by women has been the path of Miss Derick's experience] "a Cana-

dian woman is free to pursue any calling for which she may be fitted. The public will not question her choice, and she may do her work with the calmness and self-poise of her who has arrived! Then, judged by the character of her work, which is in the nature of things sexless, she will soon reach her level, be it high or low. . . .

"Without aggression, without any noisy obtrusiveness, a few Canadian women, by deep thought, by clear vision, or by honest service have prepared the way for those who will follow, and have proved the right of all to work as they are able."

The subject of the next sketch of this series is Mother Hannah, foundress of the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine and a pioneer in war nursing in Canada.

PLACE VIGER

By GRACE MURRAY ATKIN

ONE morning watching from my room,
 I saw the dawn
 Quickened the shadows in the gloom
 And show the idlers in the square
 The night had sheltered, sleeping there.

The tulips shook their scarlet heads
 Across the lawn,
 That from their painted wooden beds
 In such a lonely, hopeless way
 These sleeping men should greet the day.

The Grand Trunk's New President

— Mr. Howard G. Kelley —

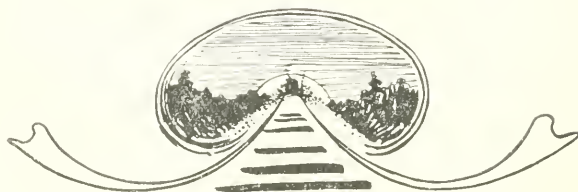


HE presidency of the Grand Trunk Railway is regarded as one of the most highly prized positions in the railway world. A system which serves practically ninety per cent. of Canada's urban population, has more than eight thousand miles of line and is a great international traffic artery ranks among the great railway organizations of America. Mr. Howard G. Kelley, who succeeds Mr. E. J. Chamberlin as president of the Grand Trunk Railway System, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and associated companies, has long been known in the transportation field as an able executive officer, and his wide experience fits him admirably for the high position to which he has been called. That experience has been gained in thirty-five years of railway work, during which time he had charge of the construction and maintenance departments of important railway systems. His ability as a railway engineer was recognized in his election to the presidency of the American Railway Engineering and Maintenance of Way Association.

The late Charles M. Hays brought Mr. Kelley to the Grand Trunk ten

years ago as Chief Engineer. Four years later he was promoted to the position of Vice-President in charge of operation, maintenance and construction, an office which he held up to the date of his appointment as President of the road.

In addition to splendid scientific and practical training, Mr. Kelley has the qualities of mind which make for the successful handling of big tasks. His railway associates speak of him as a man who inspires the loyalty and affection which lead to efficiency and accomplishment. His courtesy is not a veneer, but part of the man himself, and it is extended not only to the influential caller, but to all who come in contact with him. His capacity for work is a tradition in a business where hard and exacting labours are demanded of all. Work, it is said, is his only hobby. He delights in it. He finds in the daily crop of problems relative to railway administration all the exhilaration that he needs. He is a big man in a big position, and his achievements will be watched with close interest by all who realize the important part which the Grand Trunk has played and continues to play in the development of the Dominion.





MR. HOWARD G. KELLEY

New President of the Grand Trunk Railway System and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

The Influence of Ancestry in the Present War

BY PROFESSOR JOHN CAMERON, M.D., D.Sc.



THE following reflections have been inspired by a study of the ancestral history of the different combatants engaged in the present world war, in which it will be found that Darwin's theory of evolution is playing no small part. If it be true, as Darwin affirms, that man is descended from lower types of the animal kingdom, then he ought to exhibit traces of this ancestry at various stages of his developmental history. To put the matter tersely, each individual animal during its development has to climb the ancestral tree, on the topmost bough of which is man, alone in all his glory. Man, however, occasionally slips off his high perch and alights on one of the lower branches. This tendency to revert to a lower ancestral type is freely recognized by all biologists, and forms the main text of this communication.

Applying this idea to the human brain, one finds that the expansion of the skull is essentially due to the demands made upon it by the developing brain. Therefore, in lower types both of mankind and of the animal kingdom in general, one finds low forms of skull commensurate with the stage of evolution which the enclosed brain has reached. As a reminder of this fact, one regularly meets with cases of human reversion to lower

animal types. Microcephalic idiots furnish one of the best examples of this tendency to a "throw-back". In these half human creatures, what really happens is, that both the brain and skull cease to grow and remain in a primitive stage almost comparable to that of the ape. The most significant facts of all regarding these unfortunate individuals are that the chin is markedly receding and ape-like, and they are frequently devoid of the power of speech. In this relationship it is important to note that man is the only member of the animal kingdom who possesses a chin, an anatomical feature which is of the greatest significance, for its evolution is associated with the development of the gift of speech.

Darwin, in order to support his theory of evolution, made the assertion that the "missing link" between man and lower animals would be found somewhere. As a matter of fact, bones of a very low type, so low indeed as hardly to be called human, were discovered in the island of Java in 1892, that is ten years after Darwin's death. These remains are now known as those of the Java man-ape, who, geologists declare, was in existence about half a million years ago. Professor Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, has recently made a reconstruction of the head and features of this ape-like

creature from its skull. In carrying this out, a considerable amount of imagination had to be brought into play; but it exhibits a low receding forehead, flat wide nostrils, and prominent jaws and teeth, particularly the eye teeth, which overlap each other in lower animals for offensive purposes, but in man are on the same level as the other teeth. The most significant feature of all, however, is the receding chin, which probably indicates that this "missing link" was devoid of the power of speech.

Another "missing link" was unearthed in the Neanderthal in Germany in 1856, at the time when Darwin was hard at work on his theory of evolution. The discovery aroused the greatest interest amongst comparative anatomists, and has in fact proved a controversial question to this very day. Of course, it was inconvenient that the remains should have been found in Germany, and accordingly certain German university professors were called upon to disprove that the Neanderthal man was one of the "missing links" which they no doubt felt ought to have been discovered elsewhere. Now as is well known, a German professor can be got to prove anything, if ordered to do so from headquarters, more particularly since the commencement of the present world war. Accordingly the bones were examined by several German investigators and, as was to be expected, they came to the unanimous decision that the Neanderthal man could not have been a normal being, but was a sporadic example representing an extreme departure from the normal condition.

Professor Virchow, then Germany's greatest pathologist, and the bearer of a famous name in medicine, also made an investigation of the remains, and his conclusion was that the skeleton had been modified by disease. This was nothing less than a deliberate misrepresentation, for the bones have since been proved to be perfectly normal in every way. It is indeed

lamentable to think how a man of Virchow's reputation could have demeaned himself to such an extent. Anyway, the strategy of these German professors absolutely attained its object at the time: for they totally misled such a shrewd observer as Darwin, just as so many of us have been misled by them nowadays. The Neanderthal specimen was exactly one of the "missing links" Darwin was searching after to prove his evolution theory, yet he accepted the report of the German professors and ignored it entirely. The other traces of Neanderthal man at Spy, Krapina, and elsewhere were unfortunately not unearthed until after Darwin's death; but their discovery absolutely refuted both the sporadic and the pathological theories of the German professors. Truly one's sins always find one out!

The episodes chronicled above clearly indicate that the "Prussianizing" of the German university staffs has been in existence for at least fifty years, and is therefore not a recently developed movement, as many seem to think. Apparently their gospel is that the interests of the Fatherland are to be the prime consideration. Anything that is to benefit it is to be scrupulously, or even unscrupulously, cultivated; while any fact which may prove to be detrimental to its reputation or honour is to be immediately suppressed. People of this stamp are not fostering the advancement of science and learning in the slightest degree. On the contrary, their opinions are so swayed by national bias, and so influenced by the "higher authority", that they become grossly misleading and fallacious.

Professor Osborn's recent reconstruction of the bust of the Neanderthal man from his skull exhibits the feebly-developed forehead, heavy projecting bony ridges above the eyes, a thrusting forward of the jaws and mouth, and a receding chin—all signs of racial inferiority. A comparison of the bust with the skull will serve

to convince some anthropologists that Professor Osborn has been a little too flattering to Neanderthal man in his reproduction. For example, the deficiency of the frontal region of his skull does not warrant the amount of forehead conferred upon him in the bust; moreover, the whole aspect of the features ought to have been represented as decidedly more bestial. When one compares the Neanderthal skull with that of the Java man-ape, one really begins to appreciate how low the Neanderthal type of skull is, and how Darwin would have welcomed and acclaimed it as one of his "missing links" had he not been so grossly misled. Poor Darwin! To think that he did not survive to see the consummation of his life's work.

The great River Rhine and the peaks of the Alps appear to have proved formidable obstacles to Neanderthal man's advance into western Europe. However, within quite recent years fragments of skulls showing some of the features of the Neanderthal type have been unearthed in France and even in far away Gibraltar. This latter discovery is interesting, for it suggests that Neanderthal man was attempting to escape into Africa, across the Straits of Gibraltar, during the onset of the ice epoch in Europe. At any rate, if he did penetrate into France he appears to have been exterminated there by the more recent Cro-magnon race, so called from the caves in France, where some of the remains were found. The skull of this race was of a highly evolved type, the amount of frontal development being considerably greater than that of the Neanderthal specimen, as is well illustrated in Professor Osborn's reconstruction of the head. In fact, the form of skull compares quite favourably with that of modern Europeans. This Cro-magnon race also manifested the first glimmerings of culture in the form of rude drawings of animals on the walls of their caves. They appear to have been of greater stature than the Neanderthal

man, whose average height was only about five feet four and one-half inches, which is, of course, considerably below the average stature of a male adult at the present day (five feet seven and one-half inches).

Everything, then, seems to point to the fact that the Cro-magnon race was of a very much more highly developed type than the Neanderthal, and was indeed well worthy to represent one step in the evolution of the ancestry of the French race, and form the foundations of its art and culture. One cannot, of course, tell with certainty if that be so. Indeed, a very spirited controversy has been waged over the ultimate fate of Cro-magnon man. Some geologists declare that he may have died out as a consequence of the inexorable law of nature, whereby growth is followed by decay and death, while others assert that he may have followed the reindeer northwards into the polar regions during the retreat of the ice barrier when the glacial epoch passed away, and become degenerated into the Eskimo.

On coming now to the question of British ancestry, one finds there is much to inspire interest. It is only four years ago since the fossil remains of real primitive man were discovered in Britain at a place called Piltown, near the south coast of England. These remains, which have become known all over the world as the Piltown skeleton, are declared by geologists and anthropologists to represent the most ancient traces of *Homo sapiens* yet discovered. The generic name *Eoanthropus*, which has been applied to this human type, is most appropriate, for it means the man of the dawn. Seeing that the Piltown remains are more ancient than the Cro-magnon or Neanderthal specimens, then according to the Darwinian theory, the skull ought to show more primitive features than either of these. As a matter of fact, it does not compare favourably with the Cro-magnon type, as one would expect; but, on the other hand, it is a much

finer type of skull than the Neanderthal, which, of course, one would not have expected from its much greater antiquity. One notes, for example, that the frontal development is much better and not nearly so simian or ape-like. The lower jaw exhibits the features of the Neanderthal type in the absence of a chin, which means, of course, that the power of speech was probably feebly developed, as in the case of Neanderthal man. The eye teeth show, however, a great alteration, for they are very simian in the Piltdown skull. This means that they project above the level of the other teeth, and overlap their fellows, manifestly for purposes of offence and defence. In the Heidelberg jaw, which is closely allied to the Neanderthal type, the eye teeth are on the same level as the other teeth, and this is the condition in the modern human jaw.

It is interesting to compare the outlines of the Piltdown, Neanderthal and Cro-magnon skulls, for they represent a remarkable study in the evolution of the brain, and demonstrate very effectively how the skull has had to expand, particularly in the frontal region, to accommodate the developing brain. A storm of controversy has been aroused over the capacity of the Piltdown skull, but it must at any rate have been greater than that of the Neanderthal, though, as was pointed out in the previous paragraph, it ought to have been less, considering its much more ancient character. For example, geologists declare that the Piltdown man existed at least 100,000 years ago, while they say that the Neanderthal man could not have appeared until about 50,000 years afterwards. Now, if the Darwinian theory be correct, the capacity of the Neanderthal skull ought to have been somewhere intermediate between the Piltdown and Cro-magnon types. Biologists, therefore, assume that the Neanderthal man must have been a degenerate offshoot from the main evolutionary stem, a fact which

we are all quite willing to admit at the present juncture. Every citizen of our great Empire will be interested and no doubt relieved to know that no traces of Neanderthal man have so far been discovered in the British Isles.

Professor Osborn's recent reconstruction of the head and features of the Piltdown man exhibits many points of interest. If he is our ancestor, the first point that strikes one is that the modeller has not been very flattering in his reproduction. A large proportion of the reconstruction has, of course, been purely imaginative, but one would expect the prominent jaws and teeth to be reflected in the forward thrust of the mouth and lips. The chin is represented as distinctly receding, but on the other hand the forehead, as the skull indicates, is well developed.

These four types that have just been enumerated, namely, the Java man-ape, Piltdown man, Neanderthal man, and Cro-magnon man, represent four very definite and decided phases in the Darwinian evolutionary scheme. The evidence certainly seems to indicate that the Java man-ape, the Piltdown and Cro-magnon types were situated in that order from below upwards on the main stem of the ancestral tree, with the Neanderthal man as a degenerate offshoot, occurring somewhere between the positions occupied by Piltdown man and Cro-magnon man.

If degeneration, or reversion to type as it ought to be termed, was the fate that befell Neanderthal man in by-gone ages, why should it not occur in the case of modern man? This idea was certainly advanced by Darwin as one of the strongest arguments in favour of his evolution theory, and biologists are constantly meeting with examples of it not only in man but also throughout the whole animal kingdom. The writer was much struck by the recent remarks of an American author on this point. He states that "unruly animals come into this

world—why not degenerate humans? Every stock raiser on the plains knows what a 'throw-back' means. Why should one doubt the same conditions in the human species? Bismarck, for example, was called "The Iron Chancellor" and 'The Man of Blood and Iron'. He had brass tacks in his arteries. He was a 'throw-back' to the period of Attila. He will be recognized in future history, probably, as the greatest mental savage since Napoleon."

It is evident that there are many mental savages of the Bismarck type among Germans from the "all highest" to the lowest at the present day. Indeed, the senseless brutality of the German soldiery during the Franco-German campaign of 1870-71, and in the present war, has served to convince one strongly that the evil taint of Cain is not yet destroyed, and can still make its way to the surface in certain instances. This tendency to reversion to ancient ancestral types is the only explanation those who have studied heredity can offer for such an outburst of animalism at this advanced stage of the world's history. One must recollect that civilization after all is but a thin veneer on the surface, so thin indeed in many instances that it is not difficult to rub off, thus exposing the crude barbarous element underneath. One of the obvious duties of the Allies, then, is to stamp out this vicious element, and thus rescue Germany from herself. The writer made many good friendships amongst German scientists whilst engaged in post-graduate study and research at one of their universities fifteen years ago. He met some fine intellectual types of men there, and was treated on all sides with kindness and courtesy. It is, however, most deplorable to note how the devotees of real German culture represented by the universities, have absolutely capitulated to the domina-

tion of the Prussian military caste, and have applauded to the echo each fresh atrocity committed by that infamous organization.

The next question one will naturally ask is, "What difference, if any, is there in the configuration of the British and German types of skull at the present day?" The answer is that a very striking difference does exist. In order to appreciate this fact more fully, one must understand that there are two great types of skull, the dolichocephalic or long-headed, and the brachycephalic or broad-headed. The skulls of white races lie in an intermediate group between these two types: that is to say, they are neither extremely long-headed nor extremely broad-headed. However, the British skull tends to approach the long-headed type, while the Teutonic approximates to the broad-headed type—in many cases decidedly so.

From what has been stated, one will now be able to appreciate the fact that the shape of the skull is entirely dependent upon the direction in which the brain chooses to grow. It would, therefore, appear that there are certain centres developed in the Teutonic brain which require more room in a side-to-side direction, whereas the direction of growth of the centres in the British type of brain is such that the skull has to expand more in a fore-and-aft direction, to use a nautical term. One can, therefore, argue that the psychology of the two races must be different. Their mental outlook on life, their standard of ethics must also vary considerably. One reaches the interesting conclusion that the present terrible world war really resolves itself into a life-and-death struggle for world domination and supremacy between the long-headed and the broad-headed, or in other words, between the long-brained and the broad-brained. We must see to it that the long-headed race wins.

The Way Home

BY T. R. ELLIOTT



RS. GREAVES was a little woman with a big heart. Her kindly countenance never ceased to reflect her sympathetic soul, and except for the ripples of silvering hair over her brows, there was nothing to indicate that her life had been one of vicissitude. It was always hard for Jeanie Carson to tell when her companion was troubled, and now as she watched the elder woman reading a card with a foreign postmark, which had just come with the afternoon mail, she could detect neither surprise nor despair. So she waited patiently till Mrs. Greaves finished reading, handed her the card, and spoke.

"Not a trace can they find of him, Jeanie," she said calmly. "Seems as though they have scoured all the prisons in Germany. It's a heap of trouble to take for just you and me, my dear."

"Oh, it's from the Swiss Red Cross," said the girl, with a disappointed air. "I thought they would do something. But it must be a big task to answer all the appeals that are made to them. Is our search ended now, mother?" she asked quietly.

"Something will turn up, child. I can't believe Geoff is gone—for good. Just keep your heart up, dear."

Nearly a year had passed since the battle of St. Julien, when Pte. Geoffrey Allan Greaves, of the 15th Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, had been reported missing. Everybody in his home city of Lon-

don, Ontario, believed him dead, and when word came from the Militia Department that Pte. Greaves was undoubtedly killed in action the verdict was accepted as final. The soldier's mother was the one exception, and she still clung to her thread of hope, slender as it was now becoming. She had not been content with waiting. Appeals had been made in succession to the United States Ambassador in Germany, the Y. M. C. A., and to the Red Cross Society of Switzerland. Hospitals in England were carefully searched. The remnant of the Fighting Fifteenth was appealed to, but those of his comrades who survived the inferno of St. Julien had small place in their memory for Geoff Greaves.

Any one of his former mates could describe how he might have met death on that terrible April day. Perhaps he was in one of the many trenches which were obliterated and gouged out again by the rain of high explosives; or he might have been in the track of one of the huge "coal-boxes" and been beaten into the mud like many another. But not a man of the 15th could recall that Greaves had actually met such a fate: so that the colonel, writing in reply to the boy's mother, was forced to admit he could supply no information in addition to that which had been forwarded to the Department. And he added a message of sympathy.

Sympathy Mrs. Greaves did not want. She wanted someone to support her in her belief that her boy

would turn up alive, and in Jeanie Carson, who had been Geoff's sweetheart, she found the hopeful spirit she desired. But now, even Jeanie was beginning to despair, though she would not let Mrs. Greaves perceive a shadow of it.

"Read the other letter, mother," said Jeanie, pointing to an envelope which till now had lain unheeded on the table beside them.

The elder woman looked at the address. "It's from Mrs. Cooper," she said, noting the handwriting. "I've had three letters from her since her son Bob was made prisoner of war, and she always has something cheerful to say. I wonder what it is this time."

She read indifferently at first, but soon her face brightened and she turned eagerly to her companion. "What is it?" asked the girl.

"Oh, I'm sure it means a new chance, Jeanie, girl. Read this. Mrs. Cooper sends it," and she handed over a newspaper clipping, a paragraph in length. The younger woman read:

"But science cannot do everything. While the best of surgical skill is mending the bodies of many broken soldiers, there are those among them whose minds will not respond to treatment. The terrific strain of some battle has been too much for them and their nerves or their minds will never become normal again. Some of them have lost their memories and do not even know their own names. In the convalescent hospitals of England it is estimated there are hundreds of shattered men of this type. Some of them are doomed to spend the rest of their days in a sanatorium."

"There is just a chance, mother," said the girl, as Mrs. Greaves turned to her expectantly. "We must write—"

"I'll go over to England myself, dear, I think. I'm sure our boy must be one of these poor fellows it tells about. Perhaps I'll bring him back to you."

The girl reflected: "These are English soldiers. He could not be among them. How could Geoff Greaves, now lost to us since the Canadians saved

the day at Ypres, be one of these demoted English Tommies?"

"Don't you think I should go?" asked the mother, who had been watching the girl's face.

"Why, yes, indeed. It will do you good, even if—, and your sister will be glad to see you, too."

So it came about that ten days later, with a letter to the War Office from the officer commanding the London Military District, Mrs. Greaves was on her way to St. John. The *Missinabie*, with a passenger list made up mostly of men in khaki, was due to sail in two days. The little, pleasant-faced woman from London found companionship among officers' wives who were going as far as England with their husbands. They thought they could appreciate the little woman's sorrow, and sympathized with great feeling, but she asked only that they admit she had still some ground for hope.

Down a tortuous, cobbled street in the town of Hythe, past a row of shops unlike those to be found anywhere but in England, two soldiers in "slacks" were making their way. One aided himself with a crutch, while the other, younger and taller than his companion, depended only slightly on a stout cane which he carried. At the cathedral corner the two turned, and strolled slowly down a by-street to a common near the outskirts. They seated themselves on a bench by a little stream and laved themselves in the warm April sunshine.

"You know, this place seems like home to me now, Scotty," spoke the younger man. "Even the cathedral spire there, and the trees yonder with their burly trunks and funny little branches look familiar."

"Well, you won't be lookin' at 'em long, 'Erb, now that the doctor is through with you. You'll be a-slugin' pig-iron in a shell factory soon, I s-pose," replied his comrade.

"I'd go back again and fight, if

they'd let me, Scotty, old chap, but my knee will never be quite right, they tell me. I don't know about tackling the pig-iron. I think I can do better than that. The only thing that seems to have gone back on me is my memory. Doc. Bowman tells me I shall never be able to remember people or places I knew before St. Julien. I can remember the fighting as well as you can, Scotty, but how I got into it, or who my comrades were, I don't know any more than you do.

"For a chap whose only injury is a stiff knee, I have a marvelous pedigree," he continued. "Take a slant at this." And he took from the pocket of his tunic a folded paper, handing it to his pal, who spread it out and read:

"Copy of medical record of No., Pte. Fernwood Military Convalescent Home, Hythe.

"April 23, 1915; found patient on the Ypres-St. Julien road, unconscious, wounded in left leg, clothing in shreds, tag missing, unidentifiable; sent to No. 1, Cas. Clear. Station. A. M. Martin, Capt., Durham Light Infantry.

"April 24; No. 1, C.C.S.; patient treated for concussion. Transferred to Boulogne, May 2. . . ."

Scotty read on down the page, to:

"July 15, 1915. Patient admitted to Hythe Military Convalescent Home. Treated for amnesia. Leg healed, Jan. 31, 1916. Memory unimproved. Discharged as physically unfit for further service. April 20, 1916. Martha Talbot, matron; A. R. Bowman, M.D., Capt."

"An' they start you out in the world with this, eh?" mused Scotty Wadd.

"That and ten pounds or so," said Herb, "and a ticket to anywhere in the world almost. I guess there are places on the face of the globe where they would be glad to give a job to a poor cove who has done his bit on the right side of this affair."

"Especially when the cove looks so much like the Honourable Herbert Kitchener as wot you do. But wot'll you do for a name, mate?"

"The matron has loaned me hers, Scotty. From now on, I'm Herbert Talbot, at your service. And, by the way, I've near decided to take your tip and strike for Melbourne. If Australia is as good as you say, it's good enough for me."

"You couldn't do better, 'Erb, my boy. It was 'ome to me for best part o' ten years. I'd like to be goin' with you."

So it transpired that the passengers on the *Laplandia*, which sailed a week later for Melbourne, included Herbert Talbot, discharged soldier, whose aim was to seek some place in a new country where he might begin a smashed life all over again.

Three days out from Bristol, the *Laplandia*, as everyone knows, met her fate.

Herbert Talbot was standing on an upper deck watching the mountainous waves through which the big ship drilled her way when he heard a cry of warning, and the next instant felt the shock of the blow as the deadly torpedo crashed through the plates. A mighty pillar of water, almost at his side, followed the explosion, and the air was filled with flying wreckage. Half dazed, the boy struggled to his feet from the side of the cabin where he had been hurled, and looked about, hardly comprehending what had taken place. One rail of the steamer had been thrown out along the bow, and part of it projected over the water. Across the rail lay the body of a sailor. The bow was already settling. Talbot, with the rest of the passengers, hurried aft, where there was less commotion. There was just time to fill the boats and get most of these safely away when the end came.

They were in the small boats but a short time. Simultaneously with the blow of the torpedo the call had gone out for assistance, and little wisps of smoke were soon everywhere on the horizon. A few hours later, with a score or so of disconsolate survivors, Herbert Talbot was taken abroad the

Doric, bound for Halifax. Talbot, though thankful to be alive at all, could not but regret that he had to give up his Melbourne trip. He rather had his heart set on Australia.

Aboard the *Doris*, the passengers from the *Laplandia* were royally treated. The young soldier shared a first-class suite with one of the wealthiest of the *Doric's* sailing list, Benedict Marquard.

To Marquard, his young companion confided some of his hopes and disappointments. Marquard laughed at his ruefulness, and set at rest his fears for the future by promising that in Montreal, where the Marquard Machine Company was one of the largest shell manufacturing plants of the Dominion, he would find work to his liking in the inspection of shells. There would be no trouble in getting the appointment.

Later, in his work at the big Montreal plant, Talbot frequently thought of Scotty Wadd and his prediction about "sluggin'" shells, but as Marquard had said, he found the work not unpleasant, and accepted his position philosophically.

Six weeks passed before the wanderlust seized him. He had the feeling that he could do better somewhere else. Winnipeg suggested itself. There would be fewer French there, and Talbot had a hard time with his French. So he bought a ticket for Winnipeg, over the Grand Trunk, via Chicago. He could not have told you why he rejected the northern Ontario routes in favour of the Chicago trip.

Town and city came and went without attracting any particular interest. It was late in June and the country was luxuriant everywhere in a coat of green. The maples were at their best. Herbert Talbot found himself gazing with pleasure at the continuous panorama of verdure through which he was passing.

It was nearly noon when the first section of the Chicago Flyer rolled

into the station at London, and Talbot dropped off to limber himself up by a stroll on the platform. Over the heads of hurrying travellers he caught sight of a girl, standing alone beneath the station canopy. She was quite evidently waiting for a train which had not yet arrived, and she had no eyes for the throng around her.

Talbot, from the shelter of a baggage truck, took a second glance at closer quarters, attracted by the girl's pretty, serious face. His heart skipped a beat as she turned his way, but she did not notice his glance, and he walked away inwardly berating himself for feeling excited about nothing. Indeed, his breath fairly caught.

The second section of his train pulled in, and Talbot began to walk toward his own car in the first section. Almost in his path, the girl he had been observing ran forward to embrace a little, bright-faced woman in black, about whose temples there was a trace of silver. Talbot stopped in spite of himself as he encountered them, and he felt a lump rise in his throat as he heard a sob from one of the women.

For the second time he shook himself mentally and proceeded toward his car.

He had gone but a few steps when his sleeve was clutched, and he turned to find the little woman at his side, saying in a voice so tense it was scarcely more than a whisper: "Geoff! Geoffrey Greaves!"

"I beg your pardon," said Talbot kindly. "You have made a mistake." "Chicago train—fourth track! Board!" called a station man.

"I must get my train, you see," he added as the woman still held his arm.

"Tell me," insisted the woman. "If you are not Geoffrey Greaves, who are you? Oh, you must be my boy!"

"My name is Talbot," he said. "Herbert Talbot."

"Ah—h! Then if you take the train, I'm going with you. That's the name

they told me you adopted when you left Hythe. You must stay with us here. Why, I'm your mother!"

His mother! Talbot's brain surged. And Hythe—how did she know he had been at Hythe? Could it be that this little woman with the bright face had been looking for him? The girl had now come up, and her eyes were a wealth of pleading. He looked straight into their depths.

"Yes, I'll stay," he said.

Later, talking it over with the little woman, Geoff Greaves, erstwhile Herb Talbot, marvelled greatly at the chain of circumstances which had brought him home again.

"To think of them sending me to Hythe, of all places, mother! And you tell me I was born there. No wonder the cathedral spire and the willows and the river seemed so fa-

miliar to me! It was luck all the way through. Look at the torpedo that took me to Canada instead of Australia."

"It was not luck, my son," she replied. "I see the Divine Hand in everything. What if you had stayed in Montreal another day? Or what if you had gone to Winnipeg on some other railroad? You were just coming back, in spite of yourself, back to Jeanie and me."

"I am not quite reconciled to the loss of my memory, mother, for there must have been some happy things to recall in those years that will be blank from now on. You're the best mother any chap could wish for."

"And Jeanie?" questioned his mother.

"Jeanie? Mother, dear, don't you tell, but I've fallen in love all over again."



Molly O'

BY THEODOCIA PEARCE



OLLY O' paused on the second landing and gazed dolefully out of the window. There was June in the air, but a frown of dark November on Molly O's face. Molly O' was made for June. Usually she looked and felt June. But somehow this day she was out of tune with the weather.

She didn't want to go up to her room. Boarding-house rooms are not particularly desirable places for November hearts.

She didn't want to go out to the streets. Surely it was June, but Molly O' scarcely knew it.

So she just stood there on the landing—just stood there and stared at the house on the other side of the lane that divided the two places of abode. The nearest window was open to the top. Mr. June Breeze did his best to lift the white curtains and peek in. But, alas!—and Molly O' couldn't see either.

She was ready to turn away, when the nicest kind of a thing happened. A nurse in a white cap and apron—a nurse with eager brown eyes, came to the window, parted the curtains and smiled over at Molly O'.

Molly O' carried that smile to her third-storey room, and sat down on the bed with it. It was like a pretty snowstorm, that smile was, and it whitened all the gray of Molly O's November heart. She took off her hat and crossed her little domain to the window.

Why, it was June!

There were flowers in the little square of park across the way, and the plumpest friendly robin in a tree so near the window.

A ray of June sunshine came to Molly O's face.

It was a smile.

She shook a warning finger at the bird and laughed aloud.

"I'll show you, Mr. Smarty Robin, that you aren't the only songster on this block."

So Molly O', sitting down at the piano near the window, sang and sang, just as the birds and the streams and the breezes sing in June.

That was Molly O's supreme gift—her wonderful voice. She was studying so far away from home, and when she wasn't studying—for even a song girl must have rest, you know—she was dreaming of the wonderful things she would some day do. Hadn't her splendid dad told her time and time again that the pent-up musical ability of the O'Hagans for years back lodged in her genius. Hadn't her master—Siedhoff—praised her at many a lesson. Why shouldn't she dream as she worked—dream and dream?

Such an audience of birds as had collected in the tree ere she had finished. And when her song had ended—birds can't very well clap hands, you know, so they burst forth in a chorus of gratitude. Molly O' danced her delight up and down her narrow room. She was June again—positively June.

Suddenly Molly O' realized she was hungry—hungry enough to break. She danced to the cupboard for jam and buns and pickles, spread a napkin on the floor, placed her food upon it, and sat down to a picnic all her own. Molly O' loved indoor picnics on the floor.

"Only one month now," she told a bun, and then gave it a deep bite. "Only a month now, and I'll be journeying back for a summer—a whole blessed two months with mother and dad and Billie."

Not until dusk had fallen did Molly O' realize that the nurse's smile hadn't gone home yet. It was still with her, rocking on the motto above the piano,

Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you

read Molly O'.

"Why, she gave me the dearest smile, that nurse lady," she mused, "and I haven't as much as offered her a pickle."

Molly O' laughed softly, jumped up from the floor and stole out into the corridor. It was quite dark and so very still. She felt her way to the stairs, and down to the second landing. The white curtains still fluttered from the window across the lane. Molly O' had just made up her mind about the poor sick person—the person who must be just the sweetest lady with great blue eyes, and such billows of black hair—when the nurse person came to the window and looked out. The sky was scarcely dark enough for stars. The nurse person seemed to be watching for one. Molly O' watched her, concealed. She looked so tired and worried, Molly O' felt sorry. Impulsively she leaned out of the window, and, waving her hand, called softly:

"Good-night, Miss White Cap—thank you so much for the smile."

Molly O' didn't wait to receive another. A burning shame spread over her. She raced up the stairs to her room and slammed herself in.

"Oh, you little idiot," she hissed, "won't you ever grow me into a sensible lady?"

But the more Molly O' thought—the more sorry she felt for the tired nurse and the sick lady across the way.

"It must be awful," she thought, "to be sick like that in June. I remember once—oh, years ago, I had measles in April. It was dreadful, but I don't think anything could be quite so bad as being shut up in June—like a rosebud that couldn't bloom, or a little bird with no wings. Why, I'd die."

And forthwith Molly O' packed all her dreams away and began to think. She wanted to help so much, but what could she do?

"I've only got about three dollars, God," she prayed, "only about three dollars left for my fun. The rest is all board money. I've read in books that one can't buy real happiness, but I can't see where I'm going to get any unless I pay for it."

The next day Molly O' went shopping—shopping at a book sale. She bought two books, a box of shaded blue note-paper, a bag of chocolate animals and a little bead purse.

The first sheet of blue paper went into one book. Molly O' didn't know it was so hard to write notes to sick ladies until she started. The blue sheet held a rosy message. She began like this, did Molly O':

The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

Dear Sick Neighbour,

I thought about you mostly all night. Even when I was asleep I had a lovely dream about you. I'm so sorry you can't walk in the June sunshine—it makes me feel like lemon pie—all white meringue and spilling over with goodness. I'm sending you a book to read that will make you glad just to read it, and help you to forget that June gets stuck crawling through the window so that very much can't get inside. Please laugh at the funny parts of this story, or I'll be dreadfully hurt.

Yours,

A Singing Fairy.

Just before lunch she went to the

second landing—whistled long and low, but no one answered from across the way. A tumbler of water stood on the window-sill. Molly O' grew reckless. Up in her room was a whole row of coloured stones. She had brought them from home. Deliberately she chased up after them.

Molly O' was not only a fine singer—she could sling just great. Dad O'Hagan had taught her in the long ago.

The first stone fell earthwards; the second hit the sill and bounded off; the third—oh, horrors!—hit the glass and sent it crashing into the room.

Immediately the curtains parted. The nurse person was there. She looked most frightfully cross.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry," Molly O' called. "I didn't think of doing that—honest. I only wanted to make a wee little racket. Say, are you very mad?"

The nurse smiled in spite of herself. Many people before her had found Molly O'Hagan's pleading brown eyes irresistible.

"No—not very, but why did you do it?"

Molly O' drew forth her package and held it to the light.

"I've got something here for you and your sick patient. If I leave it in your front porch you'll get it, won't you?"

The nurse promised, thanked her, smiled and withdrew.

Molly O' tore downstairs and out to the house across the way, left her parcel and hastened back to lunch.

The next morning as Molly O' descended to breakfast the nurse person was watching for her at the window.

"Good-morning," she greeted. "my patient is really too ill to write you, but we both thank you for your sweet letter and your gift."

"Did you laugh?" Molly O' questioned.

"Laugh! I should say so. Didn't you hear us?"

Molly O' shook her girlish head. "No, I didn't. But I'll leave you something else. Look in the porch about ten."

This time Molly O' tucked a blue envelope in a bead purse filled with chocolate animals. This time it was so much easier. She wrote:

My Castle in the Air.

Dear Unseen Neighbour,

I heard that you laughed, so I won't call you sick any more. You must be better or you couldn't laugh really. Don't you like these animals? They are to be eaten in little bites—first a head, or a foot, or a tail. It's heaps of fun to see them go in pieces. You must promise not to eat them whole. Mother would never let Billie or me do that. Keep the purse, and when you're tired count all the bead colours. It will make you feel bright thoughts.

Yours,

A Singing Fairy.

P.S.—May I send you a kiss? I'm sure you are pretty.

Could Molly O' have heard the laughter that greeted this letter she would have felt repaid indeed, that is, if she had not known why the poor sick neighbour really laughed.

So a week sped by. Every morning Molly O' was "Johnny-on-the-Spot" with a sick neighbour special and a little blue note. Once it was daffodils—only six—but they were so bright and yellow. Another day it was the other funny book, and yet another day—it was faneywork. Would the sick lady care to sew a weeny bit for her.

For a whole week Molly O' lived and laughed, sang and thought—June. On the eighth day came November.

"I just guess I'll have to tell her," Molly O' frowned. "Because—how can I help it?"

She stole to the second landing and whistled. The nurse understood that signal now, and answered. It had been arranged between them.

"You tell that patient of yours." Molly O' called without delay. "that I'm truly sorry, but I've only got

forty cents fun money left, and until dad sends me more—I guess I gotta quit.”

The nurse person turned hastily from the window. She was actually laughing. There was something about Molly O’, serious, that did make one laugh.

Molly O’ turned from the window, too. She had seen that laugh. Her resentment was keen. She went to her lesson in a blue mood, and sang—oh, dreadfully. Siedhoff told her so; she knew it, anyway. Molly O’ was truly angry.

There was two dollars and sixty cents of good money as bad as in the gutter.

She ran up the two flights of stairs to her room—ran right by the second landing window and banged her door behind her.

Molly O’ knew from the first that some one had been in her room. The very pictures, the piano, and the rocker told her. And then there was the table. She made a dash for the letter:

Dear Singing Fairy,

I am ashamed beyond measure that I laughed at you this morning. I truly didn’t mean to. Did you ever laugh when you felt really sorry instead? . . .

Molly O’ paused to consider.

“Yep—I do that heaps of times myself—so—well—what next?”

We are so sorry my patient and I that you have sacrificed in any way. But could you really know how your cheery messages have been appreciated, you would feel repaid. I was so worried about my patient until you came along, little Singing Fairy. This has been a sad case of mental depression, and very difficult to handle. You have helped me just worlds.

We are having a little tea at five. Please promise to come over.

Yours sincerely,

The Nurse,

Margaret Styles.

Room 14.

Molly O’Hagan gasped, then flopped on the bed—a bundle of laughter.

“Oh, I’ve been wanting something to happen for weeks. And maybe—

here it is. Thanks just awfully!”

Later Molly O’ gowned in soft pink mull, with eyes a-sparkle and cheeks a-glow, surveyed herself in the mirror.

“Well, I might be lots prettier,” she mused. “But I wasn’t made that way, so I can’t help it. Mother always says, ‘Handsome is as handsome does’, so I’ll just ‘handsome does’ as hard as ever I can.”

The nurse, watching from the sick-room window, saw her leave the house, and so met her in the porch.

“You don’t know how glad we are to have you,” she said, taking Molly O’s two hands and drawing her into the hall. “Just follow me—will you?”

At the door of the sick room they stopped. The nurse was smiling.

“You go first,” she said, pushing the door open. And Molly O’ drifted in—a cloud of pink loveliness. With a little—

“Good-day, my neighbour”—she tripped across the room to the bed—then stopped suddenly.

The poor sick neighbour—the lovely blue-eyed lady with the billows of black hair was—a man!

Molly O’ dropped to the floor and hid her face in her hands. The sick man exchanged an uneasy glance with his nurse. They had done wrong after all—not to tell her.

Suddenly the still room vibrated with sound. Molly O’ was laughing. The other two joined her. The room rang with peals of merriment.

“Well, that’s one on me,” Molly O’ finally managed to say, “and a good one.”

Soon they had her in the big chintz rocker near the bed. The nurse herself poured tea and passed things—such things as Molly O’ had not devoured for many months.

“I’ve been wanting something to happen so badly, I guess it had to,” she announced, nibbling at a bit of remarkable confection. “Let’s make it happen hard while I am here.”

Molly O’ stayed one whole hour.

Each one of the sixty minutes came and fluttered away like a beautiful winged butterfly.

"Yes, I am singing heaps these days," Molly O' had replied in answer to a question; "I'm studying to do wonderful things, and," she continued, "that is what hurts me most. I haven't done a thing yet. In such a little while I go home. Mother and dad and Billie will be so very glad to see me, but I won't have one splendid thing to tell them."

It was just before she left that Molly O' noted the horrible thing. The man on the bed was laughing at a last remark of hers—when she looked down and saw on the counterpane the right hand of his. The two middle fingers were missing, and all the back was red and raw. Molly O' knew it was from a dreadful burn. There was something about the hand so gruesome that the girl shuddered. The man noted her action. The look of a hunted thing came into his eyes. He turned away with a groan.

Molly O' could not forget that hand—the hand that lay so still and useless. Somewhere before she had heard about it—or had seen it. Try as she might she could not tell where. It was to her a tantalizing memory.

Again and again she went to the house across the way, but always the hand was hidden from sight under the covering. Molly O' could never quite forget it was there.

"I wonder," the man asked her one day, "I wonder what you would do if you awoke some day to find you had been beaten."

"I dunno yet," Molly O' replied thoughtfully, "I dunno, but I would do something. I remember once when I was small we went one day out into the country to gather primroses. I was simply wild with joy—for I love the yellow of primrose so very much. I think all my thoughts and dreams were primroses. But, alas!—we couldn't find a one—only little horrid yellow dandelions. I sat and

cried just surrounded by the hated weed things. Then by and by just because there was nothing else to do I picked and picked dandelions. They did look beautiful massed together in a great yellow heap. The next day we had a party and I had dandelions everywhere through the house, instead of primroses. I liked them best of all after that—just weed dandelions. I think if I woke up, as you say—beaten—I'd want to take what I had left and begin over again."

"But suppose there was nothing left?"

"Oh, but there would be! Mother has told me so many times that life is the only master of life. As long as we have that—we have everything. I'd want to be like the sun that forgot to shine one day, so shone doubly bright the next. I don't think we can be beaten—just knocked down to get up again."

He seemed to delight in her simple philosophy—a philosophy interwoven always with flowers. Each time she came he asked her questions that she strove to answer.

The day she came to say good-bye he had a delightful surprise for her. He greeted her at the doorway. Molly O' clapped her hands with gladness. She had not known her sick neighbour was so tall and splendid—so much of a man.

"I've been walking out every day," he said smiling, "and now I am much stronger. I do not care to spend another day in bed—thanks to your fairy medicine. I'm going to the station."

Molly O' wondered a great deal about her sick neighbour during those summer days at home. He had not written—had not even asked if he might.

"Some day I shall hope to see you again," he had said at the station.

Days of July and August when the sun was hot and the dreams of glory beat in Molly O', she looked for him

to come. Something within her made her believe he would. But so many many times she was disappointed.

Hot days cooled into September. Molly O' began to prepare for her journey to the city—her journey to the world of studies and visioned desire. She did not cease to look for the coming of the man with the hand that hurt. A something had crept into her heart that made her want to touch it—to kiss it gently. A new life within Molly O' was reaching to a life without.

And when he came Molly O' did not dance down the garden path to meet him—she went away out behind the shed and cried, clutching an eastern paper to her. Again and yet again she read the blazing head-line:

MARCO MARTELLO IS BACK!
Famous Pianist has Returned a Greater
Violinist.

Then followed the story she had heard before—the story that completed the memory of the awful hand she loved—the story of a great man's bravery in a hotel fire and its disastrous result—the story of a man who had been knocked down but not beaten.

She read with beating heart and glowing cheeks the printed description of the man who with but three fingers on his right hand, and a fair foundation of violin technique, had astounded the musical world of the East with his remarkable execution.

And Molly O', behind the woodshed, realized more than all the world what an effort it must have cost this man—what a soul must have been lifted to the heights again.

Marco Martello!

Marco Martello—the wizard of the piano, and her poor sick neighbour were one.

Then Molly O' cried into the sleeve of her blue gingham dress.

"He'll—he'll never remember now."

And when he had gone, no one would have known that Molly O' had been knocked down.

Was she beaten?

Would she begin again to pick dandelions of desire, because of primroses—there was not a one.

Molly O's eyes laughed, her feet danced, her lips sang, but within her through long weary hours her heart cried—cried with an agony she dared not show.

"He'll—he'll never remember now."

For two days—two eternal days—Molly O' was down—knocked very low.

But she was not beaten.

"I'll gather dandelions, God, and make them sun all over the new world in me," she said to the blue sky of a September morn.

So Molly O', with her trunk and her club bag and her gathered dandelions, journeyed back to the attic in the city.

She was not aware of the cordial welcome she received—not aware of the smiles sent her way. In the boarding-house of yore, with its second-storey landing, and its house across the way, it was very hard—to forget.

She wanted the protecting walls of her old room to hold her close.

Her old room!

Molly O' gasped on the threshold. There was new furniture, new hangings, new everything, and on the table, the dresser, the desk, great bowls of golden dandelions. And on the desk the card—

To the Singing Fairy,

From the man she helped to gather dandelions.

And when he came that night—came a man with a wonderful future, and a light in his eyes the world could not see—Molly O' was waiting for him.



FIDELITY

From the Painting by Greuze in the Wallace Collection, London

The House of the Bride

BY ALICE BROWN



ANSEL JAMES, at five o'clock of the summer afternoon, was in the new house, measuring for a corner shelf. He was a robust fellow, something over thirty, with aquiline features and a skin brown and tightly drawn. His blue eyes looked out steadily from their background of tan and seemed the keener for it, like the eyes of all men who live much in the open. He had been thinking about the possibility of the shelf all day while he mowed the east meadows and answered mechanically the pleasantries of the other men. Ansel was much prized by his fellows, but they never hesitated in pelting him with all degrees of banter, because his attention, they knew, was absent, and he never really cared. Actually, his mind was on the new house, so perfect now, except for the furniture which would probably never be moved in, that it was hard for him to find place for another addition to its practical uses and its charm.

People were gentle with him over his worship of it. They even refrained from asking, "What you going to do with your house?" when they heard his engagement to Hatty Slate was broken. They were too sorry for Ansel. Hatty Slate was not, they thought, "much consequence", but Ansel must have set his heart upon her, or he wouldn't have built her a gem of a house with a soapstone sink and multitudinous closets, "all com-

plete". But no one could tell what Ansel felt, not even the uncle and aunt living in his old home "up the road a piece", and whom he had meant to leave when he went into a house of his own.

All that was certain about his side of the affair was that he tended and dressed the house now as if he were adorning it for a bride, fitting it with magic contrivances, all to make woman's work the easier. One night even, Abel Fellows, going past at something after eleven, saw a light there and thought somebody had broken in. So he tiptoed up to the kitchen window and peeped, and there was Ansel, face flushed and hair in a tangle, rubbing down wainscoting as if he had been at it for hours and meant never to stop.

But this moment of the corner shelf was one of the last ones out of the stillest summer day, full of green leaves and birds. Ansel had taken a lingering look at the world before coming in, for he knew he should work late. A feeling of solitude was upon him, and an intimate sense of communion with his house. He always had that when he was alone here, whether it was because the house had been the work of his hands or that it rehearsed an unfinished dream, not even he could say. But he had no sooner taken up his plane to run it along the strip of board under his hand than a step struck the porch floor.

At that he frowned, though as the

door opened and some one stood there to bid his eyes receive her before she spoke, he had assumed his old attitude of indifferent calm. But when he looked up at her, Ansel did start. This was Janet Gale, who lived "down the road" a mile away. She had come within the year to be with Gran'ma Gale, and Ansel did not know her very well. But he had seen her at church and walking along the country road, taller and of finer build than any of the neighbourhood girls, and almost to be afraid of, too, with her calm soft-coloured face and her large, deep eyes.

The eyes were what spoke and dominated. They were a living power, and even a startling one because their darkness shone so from the cloud of her soft, light hair. Once, at the celebration of the town's two hundredth anniversary, Ansel had stood with her for a difficult ten minutes in a tableau of the first settler and his wife. They two had been chosen because they made, so the neighbourhood said, such a likely pair, and they had accepted the call with simplicity, as they did all evident duties.

To-day Janet had come with a purpose, and she did not hesitate in running for it straight.

"I wanted to ask you something, Mr. James. Gran'ma said it wasn't my place, but I thought I'd rather be the one."

Ansel was looking at her in a kind of alarmed surprise she could not understand. He seemed to come to some sense of his own working disarray, and pushed his fingers up through his hair.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

There was one chair, a rough kitchen one, sometimes to be saved on, sometimes piled with nails and cleats. She shook her head briefly and continued:

"No. I've only come for a minute, Mr. James, it's about your house." There she flushed, for she had evidently felt her feet to be on ticklish ground. Ansel frowned a little and

stood immovable, facing her. Whoever paved the way to talk, it would not be he. This she realized, and herself frowned with the sudden difficulty of it. But she was a young woman of direct address, and threw down obstacles by a dash and onset. "Mr. James, maybe you didn't know I was engaged to Oscar French." Here she did hesitate, conformably, as if such things were not usually offered with so crude a haste. Ansel nodded and looked at her the more intently, trying, apparently, to make her out. Having got over the introductory step she was more at ease, and took her course with a clear directness. "I haven't seen him for over a year. He's been workin' in Illinois. But he thinks he'll come home."

"Oh!" Ansel acceded.

"He wants to come here to live, maybe set up a shop, or get a piece of land and keep bees. I don't know how it'll turn out." She forgot him for a moment, he could see, her fine brows knitted in consideration of the doubtful question of bees and their swarming, and the price of honey. "Well!" she recalled herself and turned to him with a sudden smile. It warmed her face wonderfully, and moved his heart, too, in a way quite aside from her simple purposes. "Well, if we settle down here, the first thing'll be a house."

"I see," said Ansel gravely. "I see."

He stood quite still, not looking at her now, one hand resting on his bench, the other at his side, a perfect picture of the artisan in repose. She began again and now she hurried.

"I thought of your house. I could not help thinkin' of it. It's the prettiest house I ever saw in my life, and gran'ma said maybe you'd sell or let. But she said it wasn't my place to ask you. She said 'twas a man's place. But there's Oscar way out in Illinois, and here I am on the spot."

It seemed a perfect reason, especially when she looked at him in that soft, kind way.

"I see," said Ansel again, very slowly. "You want to hire my house."

"Hire it or buy it. I couldn't say about buying. Oscar never's gone so far as that. I don't know—" She hesitated an embarrassed moment, but with a certain dignity went on. "I don't know whether he could. I don't know exactly how Oscar's fixed."

Ansel found himself wanting to leap off here at a tangent and ask her whether she was going to marry a man she estimated at a random guess. But he pulled himself back to the house.

"Let or sell," he said, "I s'pose it's all one to me. It ain't likely I shall ever go into the house." But his face contracted, as he said it, and she hastened on.

"Gran'ma said you told her so. 'Twas when she offered you some balm and wormwood. If you hadn't said as much as that, I never'd asked you."

Ansel smiled a little.

"Wormwood's all right," he corrected, with his gentle humour, "for a house a man builds and never lives in. Well!" He shook his head, as if he threw off deadening dreams. "Want to go over it?" he asked abruptly. "Want to see the house?"

She brightened at that, and came at once out of her perplexity of wondering whether she ought to be in the business at all. So they began their slow and admiring progress, for Ansel was as frankly eager over it as she. He showed her all his little devices for beauty and for saving work, and pointed out the window he had cut after there seemed to be windows enough, to bring the tip of the big maple into the bedroom. When they went upstairs and he opened the drawers of the linen closet, fragrant with new wood, she began to feel the excitement of the bride, an emotion made up of delight in the things themselves and a sense of the strangeness of it all. She had not dwelt much on the overthrow of his hopes. Gran'ma, so old that her opinions got easily blurred and their expression

rather negative, had said only that Ansel had meant to get married, and she guessed it never came to anything, and Janet, instinctively solitary in her habit of life, had asked no one else.

Finally, they went "up attic", and Ansel took her to the big dormer he had thrown out at the back, just, he told her, to face Mount Everlasting. And there, by natural consent, they sat down on the window seat and followed the purple outline in the farthest sky. Janet recalled her gaze. She was looking straight at him now, and her eyes drew his. He thought he had never seen such soft, dark eyes except in some kind animal, and he almost forgot Janet herself in regarding them, as if they were a separate source of power and life. Janet, calm as she was by nature, looked very vivid. She was, Ansel saw, in love with the house. He, too, was in love with it, and he felt the reasonableness of their accord.

"Well," she said, as if she could not hold silence any longer, her desire was so big, "goin' to let me have it?"

Ansel did not answer. It hardly seemed important, compared with the riddle of her eyes.

That recalled him. He seemed to catch himself back out of some deep musing.

"I'd rather you'd have it," he said, "than anybody else."

"Then may I?"

"Anybody I know of," he clenched it, and then with a headlong haste, "anybody in the world."

That surprised her, and her eyes gravely questioned.

"But I don't know," said Ansel, also recalled perhaps by his own intemperate speech. "I've got to think about it."

She rose at that, her mission being over, and the dusk outside shutting out Mount Everlasting more and more and so advising her that the reason for being there was done.

"Well," she said, "you think about it."

"Be careful of the stairs," Ansel bade her, and she returned with a joyous note in her voice:

"Anybody couldn't fall on these stairs. I don't believe gran'ma could. They're so easy, and then the rail's just in the right place."

When he stood in the doorway watching her down the steps, he called out suddenly and she stopped.

"Wait a minute," said Ansel. "When's it goin' to be?"

She stood there, almost a heroic figure in the dusk.

"When's what goin' to be?" she parried in the thrilling voice responsive to that nearing change.

"The weddin'. When's he comin' on?"

"In about a month," said Janet. "That's when he's comin' on."

Then the dusk enveloped her. Ansel went in, not to work, but to think it over. The little shelf he laid aside. It was not finished that night or the next. Indeed, it was not put up for months, until a winter day when he was still thinking of these things, but after another fashion. The next night he brushed his hair rigorously and went up to see her. Janet was sitting on the steps of the little low-browed house, and gran'ma, her chair drawn close to the entry sill, dozed and dropped a few words at intervals, like leaves from an autumn tree. But Janet, in her white dress, looked like the spring itself, a tree all over bridal white, and so Ansel thought, in other terms, as he came up the path and saw her rise to meet him.

"Good evening," she said, in her sweet, full voice. "Gran'ma, here's Mr. James."

"That you, Ansel?" gran'ma asked, from the depths of her reverie. "Well, you better come in, both o' you. It's gettin' damp. I guess I'll poke off to bed."

"You leave your chair," Janet bade her. "I'll fetch it in when I come. We'll sit here a minute, it's so nice."

But Ansel did not sit at once. Instead, he stood before her, his tall

bulk seeming to top the syringa down by the gate and shut it out. But its breath came sweetly to them.

"When d'you say he's comin'?" he asked abruptly.

"In about a month." Her heart beat hard. Janet was a calm creature, but sometimes she wanted things very much.

"I s'pose we needn't mention it to anybody, need we?" Ansel was continuing. "We needn't mention it till then. I hate talk."

"Why, no," said Janet, wondering a little, but thinking it reasonable of him. "I don't see's we need to mention it."

"Not to gran'ma?"

"Not if you don't want I should."

"Well, I don't," said Ansel. He drew a breath of greater ease. "I get so tired of their clack. If you could only do anything, and done with it! But you can't. It's, 'Why do ye so?' north, east, south and west. It's like a flock o' blackbirds."

Janet gave a little laugh. It had more than the music of her speech.

"But I ain't got anything to tell," she said, "not yet."

He answered soberly, with a grave indulgence, as to a beseeching child.

"Well, I guess you'll get it."

"Get the house? Shall I get the house?"

"I guess so." She drew a long, happy breath, and he saw again how much she cared. "We can keep our own counsel," he said, "till he comes and the papers are passed. Or if he rents it—it's all one to me."

Janet could simply say nothing at all. They sat there in the soft summer night, she very happy indeed and he, too, happy, in a way, because the house was, after all, fulfilling its purpose and coming to beautiful use. He was the first to speak.

"Well," he said softly, "you've got your house." Janet put out her hand to him in the darkness, and he gave it a strong, quick clasp. "That's right," he said. "Shake hands on it. It's a bargain." Ansel was a man of few

words, except when he was deeply moved, yet he had a little more to say, of a solemn import as befitted the sacredness of the hour. "I hope it'll be blessed to you," he ended, in what used to be his father's prayer-meeting manner. "I hope you'll live in it a great many years."

He stopped abruptly, because he had a sudden vision then of the Janet she would be sometime with her children about her, always calm, and miraculously young. But this was too swift a pace. It made him light-headed, and he returned, impatient of it, to what was. "Now," said he, "as you think it over, is there any changes you'd like made?"

"Oh, no," said Janet fervently. "It's lovely, just as it is. It's a perfect house."

"I can't find much fault with it myself," said Ansel, in the tone of disparaging pride accorded to our best beloved. "There's the lilacs, now. I set out four, three purple and one white, right side the back door. I don't know's I called attention to them."

She hadn't thought of them, she owned. She had been too occupied with walls and windows.

"Were you anyways interested in a mite of a garden?"

This he put almost timidly, fearing, it seemed, lest her answer should not fit his wish.

"Yes," said Janet, "there's got to be a garden. You know, it seems if it happened for all the world as if 'twas meant, gran'ma's got so out with hers. She says she can't 'tend to it, and it sort of frets her to have other folks fiddlin' round in it, and realize she can't. So she's goin' to give me her perennials if I got a house anywheres round here."

"Well," said Ansel, in his quiet voice, "come fall, you can move it lock, stock and barrel. I'll kind o' get the beds ready, 'most any time now, and mebbe put a fence round. You'd like that. I guess, and a little gate for you to go steppin' through.

You walk down that way to-morrer night after work and you see if I've picked out the right spot."

"But you don't want folks to know. What'll they think if they go by and see me?"

"Oh, folks won't see you! They're to home that time o' night, doin' the chores. I'll be spadin' up, and s'pose anybody does go by? They'll think you stopped to speak."

The next day it came about as he had said. Janet, perhaps too proud to go by dusk when eyes could be evaded, appeared in the late afternoon, as soon as there was hope of finding him. Ansel had staked out a goodly plot at the back of the house. Here were to be her flowers, and behind them he had decreed the kitchen garden. Just as she came round the corner, her face alight, her hair alive in the sun, Ansel had stopped to verify his corners, and he looked up and saw her. He caught his breath, she was so alive and lovely, so calm, too, a part of the divineness of the dying day; but he asked her quietly:

"How's this seem to you?"

"It's nice," she told him. "It's the right place exactly. But you think it's big enough?"

Ansel laughed a little at her greediness.

"You goin' to take care of it yourself?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes. I'm just like gran'ma. I don't want folks fiddlin' round among my plants. Besides, I don't know—" Here she stopped, and her face grew almost whimsically aghast.

"What don't you know?"

"I don't know whether he cares anything about gardenin'. He's always worked in a store."

Ansel turned abruptly and paced the lower boundary once and back again.

"Well," he said, as if he had been thinking out something and quieting himself to a conclusion, "I guess, whether he cares about it or no, he'll be ready to do the heft of it for you."

"Is there a gate here?" He saw she

was standing already in her garden. She even seemed to see the invisible gate. He also stood in the inclosure not yet made, and for a moment tasted the delight of feeling, not that he was sacrificing something to a happiness he could never share, but that the garden was still his because she let him plan it for her.

"Yes," he said, "a little gate, green, made narrow so's to swing easy over the grass. Here'll be a nice bed down by this pear tree. I vowed I'd get the pear tree in. Some things want a mite o' shade. They're as homesick as a cat, set 'em out in the glare. Then over by this corner's the old well. I'll put a pump in here; the water'll be terrible handy."

Janet stood there dreamily, still looking, it seemed, at the garden not yet born, at other happy things hastening toward her, and the lover who was the god to summon them. Ansel followed her thought, and stood very still.

"Well," she said abruptly, coming out of her dream. "I'll be goin'." But halfway to the road she turned and hastened back. Her face was flushed in a delicate way it had, a creeping of colour under the roseate skin. She held her hand over her eyes to shield them from the burning sunset, and looked at him with a soft, warm kindness. "I ain't thanked you enough," she said. "I can't ever thank you."

Then she turned decisively and went. Ansel stood, after she had left the garden lonely, and himself looked off into the sunset, fading now, yet entrancing in isles and lakes of colour, mountains, and a green-blue bordering shore. He had a faneiful habit of thought, and it seemed to him now that his grandfather who, being old, had uttered many uncomprehended things to him, then a boy, had known what he was saying when he told him, concerning the scheme of all things, "It's a mystery. It's a dinged mystery." Here Ansel had built his house and been denied the living in it, and now he was seeing the happiness that

enwrapped it like great guardian wings, through other eyes. And actually through her eyes—for he felt he knew, by some secret divination, the course of her days here, her progress from one room to another, and her long still hours of work in the garden by the earliest light. She would know enough for that. She had learned unerringly, he could see, the ways of doing things. And perhaps he should see her when he went by on some early quest, and step in a minute, and she would look up from under the pear tree, again with that rosy gratitude.

For a month it went on, the last exquisite ordering of the house and the inclosure of the garden. The beds were made, the fence was painted green, and the little gate swung easily yet with security. Neighbours dropped in to admire the completeness of it all, and to venture irrepressible questions. "What you goin' to do with your house, Ansel?" they asked him boldly. "You goin' to live in it?" But they were never told, and Janet, when one astute old body inquired why she was pokin' round there so much, replied, with her head held high, that it was the nicest house she ever saw or anybody else, either, and she was bewitched with it. She could hardly keep her feet away from it. And when the month was over, Oscar French came. Ansel had walked up to gran'ma's the night before and given Janet the key.

"You better have this," he said. "You'll want to show him round."

She nodded silently, and Ansel knew he had done the irrevocable deed. He had locked himself outside. This was Thursday, and Friday afternoon he saw her go past in Beasley's wagon, driving to the station, he knew, and he felt vaguely hurt that she had not asked him for his own team. But when she came back he was down in the lower pasture, and Saturday morning early he went there again with his dinner-pail and axe, and spent the day. It was

a long day, wherein he felt removed from the world and all the conditions of it. He had done the very largest thing that had ever been his choice, and by doing it he had cut himself off from the smaller pleasures and inheritances.

He went home that night a sadder man, different, older, it seemed to him, and because the day had tired him, he slipped into bed early and dulled his mind of thought. Sunday morning he was late at the table and portly Aunt Lindy, dallying there as she liked an excuse for doing, poured his coffee and settled to a cosy gossip. She loved to endow him with her accumulated nothings because he received them patiently, not like Uncle Rufus, her husband, who had sciatica, and was prone to exclaim, "There! there!"

"D'you know Oscar French was here?" she asked.

Ansel nodded, but she hardly needed that slight lubricant.

"Come Friday. Janet went over after him. Handsome feller, straight as a ramrod. I see 'em ride by."

Ansel drank his coffee, and found, by an involuntary hatefulness of the mind, a godlike youth, straight as a ramrod, sitting in the grandfather chair beside his hearth. At that instant, it seemed almost too hard a thing Janet has asked of him. When he could in kindness escape Aunt Lindy's monologue, full of speculation now over what Janet, if she should marry this fall, was likely to do about gran'ma, he wandered out into the woods at the back of the house and sat there whittling, making little dooryards of twigs and brushing them away again when he found whither his mind was tending.

It came to him that he could not, for the first time since his building of it, go into his own house: another man had the key and it was impossible to meet him there. But about sunset that night it seemed to him unnecessary to bear it any more. It was probable that they would have visited the

house by daylight. This was his hour, as it always had been, the coming dusk when tasks were done and he could take refuge in the stronghold of serenity he had made, as some patient creature might, grain by grain, build its own fitting shell.

So he went across lots, the back way, and approached the house stealthily almost, through the little garden. He mounted the steps to the back porch. It was very still. He took out his knife and slipped it in at a crack of the door to turn a button he knew, and walked in. Ansel drew a breath of satisfaction. It was his house, something sentient almost, that seemed even to return his love, as gardens breathe out rapture toward the hand that tends them. He sank down on his bench, moved into a corner to leave a garished order for the coming bridegroom; but that instant he started up again. There was the turning of a key, and some one whirled tempestuously in. He knew who it was, and that no one was behind her. Janet had changed into a creature of wild yet still emotion. She spoke at once.

"I had to come. I had to have some place, so gran'ma shouldn't know."

Some place to cry, he saw, to quiet her racing pulses and still the blood aflame up to her hair. She began to pace back and forth from the hearth to the doorway, like an animal in bounds.

"What is it?" asked Ansel, when she seemed to have walked herself into a calm. "You tell me what it is."

"He's gone," said Janet.

"Gone?" he echoed, his own emotion rising, anger for her, resentment against the fool who had deserted her. "You give me half a day. I'll fetch him back to you."

"Fetch him back!" She stopped and looked at him superbly. "He's gone. I sent him."

"You sent him? What for, Janet, what for?"

She cried a little then, in shame, it

almost seemed, as if she blamed herself.

"For nothing. He hadn't done anything. He was just himself. But I don't like him."

Ansel, in his daze, felt that he could only repeat her words after her, in a foolish interrogative echo. But she was ready enough to tell.

"I've got to speak to somebody or I shall die. I'm so ashamed. How could I ever think I liked him? Why, he talks about gettin' cold—he talks about it all the time—and what lodges he belongs to. I don't like him, that's all there is about it. I just don't like him." Fair, large creature as she was, she looked like a wilful child. "He hates gardenin', too," she threw at him. "He thinks you get your ankles dusty."

"Well," said Ansel. His voice sounded hoarse and strained to him, and he stopped to clear it. "What about the house? What'd he say to that?"

"The house?" She looked at him in the amazement that kept her head so high. "You s'pose I brought him in here? You s'pose I'd take him in to this house? Why, it's your house, not his."

Ansel was beside himself before the power of her proud beauty and the thrilling force of her emotion.

"It ain't my house," he cried. "It's yours. You've got to live in it."

Janet calmed at that; she smiled, and shook her head.

"You're sorry for me," she told him. "No, you mustn't be so sorry as all that. Sometime you'll live in the house yourself. That's the best way. It's your house. Here's the key. I'm going now. Good-night," she said.

But Ansel reached the door first and stood with his back against it.

"Look here," said he roughly, she thought, unlike his gentle self, "do you want to know why I ain't livin' in this house to-day?"

"Never mind," she said gently. "I've got to go now."

"I do mind," said Ansel. "You've

got to mind, too. You've got to listen. The girl I was engaged to broke off with me for one reason. Want to know what it was? 'Twas you. You were the reason."

"Me, Ansel?"

She had used his name unthinkingly, and neither of them noticed.

"Yes, you. That time I stood holdin' your hand in the town hall I trembled all over, you were so—so different. And I couldn't help talkin' about you. I couldn't keep your name off my lips. And I dreamed about you, and when I thought you were goin' anywhere, I wouldn't go, for I would not see you. I didn't dare to. And the girl I was engaged to said to me right out, 'You're in love with Janet Gale.'"

She had grown quite white, and her breath came heavily. But her eyes did not leave his face, nor did his cease to hold them.

"And when she said that to me," he went on in what seemed his rage at the overwhelmingness of the tide of life, "I said, 'I am, God help me, I am.' And she said, 'She's engaged to another man. What you goin' to do?' And I says, 'Nothin'. There's nothin' for me to do.'"

Again their eyes seemed to interrogate each other sternly.

"But there's somethin' to do now," Ansel continued. He threw back his head and laughed. Janet thought she had never imagined how he would look if he were happy. "I can give you the house—your house. You and gran'ma can live in it, and I can tend the garden, and by and by, when you can think of a man, who knows—"

He paused, dumb with the coming wonder of it, but Janet knew no staying. She was one of the women who, having something to give, must pour it out at once.

"Why, don't you see? Ansel, don't you see? I couldn't have him live in your house. 'Twas because 'twas your house. 'Twas because we'd got so well acquainted, Ansel. Don't you see?"

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

VI.—GETTING THE MEN

BRITAIN, the free! Britain, the democratic monarchy! Britain, the mistress of the seas! Britain, the unconquerable!

They were sweet-sounding tributes whose title and warranty were never honestly questioned in time of peace. And the British nation had so incorporated them into its creed that nothing within the range of the most imaginative pessimist had for generations cast doubt on their eternal appropriateness. Through one war Britain had struggled with but the superfluity of her energy. Through centuries of peace the world had bowed to Britain's well-deserved reputation.

And then came war—war of the kind that recognizes no reputations, that develops along the ordinary channels of guns and strategy and men. And Britain was forced to revise her creed.

In that very revision came the real struggle. Britain, the free, had to reconstruct the meaning of the word. Britain, the democratic monarchy, had to acknowledge that democracy involved co-operative reality as a prime necessity for the maintenance of Britain as mistress of the seas. Britain ceased to be free. That was the bitter pill.

And yet Britain passed from free-

dom to bondage only in the interpretation of those who count nothing to a nation in its extremity. Bondage laid aside its ungrateful mask and became union, a great patriotic rally for the dominion of freedom. "United we stand" was never so vividly demonstrated on the western side of the Atlantic. Freedom assumed its true meaning: the unassailable right to personal liberty so long as it does not infringe on the well-being of the state. Russia has tried the other kind of freedom for a few disastrous months and given the lie forever to the dreams of Socialism.

Born, bottled and bred on the freedom of the citizen, Britain entered the war as a Crusader. That first hundred thousand passed to France but as the vanguard of the millions that were clamouring to express their loyalty by force of arms against the enemy. The millions trooped to the recruiting offices, turning their backs on their occupations, their businesses, their comfort, their families. Voluntarism was to prove itself against every test. And for six or eight months it seemed to be succeeding. Faster than they could be trained and armed patriots rallied to the principles on trial. Great Britain was almost satisfied—the public part of it.

But there were military, and even political, experts who were not so credulous. Lord Kitchener had an

inkling of what faced the nation. The Cabinet, shamed by its own unpreparedness, trembled. It handed over to the lion of the nation the task of affording voluntarism its greatest opportunity. What Lord Kitchener could not accomplish in the call to arms was beyond the power of any man in Great Britain. And Lord Kitchener's millions are a tribute to him and to his country.

But still the sweeping spectacle of Germany's might in those early months loomed high above Great Britain's show of resistance. Kitchener appealed as only he could. Posters stared where bills never dared appear before. Huge red arrows on every London street pointed the way to the recruiting stations. The King beckoned. Women urged and cajoled. The newspapers filled their front pages with petitions to the people. Appeals turned to warnings, then to threats. And the people thought they were hurrying. They saw the long lines before the recruiting booths, the long trains leaving for the front, the vacancies at home. But the authorities knew that longer lines must form, longer trains start, more homes be manless. For Germany was still near Paris, was still threatening Calais; and Mesopotamia, Egypt, Gallipoli, Greece were clamouring for fresh aggressive battle-fronts.

The Derby scheme was introduced.

It was in this Great Britain received its first taste of compulsion. The pill was sugar-coated at first. It was not a remedy, but a test. Every young man of military age was asked to report to the nearest recruiting station, not for service at the front, but for the compilation of a national register of fighting power. The sugar coating was very thin. The labour unions saw through it the first day. The entire country understood without accusing the Cabinet of falsehood in its declaration of intentions. But Great Britain was patriotic. It was also impressed with the promise that certain favours would be accorded

those who attested should necessity for conscription arise. In millions the young men signed their names and ages and answered intimate questions. Lord Derby became recruiting agent extraordinary.

It was because the scheme was put forward as his and superintended personally by him that what obloquy attaches to subsequent events clings unjustly to his name. Lord Derby carried through the idea. Mr. Asquith perverted its expressed aim. The men who walked the streets with the khaki arm-badge as an evidence of their willingness to fight upon necessity were called upon before many months to make good.

Conscription killed its reputation only by its name. Conscription meant force, and personal liberty was the Englishman's religion. But Great Britain was strong behind the principle. Organizations sprang up in opposition, of course. There were the so-called pacifists whose hankering for publicity drowns every atom of their common-sense and reason. There were foreign outlaws seeking asylum in England, where they had fled to escape military rule and other pursuing evils. There were Socialists whose only tangible creed is resistance to authority. And there were cowards. The noise they all made in chorus was deafening. Those who accepted compulsion did so in silence; it was one of their virtues. Those who opposed it howled. And Asquith, impressed a little with his own breach of faith, and fully seized of the fate of his party in the event of an election, made every concession that could be made with any appearance of fairness and honesty. A Coalition Government was the first necessity. It was at that time indisputable that the party which attempted to enforce conscription might be on the road to hari-kari. And both parties in the new Cabinet lent themselves with remarkable unanimity to concessions. There were elections coming some day.

Ministers of the Gospel were exempted from service, some attempt at control being exercised by the stipulation that the sect must be recognized. There are enough religions in England to reform the universe in this generation—or wreck it. And with exaggerated British respect for conscience conscientious objectors were freed with the Government's blessing.

The ministers presented only a small difficulty. But, since a man's conscience is a more private possession than his garters, there was none on this earth to decide with authority whether the conscience was for temporary use or was of that unfortunate stripe that becomes a habit, like drink, or cigarettes. Over the conscientious objector more strife has arisen than had he been forced to assume his share of national defence—*his* nation, his safeguard against coercion of conscience. His exemption was a political dodge, not British fair play. That is proved by the refusal of the House to deprive him of the vote he will not assist in making valuable.

And to prevent the conscription of others whose claims to exemption might be as real if not as spiritual, local tribunals were set up to pass judgment.

Two conspicuously egregious follies have characterized the conduct of the Government in securing the men for the front. One is the brief for these tribunals, the other the recent efforts of the authorities to squirm around the question of trade exemptions. And of the two the refusal farce is the most complete exhibition of official folly.

The idea at the back of this consideration for special claims was beyond criticism. There must be thousands of cases where compulsion would work unpardonable injustice and disaster. Local tribunals seemed to offer the most available court and the least expensive. But the good judgment of such bodies could not

have been considered. These tribunals were made up of local representatives of all classes. There were titled men, country squires, merchants, and labourers. Theoretically there was no favouritism in the personnel. However, it developed that every class of citizen had his advocate on the bench. And that was about all it did mean. Every claimant was personally known to one or all of his judges. The merchant resisted the conscription of his customers, the manufacturer of his employees, the workman of his fellow workmen, the farmer of his hands. Many of the applicants were in debt to one or more of the judges, and to send them to the trenches meant practically the cancellation of the debts. The tribunals as a body were prejudiced at the start against a duty that meant interfering with the business of the community. Indeed, many of them frankly contended that their chief duty was to protect local industry. The employees of members of the tribunals came before them and pleaded their cases, and while the employer usually retired for the decision, he knew he could trust his fellows as they would trust him when their turns came. Sometimes the members themselves were applicants for exemption. If it was an agricultural district, a farmer's helper was certain of favourable consideration. If it was a manufacturing town manufacturing became a national necessity. The applicant who had not a keen supporter on the tribunal was rare.

Of course, the War Office attempted to exercise some restraint on decisions. The military representative might appeal, but if he succeeded the tribunal was likely to go on strike in protest. When Sir William Robertson was clamouring for more men there were tribunals who "downed tools" for a month at a time; and all that time the cases of hundreds of men hung fire.

Many of the exemptions were laughable, had they not been so serious. No

occupation or profession escaped the leniency of these personal friends in the seats of the mighty. Pugilists, professional sportsmen, entertainers, labouring men whose only concern was to make enough to spend it in the pubs; clerks, workmen engaged on luxuries, men with nothing more to back their claims than a ready smile, were freely exempted. From hundreds of applicants for exemption only one or two would be turned down. A man would be exempted because his brothers were at the front, although he and his brothers had no financial or business connection; and lengthy eulogies would be showered on him for his family's patriotism. Weeping mothers and importunate fathers drew answering tears—and exemption for their boys. Even in July of this year a father secured exemption for six of his seven sons and one assistant, the other son refusing to share the family shame. There is even evidence that the members of a certain secret society were favoured.

Sometimes, aware of the weakness of their conduct, the tribunals retired into privacy to consider the claims before them.

It was a riot of favouritism, of blindness to the needs of the army, of selfishness. But the tribunals were no worse than the Government—not nearly so bad. Premier Asquith thought to lay the foundation to future political power, as well as to allay organized opposition to conscription, by exempting the members of twenty-eight unions. To give face to the act the trades were declared as essential to the war, but others, obviously more closely connected with the struggle, were ignored. And no restrictions were laid on this exemption through certificated occupations. If a man were a member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers—even if he were making nothing remotely connected with warfare—he was exempted from service. The unions thus favoured openly advertised for mem-

bers on the ground that membership meant exemption. Millions of young men flocked to the munition factories and other "essential" trades, were forced to join the unions, and were immediately exempt. It did not matter that their work a week ago was clerking, or following the races, or systematic loafing. An engineer was simply a member of the union and therefore immune from military service.

But the Government did not stop there. It added thousands of single young men to its departmental staffs and refused to release them for female or more aged substitutes. As with the unions, the fact that an able-bodied young man was performing some trivial duty in a Government office was his guarantee against khaki. More, the departments reached out and laid a fondling hand on hundreds of pugilists, and football players, and sportsmen, put them in khaki, and kept them in England, where they were permitted to fight (with their fists), or kick a football, for the honour of the unit with which they were connected. And each department head was his own tribunal.

Of course, there were departments, like the Postal, with a finer record, but all the attempts of the House to enforce respect for their country and its danger failed of complete satisfaction.

The Government defeated its own regulation in ways more open to criticism. Tribunals were ordered by department heads to exempt certain applicants without giving even a reason except that they were necessary to the country. They took men whose applications had been refused and placed them in easy Government positions. They opened their doors to the sons of friends without any qualification save their pull.

So glaring were these inconsistencies that even the tribunals sometimes went on strike against them. While married men approaching the age limit, with large families for the

country to keep, classed in the lowest medical category open to the army, and owning large businesses which would be forced to close without their heads—while these men were heartily raked into the army hundreds of thousands of young, single, Al men were posing as indispensables at a job they had picked up. It was even the case that Government factories were engaging these young men in the place of the older, married men while the tribunals were sitting on their cases.

Some of the newspapers took the matter up, especially the Northcliffe Press. Such a cry was raised in the House that certain departments were forced to release a few of these youthful slackers. But every month the fight has to be revived. Most of these young men loudly declare their inability to follow their inclinations, but they stand up under the restrictions with admirable fortitude and cheerfulness.

Not long after the start of the war Lloyd George's personal wishes on the matter were demonstrated in his contentions for dilution of labour, a task for which he was set apart by his leader. It is one of his greatest accomplishments that he was able to secure the consent of the labour unions, even at the payment of exemption. Women were introduced, and to-day they are entering factory shops where none but man ever worked before. The relief it gave to a situation whose seriousness will not be told until after the war was more immediate than even its most optimistic supporters expected. Indeed, the effectiveness of female labour, its versatility, its energy and trustworthiness, are partially the cause of the strikes that disgraced England during early May. The English workman is having it brought home to him that his future is one of real work—with real pay—for the women have, in many instances within my personal knowledge, exceeded after a couple of weeks the output of the men

who have been specializing on such work for years.

Dilution freed hundreds of thousands of men for the fighting line. And several minor measures affected the same result directly or indirectly. For instance, the jury system was suspended in some cases.

But against such saving of labour and freeing of men stands the multiplicity of officials. Work that might more honestly be done by boys and girls is in charge of uniformed officers and privates. A private firm would be scandalized by the duplication of work and inspection. It demands the services of three officials to measure the floor of a Government office to determine what to pay the scrub-woman. The streets of London are full of khaki-clad officials, exempt from fighting, but performing nothing that is beyond the capacity of boys or girls. And for some unadvertised reason certain men, like actors, are permitted to don khaki and continue their usual occupations.

Winston Churchill has stated in the House that there were three and a half men behind the lines for every one in the trenches. And in this Canadian military service, in London or France, is said to be little better.

When Lloyd George rode to power on a platform of aggressiveness, he organized immediately the National Service Department. It was a fine scheme, under an experienced business man and backed by a thoroughly roused public. It opened a whirlwind campaign of publicity that carried the nation off its feet. It called for a half million men hitherto exempt, from age or physical condition or otherwise, as substitutes for able-bodied workmen in essential occupations. Sir William Robertson had publicly demanded a half million more men by July 1st. Hundreds of thousands responded—and but one from every hundred was placed. As a department fiasco National Service stands alone. It died an unnatural death of violence at the hands of a

disgusted people whose ardour has been cooled by this one act of official folly.

Then came the persistent necessity for something of real productive value. The men had to be secured. Thousands might have been combed out of the Government offices, but out in the munition factories were many times the needed number without a claim to exemption except the technical one of membership in specified unions. They were not essential to the output, because it had been proved that women could do better than many of them, and men graded B3 and C3 as well, and those who had gone into the factories since the war were openly exulting in their cleverness in thus escaping service.

There was encouragement to the Government to take them, because the union officials, finding their authority scorned by this huge new membership, longed for a way to free the organization of them. So the Cabinet announced a new dilution bill whereby those under thirty-one might be taken for the army. But the new union members defeated the measure in a simple manner. Without the acknowledged backing of one union official they organized a strike under their shop stewards. It is history that the Government at first counselled, then threatened, and finally yielded, as everyone knew it would. Politics was never more in the centre of the stage than to-day, with the Liberal party split into two factions and the Unionists watching their opportunity. (And yet coalition has been the salvation of the country.)

Since then the policy of the authorities has been one of unmitigated submission to a force they fear more than seems to a Canadian to be warranted. And to save its official face, as well as to introduce some sense of loyalty into the young shirkers in munition factories who are watching every official move, no public mention of the cowardliness and disloyalty of these young men was breathed in the

consideration of the recognized labour unrest until six weeks after the strike was over. Then a couple of indignant members arose in the House and told the truth that was already known to everyone in touch with conditions in the factories.

Defeated once more in its efforts to raise the new army where the opportunities were greatest, the Government turned to other sources. The original minimum age had already been reduced, first to eighteen years and seven months, then to eighteen. Towards the middle of 1917 the other end of the age scale was tackled and men up to fifty were appealed for. To give the move some appearance of justice, it was announced that these older men would probably be required only for substitution, but in case they were needed at the Front notice would be given. But there was no exemption loophole provided. The tribunal folly was eliminated. Also it had been long suspected that fraudulent exemption on the alleged ground of physical unfitness was rife, and the men thus freed were ordered for re-examination. In one district it was discovered that one in every four exemptions was dishonest. Legal action was taken against dishonest medical examiners. As was suspected, the numbers of seemingly strong men wearing the badge of discharged soldiers were large enough to merit investigation. These, too, were ordered up for re-examination.

It was obvious that the Government was attempting to solve the problem by following the smoothest channel. The older men with expensive families for the country, the discharged and unfit—everyone who was not organized for opposition—was on the way to service, while millions of the very youths for military life were flaunting their immunity. Whereupon the discharged soldiers organized. First of all there was a spontaneous and natural protest against forcing re-examination on the obviously unfit, on the nervous wrecks.

And there the Government bowed to popular opinion. And when the case of the discharged soldiers was re-considered a compromise was made exempting those who had already served overseas, even though they had once again been passed by the doctors. But still the young men in the munition factories calmly issued their demands on threat of strike or decreased production.

Other unions proved their loyalty. There were demands from some of them to clean out their own young men. The South Wales miners, whose record of loyalty follows a fluctuating line, spoke through one of their representatives in the House. They held indignation meetings, at which they called upon the Government to take the 205,000 unmarried miners under the age of thirty-one.

At the same time London was swarming with aliens, subjects of allied countries or of none, who were replacing Englishmen in their jobs. It was estimated that in England were 200,000 friendly foreigners of military age. When the spectacle became unbearable and the public anger dangerous, legislation was introduced to force them into the armies of this or their own countries. Of course, the so-called Pacifists and those others whose only meeting-ground is their pro-Germanism, fought in the House of Commons to exempt these people: but the feeling of the House was overwhelmingly against them.

It was at this time was held the notorious Leeds Convention, in early June, an aggregation of Labour and Socialist anti-war, peace-at-any-price advocates who posed as representatives of British labour. It has been estimated that thirty-three per cent. of the delegates were Russian Jews, thirty per cent. conscientious objectors, and twelve per cent. acknowledged pacifists. As their object was solely to end the war to save their own skins or Germany's they received scant respect from the country. The

experiences of Ramsay Maedonald and his friend Jowett will have done more than all the thousands of lectures and mobbings they have received to show them that there is a limit to human patience.

That is where the man-power problem rests to-day. What will be the solution is not at the moment apparent. Some say that the Government prefers to struggle along with what it has until the millions of the United States are available. At any rate, it seems certain that the present Government will not coerce the shirkers who have defeated it so easily at every move. It would be hard to blame Great Britain for leaving some of the fighting to the newest ally, and no one would be less likely to protest than the United States, which entered the war after the worst of the strain was over and can never, in any event, suffer as have those who took up the cudgels earlier.

That there should be a problem in a democratic country of finding the men for a war like this is not surprising. It is no contemptuous comment on the loyalty of the British. No other country would have gone so far on voluntarism, no country have given such proof of its patriotism without coercion. But there comes a limit to voluntarism in a war where every man and woman has work to do; and the shirkers stand out more prominently than their numbers warrant. Where Great Britain failed was in the loopholes she provided to the shirkers. Without preparation she found the men to block the armies of a country trained and fitted to the last movement and gun. It was only in the last pound of her strength that her manhood failed her. She secured the men for the worst days of the war. And even without the entry of later allies she would have found the men for victory when her back was against the wall.

Freedom is a misnomer in a nation's crisis.

Shakespeare's England

BY GEORGE C. WELLS



WHETHER William Shakespeare was the greatest literary genius the English-speaking race has produced, as the plays attributed to him indicate, or a very common-place person indeed, as a Chicago judge "learned in law" recently decided, the England upon which he opened his eyes in 1564, and closed them in 1616, was one in which changes of immense importance were taking place or had just occurred—changes affecting the social, the religious and the political life of the people—greater even than those which have taken place within the memory of living man.

Shakespeare's life covered almost the whole reign of Elizabeth and more than half her successor's, and, during that time, England ranged herself definitely as the champion of the Protestant faith, took first rank as a naval power, laid the foundations of her colonial empire and, by union with Scotland, put an end to the long-drawn-out border warfare and so gave opportunity to her northern counties, as well as to the neighbouring kingdom, for development along peaceful lines.

Prior to the sixteenth century all Christendom was in a sense a vast commonwealth, in which the chief authorities were the Pope and the Emperor, though the various states were often at war among themselves. During that century half the civilized world broke away from the spiritual dominion of the Roman Pontiff. The

discoveries of Christopher Columbus, Vasco di Gama, Magellan, Balboa and other daring navigators opened up a new world of richness beyond the dreams of avarice and, although the King of Spain, by virtue of the Pope's generosity with that which was not his to give, claimed most of it, the other nations were not slow in disputing his claim.

The fall of Constantinople before the Turkish hordes drove the wise men of the Eastern Empire to seek new homes in Western Europe, and the revival of learning there, which resulted from their coming, gave a new impulse to men's thoughts and turned them into paths previously unknown.

There *was* an English literature, of sorts, before the time of Shakespeare, but such of it as exists to-day is read only by scholars (with the possible exception of Chaucer's poems), and is interesting only by contrast and for the light it throws upon conditions of life, the development of the language, and so forth. Up to the time of Elizabeth, England had had little or no voice in European politics. Though her knights and men-at-arms had overrun the fair land of France more than once and had won renown on many battlefields, when they fought as free lances in the Italian or Spanish wars, as Crusaders had striven to wrest the Holy Land from the Saracens, with the fortunes of Continental Europe they had practically nothing to do—but when the great Armada, which set forth with its tow-

ering galleons and all the pomp and glory of Spain, came limping back in the shape of a few battered and dismantled hulks and it became known throughout the world that England had beaten the then mistress of the seas and had done so in fair fight, she sprang at once into the position of a great naval power and became a real factor in world politics. Soon her flag waved on every sea and in the New World, as well as in the old, the English seaman was feared and his prowess respected. All dread of foreign invasion had passed away: a flood of exultant patriotism ran through the heart of Englishmen and the feeling it produced is shown in some of Shakespeare's grandest lines, such as those which, in Richard II., he puts into the mouth of old John of Gamut:

This royal throne of Kings, this scepter'd
isle,....

This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands—
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England.

Shakespeare's England was not the busy hive of industry it is to-day. The whole population probably did not exceed between five and six million people, and the area covered by London was small indeed compared with the present, but, during the reign of Elizabeth, great industrial changes took place and England's trade and commerce made great strides in importance. In the early part of the sixteenth century, Antwerp and Bruges, in the low countries, were the chief markets of the world, but that dull bigot, Philip II. of Spain, his cruel lieutenant the Duke of Alva, and their fierce and brutal soldiers drove capital and industry away. The skilled worker and the capitalist were warmly welcomed in the free land

across the narrow sea, and ere long many thousands of refugees from the Netherlands had made fresh homes beside the Thames and, as the trade of Flanders fell off, so that of England grew until, instead of Antwerp and Bruges, London became the chief mart of Europe and, in her warehouses and along her wharves were to be found, side by side with the cotton of the Indies, the silken fabrics of the Far East and the woollen stuffs of home manufacture, the gold and sugar and tobacco of the New World beyond the western ocean. The linen trade of those days was of small value and silk-wearing had only just been introduced into England, perhaps by the French Huguenots, who, like their Protestant kin of the Netherlands, were driven to seek asylum in England and who set up a church of their own in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, but the woollen manufacture was fast becoming a very important source of national wealth. Formerly English wool had been sent to be woven in Flanders and dyed at Florence, but that time had passed, and the spinning of yarn, weaving, frilling and dyeing of cloth spread rapidly from town to town and through the country districts until the trade, of which Norwich was the great centre, extended all over the eastern counties. The east did not monopolize it, however, for the broadcloths of the west were considered best of all the English woollen manufactures; and even the north, where the people were poorer and rougher than elsewhere, began to make a name for its friezes and coarse fabrics. Government sought in every way to foster the development of these industries and, as an old-time example of "protection", forbade the export of goods that could be consumed at home, and ordered the use of English products in preference to the foreign article. One of the statutes, for example, read that "on every Sunday and holiday every person of six years old and upwards (with some few exceptions)

shall wear on his head one cap of wool finely wrought in England”.

It is estimated that the tonnage of vessels engaged in English commerce during Elizabeth's reign did not much exceed 50,000 tons, or about as much as four or five of the steamships that lie along Montreal wharves in the summer or the waterfront of St. John, N.B., in winter. They were small to insignificance, according to present-day ideas, but they were manned by the hardiest and most daring seamen in the world, who “singd the King of Spain's beard” at Cadiz, who fought and worsted the Armada, and who faced the fury of wind and wave on every ocean. One of those bold sea-dogs, Captain Richard Chanceller, made his way to Archangel, on the White Sea, and began the trade with Russia. Others disputed with French seamen the cod fisheries of Newfoundland, and with Spaniards and Portuguese for the whale fishery of the Arctic Ocean, and others again, sailing from Southampton, trafficked successfully in gold dust and ivory with the African savages of the Guinea coast, while the redoubtable Francis Drake, most representative sea-rover and fighter of the time, who believed that in killing Spaniards and looting gold-laden galleons he was not merely pursuing a lucrative and congenial occupation, but also doing a work most suitable for “the elect of God”, left England in 1577 with one tiny ship, the *Pelican*, and some eighty men, and after circumnavigating the globe in a three-years' voyage and passing through adventures innumerable, came back to Plymouth harbour with treasure of gold dust, bars of silver, pearls, emeralds and diamonds valued at more than £500,000—a fabulous sum in those days.

England was not long escaped from the horrors of a religious persecution. Men still lived who had suffered either in their own persons or in those of their loved ones at the hands of “Bloody Mary” and her lieutenants. Even the Queen, Elizabeth herself,

had had a narrow escape from martyrdom, and now that, under her liberal and broad-aimed rule, there was complete liberty of conscience, men breathed freely and compared their present happy estate with the evil days of the preceding reign. In contrast with Philip of Spain arrogating church functions and Henri de Valois planning to massacre all his Protestant subjects, Elizabeth's policy was “toleration for all”: she would not permit men's private thoughts or their personal religion to be inquired into, and it was not hard for her subjects to decide who were better off. Though Queen Elizabeth was not fond of theological disputes, was equally friendly to Protestants and Catholics, and welcomed both at her council board, though she was not given to the display of spiritual emotion, there can be no doubt that she possessed a strong religious sense and in times of peril or of special deliverance she was not slow to acknowledge her dependence upon and her gratitude for the Divine help. So with the men of her time, their religion was a reality, entering into the things of everyday life and, even if they were sometimes mistaken, it enabled them to do well what they undertook to do, for they did it as in the sight of God. We find Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on a stormy voyage, quieting the fears of his sailors by telling them, “We are as near Heaven at sea as on land”, and stout Sir Richard Grenville, after keeping the whole Spanish fleet of fifty-three vessels at bay for a night and part of a day with his one little ship, the *Revenge*, calmly laying himself down to die on the deck of the Spanish admiral's flagship with the words, “I have only done my duty”. The utterances of Shakespeare himself, as Dean Farrar points out, justify us in believing that this great poet was a truly religious and God-fearing man, who was persuaded, as were his contemporaries, that “there's a divinity that shapes our ends”, and he reflects the religious spirit of the time.

There were land and labour problems in Shakespeare's time as there are to-day. The lot of the labouring man had been, and still was, bitterly hard in England. Very poorly paid, half-starved, wretchedly housed, he was, in some respects, worse off than the cattle he worked with. Statutes passed in earlier reigns were extremely severe, and under them many men were forced from want into lawlessness and crime. We read in one instance of the Somersetshire magistrate capturing a gang of one hundred tramps at one time, hanging fifty of them at once, and lamenting that they had to wait until the Assizes before they could hang the others. The increase of sheep farming, connected with the growth of the woollen industry, led to the laying waste of lands formerly cultivated, by turning them into pasture, and this threw farm labourers out of work. But, of course, that righted itself as such things always do, and what was cut off in one direction was more than made up in another. Scientific methods began to be applied to farming, so that better crops were produced and one acre yielded as much as two had done before, and so much of the surplus labour was taken care of. Then, wise legislation was enacted which relieved the worthy poor, while it repressed and controlled the lawless and compelled the idle to work for his maintenance: under it work-houses were provided and local responsibility fixed for the relief of local distress. The statutes enacted at that time form the basis of the present English Poor Laws.

Great additions were made to the comforts of life during the time of Shakespeare. As manufactures increased and commerce grew, wealth became more generally distributed and wider traffic with foreign countries brought their good things to the knowledge and within the reach of Englishmen. Love of beauty, colour and display began to revolutionize English ideas of dress and soon were

carried to extravagance. Men were said to wear a manor on their backs, and Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe, with its 3,000 dresses, was rivalled by the slashed doublets, the ruffs and jewelled pourpoints of her courtiers. Even the lower classes adopted more generous modes of living—more meat was eaten and less salt fish, the wooden trenchers of earlier days were replaced by pewter and many yeomen could boast a goodly show of silver plate, the rough wattled and mud-bedaubed farm houses gave way to buildings of brick and stone, chimneys came into general use, a feature rare in ordinary houses a few years before, and no doubt lessened smoke meant improved eyesight; carpets superseded the former filthy floor-covering of rushes; pillows came into general use, whereas they had formerly been looked upon as fit only for women or for sick people. The wealthy merchants began to erect lofty houses with parapeted fronts and oaken wainscoting, carved staircases and quaint gables, such as may be seen to-day in old towns like Chester and Coventry. "The stately homes of England" in all the beauty of Tudor architecture began to replace the gloomy dungeon and frowning stone battlements of medieval times. Glass came into general use and increased light and improved ventilation made for better health among the people. Naturally, some conservatives objected, and we find Lord Bacon complaining that some houses were "so full of glass" that one could not tell where to go in order "to get out of the sun or the cold".

The schoolmaster was abroad in Shakespeare's time. Many grammar schools were opened and through them the middle classes from squire to tradesman were brought into contact with the master minds of Greece and Rome. Foreign travel became general, and a tour of the continent was looked upon as a necessary part of a gentleman's education. "Homekeeping youths," says Shakespeare in "Two Gentlemen of Verona", express-

ing the idea of the time, "have ever homely wits." The study of the English Bible, which became common among the people, and the reading of it and such works as Fox's "Book of Martyrs" did much to elevate and educate the lower ranks of society.

One of the results of the impetus given to learning by the opening up of the treasures of the classics was the production of Euphuism, a fanciful and affected style of language which took its name from a prose romance called "Euphues", published by John Lyly in 1579. Elizabeth was very much taken with it, and it became very fashionable until, as a writer of 1632 remarks, "that beauty in court which could not parley Euphuism was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French". Sir Walter Scott introduced a Euphuist, Sir Piercie Shofton, into his novel, "The Monastery", and those who have not forgotten the story can imagine how delightful it must have been to hear such ridiculous jargon as he talked continually going on. Shakespeare ridiculed the craze in "Love's Labour Lost" by exhibiting Armado, whom he speaks of as "a man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight"—"that hath a mint of phrases in his brain; one who the music of his own vain tongue doth ravish like enchanting harmony".

But while language was over polished, the manners of the time were rude to our way of thinking. Bear fights and bull-baitings, at which dogs were gored and chained beasts beaten to death, were frequented by the court and, according to one chronicler, were accounted "charming entertainments". Elizabeth used to beat her maids of honour, and the box on the ear, with which she honoured Lord Essex when she thought him inattentive, was probably no light one. Great ladies were accustomed to beat their children and servants, and poor Lady Jane Grey, who was certainly meek and gentle if ever one was, has recorded that she was so "wretchedly

boxed, struck, pinched and ill-treated in other manners that she used to wish herself dead". Shakespeare's great people are not at all choicé in their language or particular as to how they address one another. In "Much Ado About Nothing" we find Beatrice and Benedict, well-bred folk as the times went and noted for their wit and politeness, making several interchanges of repartee in which, for example, she addresses him as "a coward, a glutton, an idiot, a buffoon, a rake, an idiot", and he responds by calling her "a parrot's tongue, a fool, etc."

Men were superstitious in Shakespeare's time. We can readily see that from his plays: witches, hobgoblins and all kinds of uncanny things were firmly believed in; dismal legends were current and grew in the telling; every churchyard had its ghost; wherever a man had been murdered his spirit was believed to walk, and many dared not leave their village or even their own door after sunset. One clergyman of the time gravely records that, "It is an infallible rule that everie fortnight, or at least everie month, each witch must kill one child at the least for her part". So that when the witches circled around the cauldron and made their weird prophecies to Macbeth, when the ghost of Hamlet's father stalked majestically across the stage, the spectators shivered and believed they were looking at what they might very possibly see in reality if they were not careful. Had James Whitcomb Riley been contemporary with Shakespeare, his "Gobbleums 'ill git you if you don't watch out" would have had real force and would not have been regarded as a laughing matter at all.

Elizabeth's liking for display in dress was equalled by her fondness for shows and spectacles, and when she travelled throughout the kingdom, the universities, the cities and the great nobles strove to eclipse one another in the plays, revels, masques and triumphal programmes which, in

the mythological and classical style of the day, they prepared for her amusement and delectation. The most elaborate of these that we have any record of was one given by the Earl of Leicester when the Queen visited him at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, and which is described in Sir Walter Scott's novel "Kenilworth". The castle was not far from Stratford-on-Avon and it is quite possible, even likely, that Shakespeare, then a boy of eleven, may have been taken to see the spectacle, and indeed—though that is only conjecture—it may first have turned his mind to the stage.

The old "Miracle Plays" or "Mysteries" of the Middle Ages were in time replaced by the "Moralities", which rejoiced in such edifying titles as "Hit the Nail on the Head", "The Hog hath Lost His Pearl", and so forth—then, in the days of Henry VIII. were brought forth the "Interludes", which resembled our farces. The first English comedy, called "Ralph Royster Doyster", was produced about 1551, and ten years later the first English tragedy was performed by students of the Inner Temple. Then, with scarcely any intermediate steps, and after a lapse of but a few short years (springing like Minerva fully armed and equipped from the head of Juno) came the magnificent creations of Shakespeare, which mark high-water in the English drama and which, probably, will never be surpassed—or even equalled.

The theatres in which Shakespeare's plays were produced and where he himself acted, were of rude construction and had but meagre equipment. Good descriptions of them are extant and they must have been anything but comfortable or commodious. In 1576, when the first licensed theatre was opened at Blackfriar's in London, it was merely a round wooden wall enclosing a central space open to the sky—this central portion was called "the pit", a name still maintained in the English playhouses, and

there sat or stood the common herd who paid from a penny up to sixpence for their admission. If it rained (and rain is by no means uncommon in London) the crowd of "butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers", mercers, sailors and apprentices received the downpour on their heads—not that they minded a little thing like that. Men who were accustomed to unpaved and undrained streets and who knew nothing of umbrellas and waterproofs had little fear of catching colds or else endured them as a chronic condition. While waiting for the play to begin, or during the intervals, this part of the audience drank beer, ate fruit and nuts, howled, fought and made a general pandemonium—if the performance displeased them they turned the place upside down, mobbed the actors and then perhaps finished up by going in a body to toss the author in a blanket or give him a beating. The stage was sheltered from the rain by a thatched roof, and there stood the better class of spectators, who paid a shilling each—or, for an extra consideration, were accommodated with stools, and there they played cards, smoked and interchanged pleasantries, not always of a very refined character, with the motley crowd in the pit.

At the back of the stage was a gallery eight or ten feet high, for use of the actors when supposed to speak from windows, castle walls, church towers, cliffs or other lofty places. The stage equipment and appliances were of the rudest tapestry or rudely daubed canvas served for scenic effects, and change of place was indicated by the hanging out of a placard bearing the name of Rome, Athens or Verona, as the case might be. A vigorous effort of the imagination enabled the spectators to realize that, when a rickety throne covered with tinsel was carried off and a rough table with flagons and bowls took its place, they were immediately transported from a royal palace into a tavern, and that when a thorn branch

or two replaced a pasteboard rock, they saw before them a waving forest instead of an inhospitable sea-coast. In "Midsummer Night's Dream" we have embalmed a delightfully comic example of this sort of things, where the Athenian tradesmen perform the play of "Pyramus and Thisbe" before the Duke. In it a wall is necessary, through an opening in which the lovers are to interchange their vows: so Snout the Tinker, well-bedaubed with plaster, comes on the stage, informs the audience that *he* is the wall, and, with his thumb and finger making a circle, which serves as the chink through which the appointment is made to meet at Ninny's tomb. Then another gentleman appears on the scene carrying a lantern and a thornbush and accompanied by a dog. He announces that he is the Man in the Moon, and the stage is now supposed to be bathed in moonlight; one of the spectators suggests, however, that the man, the dog and the thornbush ought to get into the lantern, as it is hardly in accordance with the dramatic properties for the Man in the Moon to be seen carrying the luminary which he is supposed to inhabit. Of course, Shakespeare intended this as a piece of fun, but, no doubt, equally sorry makeshifts were of common occurrence in his day and, probably, the lookers-on really got more enjoyment out of what they saw than the blasé playgoers of 1917 get from the most gorgeous triumph of theatrie art—just as the child is better amused by the home-made rag baby than by the most expensive *poupée de Paris*.

The performances began at one o'clock in the afternoon, Sundays included, and were usually over by three or four o'clock, when the audience went home to supper.

The actors wore the costume of their own time, with the addition of masks and wigs. The female parts—the Juliets, Rosalinds and Portias—were all taken by boys or smooth-faced young men in women's dress.

They were but lightly esteemed and seem to have been a rather disreputable lot, whose time off the stage was largely occupied in drinking and brawling, and whose careers frequently came to an abrupt and violent end.

Shakespeare had the advantage, as all British subjects have had for nearly a century, of living under a popular sovereign. Elizabeth had the favour of her people from the time when she ascended the throne, and was welcomed enthusiastically as a change from her gloomy sister, and the early favour grew into something that approached worship. She said, in addressing her first Parliament: "Nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is as dear to me as the love and good-will of my subjects"—and that these were no idle words was proved by her subsequent conduct. She really sought the welfare of her people and fully deserved the love and good-will, which she had and kept. Taxation was light. The Government was firm but just. At home were peace and prosperity—abroad the English arms triumphed and the English flag was held in wholesome respect. The days of "Good Queen Bess" were indeed happy days for England compared with those which preceded her reign and with the evil times of the two Charleses that were not so far away.

Even so far back as the days of Solomon men complained that the good old times were no more, and the wise king declared their views fallacious and that the times in which he and his contemporaries lived were better than any that had gone before. So, in spite of wars and tumults and other drawbacks of the twentieth century, no one will hesitate to admit that with ripened knowledge, multiplied comforts and conveniences and the manifold triumphs of art and science, we are vastly better off to-day than were the men of "Shakespeare's England", great though their advantages were over those of earlier periods.

The Argonauts

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON



FEW months ago I attended a banquet and left it as I always leave such functions, hungry. Entering an all-night lunch-room I took a seat, and gave my order to a waiter, who, when he had filled it, sat down at the table with me. It was very late, and his duties were light.

"You're looking well," he remarked, as his glance travelled over my evening clothes. "You're dead swell, but the last time I saw you, you were covered with mud, carrying a stern line ashore in the Welland Canal."

I took stock of him. He was white-haired, but had the keen, intelligent face of a man of forty-five who had not yet given up the fight; a lively, hopeful face, one that comes to those who win oftener than lose. His skin was brown, as though the sun and wind of all the zones had smitten it. His eyes, gray, steadfast and humorous, had in them when half closed the twinkle of self-confidence, but also, in their wide-open stare, the intensity of a man of initiative and sudden action. In his voice were character, individuality, and the habit of command; yet he wore the short jacket of a waiter, and might have accepted a tip. I could not recall having met him.

"You seem to have the advantage of me," I said. "I know the Welland Canal, however, though I am trying to forget that ditch."

"You can't," he laughed. "No man

can who ever went through it. That trip with you in the old *Samana* was my first and last. I struck for salt water again when the old man paid me off at Port Colborne. Don't you remember going to school with me?" He mentioned his name, and with a little effort I recalled him—a school-mate a little older than myself, who had gone to sea early in life, and returned a full-fledged salt-water navigator, to ship, on his record, as first mate in the schooner that carried me before the mast, and to meet his Waterloo in the Welland Canal, though navigation of which demands qualities never taught nor acquired in the curriculum of seafaring. After grounding the schooner several times, parting every line on board, and driving us to open revolt by the extra work coming of his mistakes, he was discharged by the skipper. As I thought of all this the grumbling sailor rose within me, and there at the table, he a waiter, I a writer, we fought out a grudge of twenty years' standing. But it ended amicably; I called him a farmer, he called me a soldier, and we shook hands.

"I've learned," he said, as we settled back, "only in the last month or so, that you're the fellow that writes these rotten sea stories. Why don't you write real sea stories?"

"For the same reason that you don't serve a real Welsh rabbit," I answered, tapping the now cold concoction he had served me. "I couldn't sell a real story."

"That's so," he answered slowly. "Who'd think that you could have become a writer, and I a hash-slinger? Making lots of money, I suppose."

"No, I'm not, or I wouldn't be in your society to-night."

"We're all bluffers, I guess. You are, here in this beanery with your glad rags on. I am, too—no, not now. I'm slinging hash, and glad of the chance. But I was a millionaire for a time. Not long. But while it lasted I had dreams—big dreams."

I asked him about this, and there followed his story. It was interrupted every few moments by calls for "ham an—", "corn beef and—", "mystery and white wings", and it kept me at the table until daylight. He preluded it by the advice to write it up as a real sea story, but asked that I suppress his name until he had saved enough to get him to Cuba, where he had new plans for advancement. And now, after months of thought, I am following his advice: for no effort of the creative mind, and no flight of conventional fancy, can equal the weird, grim yarn that he reeled off between orders.

"You must have read in the papers a few weeks back," he began, "about that bunch of college men that chartered the old racer *Mayflower*, filled her up with diving gear and dynamite, and went down after the treasure in the *Santa Margherita*."

I nodded assent. "Yes, and a hurricane hit them and they barely escaped."

"They're keeping mum," he said, "and mean to try again; but it's no use. That treasure is seven hundred miles to the nor' nor-east now, and I was about the last man to look at it. It's resting in the hold of a small schooner, sunk in four hundred fathoms. I never heard of that treasure ship until about three years ago, when I quit a brigantine at Cedar Keys and mixed in with the boarding-house crowd. There was a fellow out of a job named Gleason, and he had a chart in his pocket that he talked

about, but never showed. He told us all about that old Spanish ship that went down with all hands in the sixteenth century, carrying with her about seven millions' worth of gold, silver, and jewels; and he knew the location. He had got it from a drunken diver who had seen her on the sea bottom, spelled her dingy old name on the stern, and saved the news to himself while he wormed out of the skipper the latitude and longitude of the place. And now he wanted to enlist capital, or make up a crew of men that would do the work. Dead easy, he said. Just to get there, drag the bottom with two boats and a length of chain until the wreck was located, then to go down in a diving suit, hook on to the chests and hoist them up.

"Well, in the crowd that he talked to there wasn't a dollar. We were all dead broke, but we were all ambitious. There was Pango Pete, a nigger six foot tall, who couldn't write his name, but he was a seaman from his feet up; and a Dago named Pedro Pasqualai. These two were the kind that will choke you before they ask the time of night. Then there was Sullivan, old man Sullivan, a decrepit old codger who had sailed second mate all his life, and never got a first mate's berth because he couldn't master navigation. And there was Peters, a young fellow filled up with the romance and the glory of the life at sea—rot, as you and I know, but he was enthusiastic, and that was enough. A trio of Dutchmen were taken in—Wagner, Weiss, and Myers, three good fellows down on their luck. A Portuguese named Christo, and two Son'wegian brothers named Swanson completed the bunch. We talked it over down at the end of the fruit dock, where the oyster boats come in and make fast, and where the downs-and-outs congregate to smoke and boast of the prosperous past.

"But this crowd talked of the prosperous future.. Seven millions, said Gleason, lay down there off Turks Island in less than sixty fathoms, and

all we needed was some kind of a craft to get us there, a diving suit, and a storage battery to light up a bulb to search for the treasure. These things seemed beyond our reach, until a schooner came in for supplies. We sized her up, and Gleason went wild as her different fittings and appliances showed up. There were the diving dresses we needed; there was the storage battery; there were the extra anchors for mooring a craft over a certain spot, and the air pumps and paraphernalia for diving operations, scattered about the deck. She was a small craft, and was manned by men who did not act and talk like sailors. There seemed to be no skipper, and they smoked on deck while working, and talked back and forth as though all were equal.

"A company," said Gleason, "just like us, only they've got the money, and possibly the secret. Well, the company that gets the loot owns it, and such matters as the ownership of the schooner and the outfit can be settled afterwards, possibly out of court. What do you say?"

"We were. We laid low, but watched, and when that schooner was filled up with grub, we were ready to raid her and chuck the crew overboard; but it wasn't necessary to do the latter. They filled up too late for the tide and went ashore for the evening, leaving no one aboard but a Japanese cook. We remembered as we climbed aboard after dark, that we hadn't a man among us who could cook, and so, instead of dropping that Jap over the rail, we simply locked him into a stateroom and made sail.

"Naturally, as Gleason originated the scheme, he was elected captain, but, as I was the only navigator in the crowd, I was made first mate, and the big nigger, Pango Pete, second mate. It looked good for discipline, for even pirates recognize the need of it, and the first man that growled or kicked had to deal with Pete. He whaled a few before we'd got around the Florida Cape, but he also whaled



"I had the feeling as I went down that I was number thirteen of that bunch."

the Jap for bad cooking and insolence—which was a mistake. That Jap was an educated man, a college graduate and a member of the Japanese Samauri, a curious class in that country that never yield, never forgive, and kill themselves when defeated. We didn't know this; we only knew that he was a mighty poor cook.

"After we were around the Cape, Gleason gave me the latitude and longitude of the spot, and I made for it. It took me two or three days of careful observations and calculations before I announced that we were within six seconds of the spot, which is all that navigation will do. Then we dropped anchor and began to drag. We knotted together every line we had, and in the middle we had a length of mooring chain that would stick to the bottom. We kept two small boats, to which this was attached, a quarter of a mile apart and pulled together, gathering in the slack, and when we met, the schooner, under charge of Gleason, came up and anchored, over the spot.

"I was the only man there who had any diving experience, so I went down. Say, have you ever been under

water in a diving suit, trusting your life to the fellows above who pump the air into your helmet? No? Well, it's a curious experience. I had the feeling as I went down that I was number thirteen of that bunch, and that they only needed to shut off my air supply to make their number twelve instead of thirteen. But that didn't happen: they pumped, and I breathed and saw the old galleon, the *Santa Margherita*. She lay there, heeled over to starboard, covered with the ooze and the slime of the sea, with barnacles everywhere.

"I signalled for slack and walked around her, taking note of her rig. She had three masts, and three tops very much like the fighting tops of our modern battleships. There were no royal masts, but she had two spritsail yards under the bowsprit and jib boom, and a huge lateen yard on the mizzen that took the place of the cro' jack. But her poop deck was a wonder; five tiers of windows one above the other, and on top three big lanterns much like the ordinary street lamp. Of course, all canvas and running gear had rotted away, but here and there was a leg of standing rigging, preserved by the tar. She was a big craft in her day, no doubt, but not so big compared with present-day ships; at any rate I could reach up to her channels, and by this means climbed aboard.

"The deck and rail were a foot thick with mud, and the small, spar-deck guns could hardly be distinguished. I saw at once that I would need help, and signalled to be hauled up. On deck I told the news and all hands, even the Jap, went crazy over it. We got out two more diving suits, rigged a bulb for each, and Pango, Peters, and myself went down again.

"Now, this isn't a yarn of the finding of that treasure. Anyone can invent such yarns, and I've read dozens of them. They all wind up successfully, with each man wealthy and happy. This is a yarn of the men who found that treasure, and what

happened to them. So, I'll just say that we didn't find a skeleton or a ghost when we got below decks. All hands were up, I suppose, when that ship went down, and the rush of water as she plunged, washed them off. We found seven big chests in the 'tween decks forward of the cabin, and in them all were coins, and jewellery, and here and there in the mess, what might have been an opal, or some kind of jewel. All the stuff was black from the action of the salt water; but we knew we had the real thing, and hooked on tackles. We had to come up to help each time we lifted a chest, for, after the chest was out of water, it was too heavy for the crowd above; but at last they were all up, and stowed snugly on the floor of the cabin. Then, after final search for other loot worth taking, we picked up our anchor and cleared out, not yet having decided where we were going.

"We were pirates under the law, and didn't know but what all the revenue cutters on the coast were looking for us, for the theft of that schooner. But with seven millions of bullion and jewels, melted down, counted up, and translated into cash in some bank, we didn't care for the charge of piracy. The real trouble was to get that stuff translated, and while we argued we sailed due east, out into the broad Atlantic. Peters, the young enthusiast, had been a jeweller, and he told us that nothing short of a blast of air in conjunction with the heat of a fire would melt gold and silver. Well, where could we set up a blast furnace with not a dollar in the party? My suggestion—and I was backed by Gleason, Peters, and old man Sullivan—was that we count out the loot, separate every salable jewel, and make some big port like New York, Liverpool, or Rio Janeiro, sell the jewels and get ready money with which to plan for the disposal of the rest; but we had to deal with men like Pango, Christo, Pedro, and the three Dutchmen, who didn't know what they were up against. They wanted an immedi-



"We couldn't waken him at eight bells, and we knew his troubles were over."

ate count up and division: then, each man to go his way. The nonsense of it did not strike them: thirteen men to divide up seven heavy chests—each one shouldering seven-thirteenths of a load that took the whole thirteen to lift with a four-fold tackle. We asked the Jap cook what he thought, but he had no opinion.

"It's somewhat curious how the different men of that bunch had different ideas of what they wanted. Young

Peters wanted to go back to his native town and win the girl that had soured on him because he was poor. Pango, Pedro, and the two Sou'wegians only wanted a big drunk. Old Man Sullivan wanted a course in a nautical school and a first mate's certificate. The three Germans wanted to get to New York and set up in the saloon business. Gleason wanted to study law, and I wanted to study medicine and be a doctor, a gentle-

man who could enter any society in the world. The Jap didn't give cut his aspirations.

"And so, growling like an unhappy family in a menagerie, we sailed east, with the question unsettled. But at last we won over the Dagoes and the Dutchemen, and agreed upon New York as a port, and the selling of the jewels in some Bowery pawnshop, where no questions are asked. Then we shook hands all round, gave the Jap blazes for his cooking—for we had been too worried to attend to that matter before—and squared away before the trade wind for Sandy Hook and a market.

"From jealousy and mutual distrust, we all slept in the cabin. There were plenty of staterooms for the crowd, though some of us doubled up. None of us wanted to remain away from the seven chests of treasure, and the Japanese cook, who might have slept in the cook's room next the galley, still showed a preference for his room in the cabin, and we did not contest it. But now we were millionaires and easy—dead easy. We stood watch, steered and trimmed sail with no man for boss, for now the work was done, Gleason and myself and the nigger Pango gave up our false positions. We were a democracy, and loved and trusted one another, only, when we roused out the watch below and found that Old Man Sullivan did not come, and on investigation found him stone dead in his berth without a sign of violence, we forgot our brotherly love and began to wonder.

"We did not know what he died of, but we gave him sea burial that day, and Gleason read a chapter from the Book. We concluded that the old man had died of heart failure, or old age, and thought no more about it after the day had passed. But, when we called the watch at eight bells next mornin', we couldn't get one of the Swanson brothers up. He was cold and stiff; and there was nothing wrong with him either. That is, he had turned in cheerful and healthy

and died during sleep, leaving no sign.

"The other Swanson raised merry hell that day, raving about the deek, mourning for his dead brother. But his grief was short-lived, for when we tried to waken him next watch he was cold and stiff. We buried him with the ceremonies, and began to think—all of us. We wondered whether men may rake up ill-gotten treasure from a dead past without coming under influences of that dead past. We thought of the conquered and enslaved natives, labouring in the mines for the aggrandizement and enrichment of Spain, and giving up their lives in the work, unrecognized and forgotten, while their exploiters, the children and relatives of Ferdinand and Isabella, sat back in luxury and self-satisfaction. We wondered as to what was killing our shipmates, ghosts or poison.

"Naturally, we suspected the cook, and Pango, the Dagoes, and the surviving Son'wegian were for tossing him overboard; but the rest of us wouldn't have it. There was no evidence of poison, and as we'd done no killing so far in our piratical venture, we'd better keep clear of it now, with so much at stake. A court that would acquit us as soldiers of fortune that had merely borrowed a schooner might hang us as pirates and murderers; but we watched the Jap. We kept him away from the grub while we ate it. He brought it on in two or more big dishes, and there was no chance of his poisoning one without the rest. We weren't afraid of that.

"I examined Swanson thoroughly before we buried him, and there was not a mark on him, or a sign of anything out of the way, except what didn't seem in any way important, just below each ear, and back of the corner of the cheek bone, was a little pink spot; but there was no blood, and no sign of finger-prints on the throat.

"Peters, the romantic young fellow, got ghosts on his mind, and as he thought about it, they got on his



"Naturally, we suspected the cook."

nerves. He couldn't sleep, and walked around, up and down from the cabin to the deck. The others slept in their watch below, and on that night nobody died. But the next night Peters was too exhausted to stay awake, and he went to sleep on the

cabin floor alongside the chests. We couldn't waken him at eight bells, and we knew his troubles were over. At daylight I examined his body. Nothing wrong, only the two little pink spots under the ears. We buried him at daylight, with scant pretense of a

burial service. Things were looking serious.

"All this time we were plowing along before the trade wind, but it soon panned out and we had light, shifty airs from all directions, with rain—regular Gulf Stream weather. It made us bad-tempered, and Pango and Gleason had a fight. It was a bad fight, and we couldn't stop them: both were powerful men, and as they brushed into me in their whirling lunge along the deck, locked tight, they knocked me six feet away. When I got to my feet, Pango had Gleason down and was choking him. I got a handspike and battered that coon's head with it; but he wouldn't let go, and before others came up to help he had killed him. He went for me, but had to stop before the handspikes of the crowd.

"Now, with Gleason dead, the command devolved upon me or Pango, and this fellow was in a mood to demand the place. He could lick any three of us, but not all hands: but, while we were growling about it and cooling down, we found other troubles to keep us busy. We had piled several tons' weight on the weak cabin floor timbers of an old schooner, and of a sudden, down they crashed to the hold below, leaving a yawning hole in the cabin floor and starting a butt or two in the planking. It was pump, pump, pump, now, for we couldn't rig any kind of a purchase to clear those busted chests away from the leak. Pango was a good worker, and, under the pressure of extreme fatigue, we forgot our grudges. I did not care for the cheap position of command over a bunch of foreigners, and so we made Pango skipper, while I remained navigator and mate. Pango promptly quit pumping, saying that skippers don't pump. And that night he quit everything. As skipper he stood no watch, but at breakfast time he was cold, with the same little marks under his ears. On his skin, however, they showed a brownish black.

"Gleason had been choked to death,

and I had examined the imprint of Pango's fingers before we buried him. There was hardly a sign: nothing at all to show that the little pink spots came from the pressure of a strangler's grip. Besides, you cannot choke a man asleep without waking him. He would make some kind of a fuss, and apprise others; but that never happened.

"There were but seven of us now, three Germans, two Dagoes, the Jap, and myself. I talked with that Jap. He was an educated man, highly trained in one of our universities; but he couldn't tell me anything, he said. It was all mysterious and horrible—this quiet taking off of men while they slept. As for poisoning, of which he knew he was suspected, it was absurd. There was no poison on board, to begin with; and why should he, a landsman, seek to poison the men who could take the ship and treasure to port? What could he do alone on the sea? This was logical, and as he was a small, weak and confiding sort of creature, I exonerated him in my mind from any suspicion of choking the victims.

"That night the two Dagoes, Pedro and Christo, passed into the land beyond. There were the same little marks, but nothing else. Weiss, Wagner, and Myers, the three Germans, got nutty about this time, and talked together in their lingo while they pumped; and when they were alone they talked to themselves. I confess that I got nutty. Who wouldn't, with this menace hanging over him? I walked around the deck when I was off pump duty, and I remember that I planned a great school where ambitious young sailor men could study medicine, and escape the drudgery of a life 'fore the mast. Then I planned free eating houses for tramps, and I was going to use some of my wealth to investigate the private life of a Sunday school superintendent, who, when I was a kid, predicted that I would come to a bad end. You see, we never can judge of our own men-

tal condition at the time. It's only when you look back that you can take stock of yourself. The result of this mental disturbance upon me was insomnia. I couldn't get to sleep; but I kept track of the ship, and worried the three Dutchmen and the Jap into trimming sail when necessary.

"We'd got up to the latitude of the Bermudas, I think, and I was beginning to hope that the curse had left us; for we had passed through three nights without a man dying. But on a stormy morning, when the gaff topsails were blown away, and we four men—for the Jap was useless on deck—were trying to get a couple of reefs in the mainsail, Wagner suddenly howled out a lot of Dutch language and jumped overboard. I flung him a line, but he wouldn't take it, and passed astern. The poor devil had taken the national remedy for trouble. Did you ever notice it in Germans, even the best? When things go wrong they kill themselves. They are something like the Chinese in this.

"There were only four of us now, counting the Jap, who still spoiled good grub, and it took a long time to snug that schooner down to double reefs and one head-sail. The water in the hold had gained, and we pumped while we could stand it, then knocked off, and dropped down on deck for a snooze. We were dead beat, and told the cook to call us if the wind freshened or if anything happened. He didn't call us, but something happened. I awakened in time, and stood up, sleepy and stupid and cold; for you can't sleep on deck, even in the tropics, without getting chilled; and we were up to thirty-six north. The Jap was fooling round the galley, and the schooner, with the wheel becketed, was lifting up and falling off, practically steering herself by-the-wind. Of course, I thought of the water in the hold, and sounded the well. There was four feet of wet line, and I knew that things were bad. Then I went to the two Dutchmen, to call them to the pumps, and found them cold and

stiff, each with the little pink marks under the ears.

"Well, I naturally went more or less crazy. I took that Jap by the throat and asked him what had happened. He did not know, he said. He had left us to sleep, and rest, sorry for us, and trying to cook us a good meal when we awakened. He was in a shaking fright, trembling and quivering, and I eased up. What was the use of anger and suspicion in the face of this terrible threat of death while you slept? We hoisted the two bodies overboard, and made a stagger at the pump; but we could not lessen the water in the hold, and at last I gave up, cleared away a boat, and stocked it with water and grub for two. Meanwhile I shaped a course for the Bermudas, and steered it after a fashion, hoping that I might beach the schooner and get out of some court of salvage, a part of that seven millions down in the hold.

"But I had to steer, and keep the deck, for the Jap was useless. I kept it up until we sighted land, and then flopped, done up, tired out, utterly exhausted by work, and yet unable to sleep. I sang out to the cook, as I lay down on the hatch, to try and steer toward that blot of blue on the horizon, and then passed into a semi-dazed state of mind that was not sleep, nor yet wakefulness: I could hear, and, through my half-opened eyelids, could see; yet I was not awake, for I could not guard myself. I saw that Jap creeping toward me. I saw the furtive, murderous glint in his beady eyes. I heard the soft pat of his feet on the wet deck, and I heard his suppressed breathing. But I could not move or speak.

"He came and stood over me, then reached down and softly pressed the tips of his forefingers into my throat, just below the ears and back of the cheek bones. Softly at first, so that I hardly felt it, then more strongly, and a sense of weakness of body came over me, something distinct from the weakness that I had felt while sinking

down to try and sleep. It seemed a stopping of breath. I could not move, as yet, but could see, out the corners of my eye, and a more hateful, murderous face never afflicted men than the face of that Japanese cook.

"He kept it up, steadily increasing the pressure, and soon I realized that I was not breathing. Then, I do not know why, there came to me the thought of that Sunday school superintendent, and his advice, to pray when in trouble. I forgot my grouch. I said to myself, 'God help me, God help me,' and I wakened. I found that I could move. I shook off the Jap, and he staggered back, chuckling and chattering in his language. I rose to my feet, weak and shaky, and he ran away from me; but I found myself without power to follow. I was more than weak: I was just alive, just able to breathe, but I could not speak. He shut himself into his galley, and, with regard to the condition of the schooner, and my own helplessness, I painfully climbed into the boat I had stocked and cleared away the davit falls. Then I lay down.

"I have a dim remembrance of that sleep in the boat, of waking occasionally to drive that cowardly Jap off with an upraised oar; of my utter inability to speak to him, and the awful difficulty of taking a long breath. But the final plunge of the schooner stands out. I was awake, or as nearly awake as I could be. The Jap was forward, and the decks were awash.

I knew that she was going down, and got out my knife to cut the falls when the boat floated. I did this successfully, for, though I could not speak, I could move, and as the schooner plunged under, and the screams of that heathen rang in my ears, I cut the bow tackle, then the stern tackle, and found myself adrift in a turmoil of whirlpools.

"I was picked up a few days later by a fruiter, and taken into New York. I found my hair had turned white. I've been working as waiter most of the time since, hoping to enlist somebody's interest toward saving that schooner; but it's no go. I'm going to Cuba, where I've heard of a pot of money in the Santiago hills. Want to go along?"

"No," I answered. "But, tell me, what killed those men?"

"The Jap must have been an expert in jin jitsu, the wrestling game of that country. I've made a stagger at studying medicine since then, and learned a little. The pneumogastric nerve did the business. It passes from the base of the brain, down past the heart and lungs and ends near the stomach. It is motor, sensory, and sympathetic, all in one. Gentle pressure inhibits breathing, continued pressure, or stimulus, paralyzes the vocal chords; a continuance of the stimulus renders you unconscious, and a strong pressure brings about stoppage of the heart action, and, finally, death."





From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

"Before the leaves fall you will have peace."—*The Kaiser, Spring, 1915*

THE MARSHES OF PINSK, AUTUMN, 1915

Stories of the Redcoat Riders

BY W. McD. TAIT



PROTESTS from the fur companies of western Canada and petitions from the missionaries of the West called the attention of the Government of Canada to an outrageous state of affairs existing at the foot of the Rockies. Whiskey smugglers were plying an illicit trade with the Indians, and something had to be done to stop the demoralization of the red men of the plains. Hence in May, 1873, a bill was carried through the Commons authorizing the establishment of a force of three hundred mounted police.

The spice of danger, deviltry and adventure in the duties of the new force appealed to the popular mind. Men of all ranks tumbled over each other in their eagerness to enlist. Sons of lords, generals and famous novelists enrolled shoulder to shoulder with cashiered "Tommies" and Indian scouts: and, curiously enough, the Mounted Police retain the same heterogeneous elements to-day as when the first enlistment took place. Immediately upon organization they started from Toronto to Fargo by railway, and made a march to Dufferin, the beginning of their famous trek through 800 miles of prairie westward toward the Rocky Mountains, relying solely on their own transport train for supplies.

On October 10th, in the very heart of the Blackfoot country, where no man's life was safe, Fort Macleod, the first Mounted Police fort in the West, was completed. Another force was sent northward to Edmonton, among the Assiniboines and Wood Crees. The main body turned back across the plains to Fort Pelly, and thence to Dufferin. In four months the force had travelled 1,960 miles, and had accomplished, without loss of life, that which had been declared as impossible without the use of an army—taking possession of the Great Lone Land.

Fort Macleod, on the Old Man River, was a smugglers' stronghold, and here Colonel Macleod, after whom the place was named, marked off the square for a fort on an island in the river. Cottonwood logs were daubed with mud, whitewashed outside and lined with cotton inside. Then the British flag was hoisted in opposition to the smugglers' régime.

Here then was a mere handful of men surrounded by a confederacy of Indians noted for their aggressive ferocity. Not a day's ride distant was Fort Whoop-up, much stronger than that of the Mounted Police, with cannon, abundance of ammunition and provisions, and four times as many outlaws as there were police. Inside the smugglers' stockades was whiskey enough to win the whole Blackfoot



A "Redcoat" of the Blood Reserve

confederacy as allies of the traders.

The first things the police had to do was to win the friendship of the Indians. Colonel Macleod invited the chiefs to the new fort. They were feasted by the police, given exhibitions of military skill, and shown the cannon. Pointing out a tree more than a mile away, the Colonel bade the chiefs watch it. The next instant a cannon ball tore it up by the roots. That was a better shot than the old

mortar over at the smugglers' fort could make. The Blackfoots were greatly impressed, and their visit marked the beginning of a friendship between the Mounted Police and the Indians that has lasted to the present day.

The end of open whiskey traffic did not mean that smuggling had entirely ceased. In those days liquor was not only forbidden to the Indians, but prohibited to white men throughout the entire territories, except by special Government permit for small quantities. The duty of watching all incoming freight, whether by pack train, ox cart or railway fell to the police. The most likely avenue of illicit trade was, of course, along the international boundary, an imaginary line 1,800 miles long, with absolutely no settlement at its western end. The deep valleys and rolling hills offered countless hiding-places for smugglers, and only the most vigilant patrolling could check the traffic. In summer time, with a good horse under him and frequent relays, this was pleasant work for the scout; but when winter came, with blinding blizzards on fenceless prairies and a temperature that drove the mercury to forty below zero, there was work to test the mettle of heroes.

Not long after Fort Macleod was established, urgent occasion arose to send a despatch to a distant post in the south, warning an officer to be on the lookout for an incoming desperado. The thermometer stood at thirty-five below. It was night, and the north wind was humming with the peculiar half growl, half croon which every Westerner knows foretells a blizzard. To delay until the storm was past would let a criminal slip the patrols. The question was, who is the best man to send? A scout of Indian blood would be the most likely to get through the storm without losing his way, for the "red rider" travels by the wind: that is, when darkness covers the trail, the Indian, like the moist-nosed moose, gets the feel of

the wind on his face and so gains the points of the compass. But on no condition will a scout of Indian blood set out when a storm is brewing.

The choice fell on a young man from a home of luxury in an Eastern city. He was a good pathfinder and one of the most trusted scouts. There was not yet much snow, so he set out on horseback, with snowshoes strapped to his knapsack. The storm did not break for some hours, and it was hoped that he had reached the police post. A week passed, but he did not return. Another messenger was sent, and he found that the first had never reached his destination. When spring came, by chance a detachment set out for the north, and on their journey the bones of a saddled horse were found on the lee side of a cliff. Then it was remembered that, on the night of the scout's ride, the wind had veered to the southeast, and the rider, travelling by the wind, knew that it should be on his back, and turned north. The body was found on the bank of the river, where his horse had evidently given out. The brave fellow had pressed on till the river bank told him that he was off the trail. Then the long frost sleep had claimed him.

Almost as unfortunate was another scout sent with a despatch to one of the smaller outposts. It was towards spring, when the mid-day sun thaws the surface of the snow and the night frosts harden the melted crusts to a glare of ice as dazzlingly bright as the blinding flash of sunlight from polished steel. The thaw had crusted over the trail, and the scout had to keep a sharp eye on the way not to lose the path altogether. Suddenly the mid-day sun developed extraordinary hues. Magenta, purple and black patches began to dance on the snow, alternately with wheels and rockets of cheese-coloured fire. Then the light went black altogether, though the man knew that it was broad day. He had become snow-blind.



In leather coat and Angora "schaps"

The only thing to do was to give his horse the bit. The horse stood stock still, and by that he knew that he had lost the trail altogether, for the broncho would have followed any visible path. He wheeled the horse about. It still refused to go on; and then the man inferred that the crust of ice had been so hard that the horse could not follow back the way it had come. That night the trooper slept



A private of the Northwest Mounted Police

under saddle blankets, with the faithful horse standing sentry. For five days the policeman wandered blindly over the prairie, losing all count of time, eating snow to quench his thirst, and sleeping in the holes that the broncho had pawed through the ice-crust to the undergrass. The trooper was now too weak to mount and keep the saddle. As a last hope, he thought struck him that if he unsaddled his horse and turned it loose it might find its way back to the fort and so notify his friends that he was lost. He did this, but the faithful creature refused to leave the man lying on the snow, and stood over him in spite of all his efforts to drive it off. The pathetic scene enacted between these two, the blind and half-dead man and the affectionate horse, well able to look after itself, can better be imagined than described. On the sixth day the mail-carrier found the pair. The trooper was severely frozen, but rider and horse lived to see many another day's service.

In the early days of the Mounted Police the prison where criminals

from the Territories were confined was at Winnipeg, 2,000 miles by pack trail from the outermost police post. To have kept a horse thief at the scene of his action in a reserve of several hundred Indians, with only a defence of twenty or thirty policemen, would have invited disaster. In one case, scouts discovered that the Blackfoots were planning to rescue their brave as he was being driven across the plains. A detachment of police rode away eastward without the prisoner. Quietly another detachment left at night and also rode away to eastward. Finally a third detachment, this time with the prisoner, slipped out from Fort Macleod at midnight. The first two companies had spread themselves out in a patrol with relays of fresh horses for the entire distance between Fort Macleod and Fort Walsh, which was the next fort eastward, only stopping long enough to hitch fresh teams to the wagons. Thus the escort dashed across two hundred miles to Fort Walsh before the Blackfoots knew that their warrior had been carried off.



The Big Bend Detachment of the Northwest Mounted Police

By 1882 the Mounted Police had become responsible for the lives of the people of the entire West, and for property scattered over 375,000 square miles. Trading-posts were developing into towns, and cattlemen were bringing large herds into the country. At this time it became necessary to increase the force to 500 men. Permanent headquarters were established at Regina, and substantial barracks, instead of the log cabins and stockades which existed at other posts, were erected.

In 1885, the Riel Rebellion gave the police plenty of work. Twelve men were killed and an equal number wounded in the first engagement with the rebels at Duck Lake. A few years after the Rebellion the force

was increased to 1,100 men, the maximum strength to which it has ever attained.

One of the greatest achievements of the force was their persuading Sitting Bull and his six thousand Sioux to return and surrender to the United States authorities, after the massacre of General Custer and his troops, even when commissioners from the United States had failed in accomplishing this.

Mounted Police forts have been established in the farthest north, some isolated, such as Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, which is 700 miles from any other trading-post. Others are closer together, as on the trail from White Horse to Dawson, where they are only twenty miles apart. A

police report recently received at Ottawa from Herschell Island, in the Arctic Ocean, was conveyed 1,000 miles by dog sleigh, 1,000 miles by water, and 3,000 miles by rail. It took more than three months to make the journey.

As soon as the rush began to the Klondike gold fields, a troop of police was sent up to the Yukon to maintain order. The cosmopolitan population of the mining towns marvelled at the adequacy of the force, as new settlers in Western Canada do yet.

Boundary patrols are still maintained to intercept the horse-thief who drives a ranch band across the line, to be quickly sold. On the boundary patrol the police travel annually more than a million miles. The "rustler" who appropriates unbranded animals for his own herds must also be watched, traced and punished. Prairie fires, which might sweep away the year's fodder for the cattle and horses, must be guarded and checked. Foreign settlers who know not the laws nor the climate of the country must be advised and frequently helped. All these duties cause a distribution of the seventy-nine detachments of Royal Northwest Mounted Police from the international boundary to the very gates of the Arctic.

Even now there is opportunity for the display of those qualities of fortitude and bravery which has made the name of the "Mounted Police" famous throughout the world. One notable instance is the ride of Sergeant Tucker—sixty miles at a temperature away below zero—to capture the murderer of Tucker Peach. The "Riders of the Plains", in their midwinter pa-

trols, frequently have to face the blizzards and Arctic colds that sometimes sweep upon Alberta from the north. Their reward is in the welcome assistance they often are able to render the lonely homesteader who by accident or sickness has been left in a precarious condition.

Of Indian troubles now there are none. The police always have maintained a tradition of stern vigilance and swift retribution towards the Indians, so that besides there being no lynchings and few train robberies in the Canadian West, there have been no Indian wars. The arrest of some aboriginal who has been unable to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum* in the matter of horseflesh, or the bringing to justice of some white man who has found the profits in peddling whiskey among the dwellers of the reserves to outweigh the risks, these comprise the chief items in the list of crimes. Not since Sergeant Wilde, who was shot by a renegade in 1897, has there been serious trouble. The Indian, whose name was Charcoal, paid the penalty on the gallows.

Listening to the conversation of the men of the police as one encounters them everywhere in the West, it is distinctly evident that the Mounted Police is a head, not an automaton nor a flunkey. This was curiously illustrated during the visit of the Duke of York to the West a few years ago. Arriving at a station where a stop was to be made, the liveried servants of the Duke asked the troopers where was the royal carriage, and the answer made was to the effect that the servants of royalty should get the horses hitched themselves.

Curiosities of Memory

BY PROFESSOR HERBERT L. STEWART



WHAT do we mean by "curiosity"? We may mean by it something which happens seldom, belongs only to the exceptional case, lies outside the common track of common experience. An interest belongs to that which is rare, just in proportion to its rarity. The booklover values a first edition, and he values it the more if few other people have it. The botanist swells with joy if by all sorts of unnatural arrangements he can make an exotic flower develop in his own conservatory. The curator of a zoological museum boasts to you that the largest tooth ever grown in a mammal or the largest hoof ever found on a quadruped reposes, neatly ticketed, under his glass case. There is no limit to the enthusiasm which one can acquire for getting together such things—old stamps, old coins, old pictures, old furniture, old anything, provided it is ancient enough to be odd. It is perhaps the same impulse to get out of the beaten path which gives its interest to what is called "originality". Thus in one sense the curious is simply the unusual.

But in another sense the curious may be that which is met with every day. It may be a fact with which we are so familiar that we have never tried to explain it to ourselves, and which, the moment we ask a reason for it, makes us conscious of our ignorance. A flash of lightning soon ceased to be a curiosity in the first

sense in which I have used the word; it was an event comparatively frequent. So, too, the formation of snow and ice, the alternating appearance of summer and winter, and an indefinite number of such natural phenomena. Yet all these things, until their causes were discovered, were curiosities in a sense far deeper than that which belongs to the merely exceptional. They were curiosities in that they stood outside the known principles of explanation. However far knowledge proceeds, there remain groups of such facts that lie still ahead of our science, and they are often facts which belong to the most obvious circle of our experiences. An oddity challenges our investigation at once; the commonplace is taken for granted and remains unprobed.

It has been said that the central puzzle about memory is just the fact that we are able to remember at all. Perhaps you know half a dozen languages. You may be able, on occasion, to think in more than one. *Where* at the present moment is your knowledge of French, of Latin, of Spanish? When you say that you *know* these languages, what you mean is that, if required, you could turn your thoughts into one of these linguistic channels. French, Latin, Spanish modes of expression can be summoned up at will. But how could they be summoned up unless they were somehow there? Are they stored in a kind of mental warehouse to which you can make a visit at choice, just

as you go down to open a trunk that has been laid aside in your cellar? "Consciousness," said Dr. Bain, "resembles the scenery of a theatre actually on the stage at any one moment, which scenery is a mere selection from the stores in reserve for the many pieces that have been or may be performed." And it seems as if, like other objects, an experience of long ago may be buried under more recent accumulations, until without ceasing to exist it is no longer accessible to its owner. George Eliot speaks of the joys of early childhood as having "vanished utterly from our memory", although doubtless that joy is wrought up into our nature, as the sunlight of long past mornings is wrought up in the soft mellowness of the apricot". But what shall we make of such a case as the famous one in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, where a servant maid repeated in her delirious fever whole passages of Greek and Hebrew? Some thought she was inspired from on high—like those at Corinth who spoke with tongues—and we may be sure that others thought her prompted by the devil to profane the sacred text. The only explanation forthcoming was that she had been at service in the house of a theologian who was accustomed to read aloud from the Talmud and from the Greek New Testament. Is it fair to suppose that these passages, without being understood, had lodged in her mind, much as a gramophone receives a record? But, if so, how did the hidden reservoir work? Why should it have been tapped by the onset of a fever? Perhaps this retentiveness is just one of those ultimate facts about human nature which may be used to explain other facts, but which themselves defy explanation, and must simply be accepted. As Aristotle once said, "If water sticks in your throat, what will you drink to wash it down?"

In truth there is just the same sort of mystery in a more familiar and hence a less discussed form as often

as we make an engagement for the future, and manage to keep it. In some sense the appointment must remain "in" our minds during the intervening days while it is not being thought of. But why should not every experience remain with equal vividness? What determines the particular things which we shall remember, and the particular things which we shall forget? An adequate account of the laws of memory must be at the same time an account of the laws of obliviscence.

One theory on the subject would deny altogether that the mind can "contain" an idea while it is not consciously reflecting upon it. The school of Locke has insisted that there can be nothing "in" the mind of which the mind is not aware, for an idea means just a fact of consciousness, and thus an unconscious idea would be a contradiction in terms. Concretely then, why is it that the engagement which I make for five o'clock on Tuesday recurs to my thoughts about the time I have to fulfil it? Because—so runs the theory—every event of our past, including the making of an appointment, leaves a definite trace upon our psycho-neural system. If you crease the leaf of a book in a particular way and then straighten it out again, the leaf will tend to fold itself in the same fashion next time you open the book at that place. The crease does not remain when the book is closed; only the disposition to double up in the former way at the first opportunity. So when I make the engagement the thought of what I have to do becomes associated with the thought of five o'clock on Tuesday, and when the second thought recurs the first tends to revive. This view seems to be confirmed by the circumstance that at periods of life when the neural system is most impressionable, when, to borrow our illustration again, a crease is most easily imposed, recollection works best. Hence the superior retentiveness of childhood; hence the

impairing of memory in nervous disease and in advanced old age; hence the impossibility of trusting a memory which is over-burdened with a multitude of details. If your leaf is twisted in a dozen places the marks will quickly obliterate one another. "Old paths fade," writes William James, "as fast as the new ones form in our brain."

But the difficulty in this view lies in the fact that the recall of the past is never a mere reinstatement of the old experience as we had it. It is not enough that at five o'clock on Tuesday the thought of going to meet my friend A. B. should occur to me. Joined with this there must be the explicit recollection of my promise. Otherwise there would be nothing to distinguish the thought of A. B. from the thought of C. D., or of anyone else whom accident might suggest to me at the moment. In the true act of memory I must not only bring A. B. before my mind; I must reach back in imagination to what passed between him and myself; I must consciously identify myself with the person who made the engagement, and who is thus bound to be at a certain spot and no other at five o'clock. Indeed, the theory of a "psycho-neural disposition", though true and important so far as it goes, fails to account for just that specific element by which memory is constituted.

Light would be cast upon this, and upon very many other oddities of mental life, by accepting that sensational hypothesis of modern psychology known as the doctrine of "subliminal consciousness". Briefly put it amounts to this. The thoughts and feelings, impulses and purposes, of which we are consciously aware constitute only a fragment of our spiritual activity. The mind resembles one of those coral islands or one of those enormous icebergs in the ocean, whose tip alone projects above the surface, while by far the greater part is concealed, reaching to unknown depths below. The judgments that we form,

believing ourselves to be guided by evidence consciously considered, are often the result of reasoning carried on unconsciously; the emotions by which we are stirred, and which we think we can appreciate by looking inward, extend in reality to depths of our nature that are unknown even to ourselves; the projects we cherish and for which we assign superficial reasons are prescribed to us by forces that lie far beneath our powers of introspection. As George Eliot said: "There is a great deal of unmapped country within us, which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms."

This view, into the discussion of which I have not space to enter, has a very obvious bearing upon our problem. It would enable us at once to accept the notion of a storing up of past impressions in that great mental area which lies "below" our conscious waking life. And that something of the sort takes place seems to be sufficiently attested by the facts of hypnosis and of crystal-gazing. What change is produced in the brain by staring fixedly into a bright globe no pathologist has ever made clear. But there is a trance of some kind, during which pictures appear as in a dream. They are often made up of shreds and patches taken from scenes which had been actually passed through by the clairvoyant, but which had been long since forgotten. Only by an effort, after the trance is passed, can they be identified and placed. Thus, as has been aptly said, the real question about memory is not so much "How do we remember?" as "How do we forget?" If the past buries itself in our subconscious world, what is that selective agency which enables us to recall some things, but not others?

Professor Bergson has given so far the clearest solution, though he was to some extent anticipated by Frederic Myers. We remember, broadly speaking, and, of course, with numerous exceptions and failures, that

sort of experience which it is of practical importance that we *should* remember. Our thinking is subsidiary to our action, and it is as needful that we should forget ninety-nine hundredths of the occurrences of life as that we should retain the remaining one-hundredth. Otherwise our minds, like that of Dominic Sampson, would become clogged with rubbish. It is an incident of the struggle for life that we should exercise such powers of obliteration, just as one must periodically clear one's desk of accumulated papers. This does not, of course, mean that we never fail to hold, either in memory or in desk, that which is of consequence, or to get rid of that which is useless. But such is our aim, and we are practically effective in proportion as we achieve it. Memory is never disinterested. Once in a while we may permit ourselves to look through the old litter, but to do so is a species of luxury: in general, we use our past as a stepping-stone rather than as food for reverie. As Myers has put it:

"The question of self-preservation—What must I needs be aware of in order to escape my foes?—involves the question: What must I needs remember in order to act upon the facts of which I am aware? The selected currents of memory follow the selected avenues of sensation; what by disuse I lose the power of noticing at the time, I also lose the power of recalling afterwards."

One of our odd mental performances is the effort to recover a forgotten name. We cannot get the word we want, but we are sure that it is not Macgregor, nor Macpherson, nor Mackintosh. Perhaps it turns out not to begin with Mac at all; yet through some subtle law of suggestion it is the Macs that come up to us, and won't be turned away. The thing becomes provoking, but we cannot help going on with it, "like one court-ing sleep, in whom thoughts recur like wilful tormentors". The singular thing is that although we have not the word itself we have that which serves as a touchstone by which the candi-

date words are judged and discarded. As William James put it, we seem to have a sort of "wraith of the name", which suffices to discredit the various claimants. At last the correct one somehow pops into our minds, and, as has been neatly remarked, the effect is as satisfactory as a completed sneeze.

Psychologists are now convinced that we should speak rather of memories than of memory. For example, the psycho-neural system may be retentive for sounds but not for sights, for perfumes but not for colours, for names but not for faces. Thus we have at least as many memories as we have senses, an auditory, a visual, a gustatory, an olfactory, a tactual. It is one sort which serves the musician, a second the artist, a third the tea-taster, and so on. Naturally enough, he who has got one but not another is surprised at his neighbour's deficiencies in recollection, and incredulous about his superiorities. The author of this article combines a singularly poor memory for faces with an eccentric facility in recalling initials.

Macaulay, who was able to repeat to himself on a voyage from India the whole of *Paradise Lost*, had plainly a word-memory, although whether for the written or for the spoken word we have no evidence. And it was a dubious gift, not sufficiently combined with salutary powers of obliteration. He could not help remembering such useless matter as the list of Cambridge Senior Wranglers! Sir George Trevelyan tells us of him:

"He was always willing to accept a friendly challenge to a feat of memory. One day, in the board-room of the British Museum, Sir David Dundas saw him hand to Lord Aberdeen a sheet of foolscap, covered with writing arranged in three parallel columns down each of the four pages. This document, of which the ink was still wet, proved to be a full list of the Senior Wranglers at Cambridge, with their dates and colleges, for the hundred years during which the names of Senior Wranglers had been recorded in the University Calendar. On another occasion Sir David

asked: 'Macaulay, do you know your Popes?' 'No,' was the answer, 'I always get wrong among the Innocents.' 'But can you say your Archbishops of Canterbury?' 'Any fool,' said Macaulay, 'could say his Archbishops of Canterbury backwards.' And off he went at score, drawing breath only once in order to remark on the oddity of there having been both an Archbishop Saneroff and an Archbishop Baneroff, until Sir David stopped him at Cranmer."

The late Professor Conington, of Oxford, is said to have complained that he could scarcely forget the copies of Latin verses which were sent in by candidates for college scholarships, and that after many years of examining he retained scores of them in his memory. Anyone who has examined students' papers will feel what a burden poor Conington must have had to bear, and will give thanks for the merciful oblivion into which most of what he reads at such times immediately passes.

Some years ago an enterprising psychologist issued a circular to a very varied multitude of persons, asking each to picture in his "mind's eye" the objects which had stood on that morning's breakfast table, and to write down the list. It was found that in this trial women were most successful and scientists were least so. Some of the latter protested that "mind's eye" was a mere metaphor, and that no such thing as visual memory existed! They *knew*, more or less, what they had had for breakfast, but in no sense was it possible for them to picture it. How significant this is of the extent to which one's personal defects of faculty may lead one to a false generalization! Fancy a novelist, who can make a whole scene alive with colour, accomplishing this not because he sees it himself, but because he "knows" what is there.

A special case of colour memory came under the writer's personal observation, and it may be of some special interest to those who read Professor Fraser Harris's very suggestive paper on "Coloured Thinking" in the July number of *The Canadian*

Magazine. A certain lithographic artist in Belfast has a set of playing cards with a series of numbers written at random on the back of each, e.g.:

Jack of Spades	
371,429	70,894
835,602	858,835
198,357	9,963
27,391	526,318
3,872	

These numbers were written down by his friends as a memory test, and were purposely made as miscellaneous and confusing as possible. When given the face value of a card the lithographer can repeat the whole set of figures on the back, and so for all the cards of the fifty-two. He explains this through association with colour. Each digit has for him a particular hue, and even a particular weird colour-shape. On studying a card he connected the figures with the series of colour forms, and these latter remain stamped upon his very sensitive colour memory. When one mentions, for example, "Jack of Spades", these forms rise before his mind's eye, and he translates into figures, as one might from one language to another. But he has no special memory powers in any other direction, and, so far as the writer could judge, his general mentality appeared low.

An interesting question has been raised as to the relative facility with which the impressions of the different senses are revivable. Apart from the exceptional case, like Beethoven's memory for sounds, or Turner's memory for colours, can we say whether to the *average* person a sound or a sight is more easily recalled? Can we arrange the data of the five senses in anything like an accurate series from this point of view? Probably a little reflection will convince most of us that it is easier to imagine with vividness a landscape that we have seen than a perfume that we have smelt. If you try to bring before you, for example, the old Parliament buildings at Ottawa they seem to come up at once. If you try to revive the odour

of a rose you must first revive the visual appearance, and then the odour indirectly through this. In most cases I think the impression upon the nose will not reinstate itself, no matter how much you try to bring it back, with any such clearness as the Parliament buildings will have for "the eye of the mind". Sound seems to be in a similar way more dilatory of recall than sights, and perhaps it would be difficult to adjudicate between smell and taste, because they so commonly seem to reinforce each other. Professor Ribot endeavoured to state a law on the subject which is at least interesting, and covers a good many of the facts.

The poet's dictum that sight is "the most despotic of the senses" will be borne out by common experience. When we have once seen a thing, if we remember it at all we remember its look. Why is this? Professor Ribot has offered two reasons. (1) As a rule, its appearance is complex to a degree in which none of its other qualities are so. It has parts, shape, internal difference. The impression upon the eye is manifold, and if we can recall any point in the visual whole this point will tend to reinstate the remainder. Hence we have quite a number of corners, so to speak, by which we may get hold of it, quite a number of chances any one of which will give us success. (2) In visual exploration the perceiving eye moves backwards and forwards round the contour of the object, and the movement renders the impression both more distinct and more lasting. The blind man gets to know an object by running his fingers over its surface, and the man who can see uses his organ of sight as the blind uses his organ of touch. In the case of the other senses the experience is relatively simple and static. Hence the rule that impressions are revivable (a) in proportion to their *complexity*, and (b) in proportion to the *motor* elements contained in them. The descending series which we should con-

struct on this principle is, sight, sound, touch, taste, smell.

It is often asked whether, and if so by what means, memory may be trained. Can one who is deficient improve himself through any sort of discipline?

The answer seems to be that just as a boxer's prowess depends partly upon strength and partly upon skill, so one's power to recall a past experience depends partly on a native endowment, and partly upon knowing how to use this endowment to advantage. Aristotle distinguished these two elements as *Mneme* and *Anamnesis*. The former varies within very wide limits. It is a sort of congenital tenacity, and we should all, of course, wish to be, in the old phrase, "like wax to receive and like marble to retain". How great the individual differences may be is seen at once by comparing a man like Macaulay with the average person. But we can no more improve ourselves in this respect by "systems" than we can by taking thought add a cubit to our stature. We need not go to a "memory man" and expect him to put us through a regimen which will alter the quality of our brains. What we can do, on the other hand, by judicious practice, is to become able to make the best of that endowment which we have. We can improve enormously our habit of close attention, we can learn to connect things not—like the examination "crammer"—through the sounds of their names, but through their rational relations, we can discipline our minds to act always in an orderly and systematic way. If we do so we shall find that memory has improved itself. And for those whose native tenacity is low, it should be some consolation to reflect that powers of thought and of reasoning are by no means very closely associated with such retentiveness. Dr. Thomas Chalmers used to say that the man with the best memory he ever knew was a fool in Dumfries.

Psychology owes a great deal to the

poets, the novelists, the general *littérateurs*. For they have often brought home to us in vivid arresting phrase some fact of the mental life which science has to express in uncouth technical jargon, and they have not seldom called attention for the first time to a mental oddity which the professed psychologist had insufficiently noticed. They have rendered both services to a marked extent in the field of memory. For example, the text-books explain how "the residual traces of past experience, and the laws of association among ideas determine unconsciously the way in which new experience will be assimilated". But it is Wordsworth who has spoken of,

. . . the curious props
By which the world of memory and thought
Exists and is sustained.

And it is Rogers who has told us how,

Lulled in the countless chambers of the
brain
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden
chain.

Again, there is the recollection which is a mere sense of general familiarity; we are unable to say of what we are reminded, but the objects before us give a diffused impression that they are not wholly strange. With what piercing directness has Tennyson pointed this out:

Moreover, something is or seems
That touches us with mystic gleams
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language can declare.

Perhaps it is because the sense of smell acts, relatively speaking, with greater independence than the other senses, that an odour is so potent in making us ask ourselves where we perceived it last. George Eliot did not fail to observe this when she spoke of 'the plant with wandering seed that gives the far-off lands a kinship to the exile's home'. De Quincey,

in the famous "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater", has told us how in a drug dream the minutest incidents of his childhood would recur, incidents that he could not recall or acknowledge if told of them in waking life, but which he instantaneously *recognized* in sleep. Finally, there is the curious circumstance, which Dickens has so often presented with such artistic effect, that in moments of strained attention the mind will wander in spite of itself to the utterly trivial. Everyone recalls Lady Macbeth's wretched pun at a crisis when punning might have been supposed far from her thoughts:

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal
That it may seem their guilt.

Shakespeare was but signaling the truth that an effort to concentrate will succeed up to a certain point: beyond that point, and especially when emotion is tense, the very struggle defeats itself. In the closing part of "Oliver Twist", Fagin when on trial for his life looks up at the gallery, where a young man is sketching him for the newspapers, wonders what the sketch is like, "looked on when the artist broke his pencil-point, and made another with his knife. . . . In the same way when he turned his eyes towards the judge, his mind began to busy itself with the fashion of his dress, and what it cost, and how he put it on. There was an old fat gentleman on the bench, too, who had gone out some half an hour before, and now come back. He wondered within himself whether this man had been to get his dinner, what he had had, and where he had had it". How true to nature is the exclamation of Manfred, when his fancy in spite of itself keeps reviewing the historical fortunes of ancient Rome:

'Twas such a night:
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight,
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

THE LIBRARY TABLE



IN the March number of *The Canadian Magazine* Dr. J. D. Logan, in an article entitled "Canadian Poetry of the Great War", criticized a poem entitled "The Hun", by Frederick George Scott. It has been learned since that Canon Scott had not authorized the publication of the poem, for, as he has explained, it was written as an experiment, to show that it is easy to write after the manner of the so-called German poems of hate. Unfortunately, however, he handed a copy of it to a brother officer, who in turn gave it to a third officer, who was associate editor of *The Nova Scotia Highlander* and who suggested to the editor, Sergeant Logan, that it was worth publishing. It was handed in as "copy" and duly appeared in *The Highlander*. From that source it was republished in *The Canadian Magazine*, with Dr. Logan's comment. As the poem had not been offered for publication by Canon Scott, the criticism did the author an injustice, although, of course, it was not malicious or conscious injustice. Dr. Logan referred in terms of praise to Canon Scott's other war poems, and as soon as he knew that this particular poem had not been intended by the author for publication he wrote an apology to Canon Scott.

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THE OPPRESSED ENGLISH

BY IAN HAY. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS little volume of ten thousand words, which sells for fifty cents, gives a succinct and inoffensive re-

view of the Irish question, which, by the way, it does not presume to settle. One can infer from the book, if not from the title, that it is the Irish especially who oppress the English. Some of the other things mentioned as oppressions, but which the Irish have escaped, are the Land Valuation Act, Lloyd George's scheme of National Insurance, and the Military Service Act—"to the black shame and grief of every true Irishman". Besides escaping these oppressions, the Irish have benefited through George Wyndham's Land Purchase Act to the extent of \$500,000,000, which amount has been added to the taxes of the English. But notwithstanding all that England has done for Ireland, the author observes that the "Irish character, ever prone to dream and brood, prevents Ireland from forgetting her ancient wrongs. Heaven knows they were grievous enough; but they were probably no worse than those of Scotland, and if they had been regarded as hers were by Scotland they need have left no permanent mark". After reviewing the Irish situation, Mr. Hay, in a brief chapter of one hundred and twenty-five words observes the "deplorable status of that unfortunate country, England", which, he says, has her chief offices of State occupied to-day by "Scotsmen of the most ruthless type". Removing from the list the chief office of all, which now is occupied by a Welshman, we have Sir Douglas Haig leading the British forces in France, Admiral Beatty, head of the British Grand Fleet at sea, Sir William Robertson directing the Imperial General Staff at home, Lord Findlay as

Lord Chancellor, A. Bonar Law (who is acknowledged to be half Canadian) as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Arthur James Balfour as Foreign Secretary. It is at least an interesting book.

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THE WANDERER ON A THOUSAND HILLS.

By EDITH WHERRY. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

EDITH WHERRY has arranged a rather weird tale to illustrate Chinese customs. It is weird, fatalistic, at moments beautiful, at moments terrible, but in all these attributes it only matches Chinese customs. The reader feels that the author has taken the utmost pains to be exactly truthful in the portrayal of these customs and absolutely just and faithful in presenting Chinese character. If the writer has been painstakingly truthful, however, it has not spoiled her high art in telling the story; on the contrary it adds to the pleasure. "The Wanderer" is an English boy who has been stolen by a Chinese girl and brought up as her son. The tragic episodes in the girl's life which lead to her theft are the most dramatic and absorbing in the volume. The book carries the fascination of all good romance.

*

THE VERMILION BOX

By E. V. LUCAS. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

EVERY beginner in the art of writing holds in secret the ambition of writing a book some day, and almost every successful writer thinks he must keep adding to his list of books lest he be forgotten. Thus are accumulated many volumes of little value. Edward Verrall Lucas could not write a valueless book because his style is fine art, his outlook is sincere and keen, and he is always pleasant, but in "The Vermilion Box" he has given nothing

new or inspiring or even extremely interesting in his pictures of English types and their opinions about the war, and the letter form is rather tiresome. It is better for even so excellent a writer as Edward Verrall Lucas to wait until an inspiration comes.

*

A SOLDIER'S SKETCHES UNDER FIRE

By HAROLD HARVEY. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

THIS book contains a great many pencil sketches, done on the spot, by a well-known London artist who enlisted at the beginning of the war. They have the merit of depicting, as is claimed, only what the artist saw and was able to sketch at the moment, and are not embellishments of occurrences that really never can be illustrated correctly. The drawings are accompanied by interesting reading matter.

*

ACROSS FRANCE IN WAR-TIME

By W. FITZWATER WRAY. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS is a delightful addition to the "Wayfarers' Library" and another instance of the desire of the publishers to admit to this splendid collection books of the moment that have literary value as well as books of the past. The book describes France in war-time, but is not a book on the war. It is something more than that.

*

THE NORTH AMERICAN IDEA

By J. A. MACDONALD. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

HERE appear in book form the six Cole lectures delivered this year by Dr. Macdonald at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. The author long has been an interpreter of the national sentiments and ideals of the two chief peoples of North

America, and his interpretation, looking forward to a common ideal, which he sees illustrated in the present great struggle, is broad and optimistic. The people of Canada and the people of the United States are, at bottom, as Dr. Macdonald sees them, much the same, and it certainly is refreshing to read the conclusions of one who has not been carried away by narrow ideas of loyalty and patriotism.

*

DIVERSITY OF CREATURES

By RUDYARD KIPLING. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MANY persons who like to read Kipling will find this volume of his latest work somewhat different from what they have been used to from this versatile author. With the exception of three or four, most of the stories have appeared in magazines. They range in size from the very short story to the length, almost, of a novelette, and they cover a wide range of characters and studies in human experience. Interspersed throughout the volume there are fourteen poems, most of which will not add to Mr. Kipling's reputation.

*

THE CELTIC DAWN

By LLOYD R. MORRIS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a study of the several movements which, although having their foundation in a single and easily expressed philosophy, have laboured in widely varied fields to produce a social synthesis in contemporary Ireland. These movements comprise literature, drama, the revival of the Gaelic as a language of everyday use, economic and social reform, and political thought. The writer, although an American, appears to have made a very critical study of Ireland, particularly the recent literature of that country, and he dissects in an inter-

esting manner the works of Russell, Yeats and Synge.

*

NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

By JOHN BUCHAN. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

THE interest in these monthly volumes, which cover in detail the progress of the war, increases with each successive volume. The enthusiasm of the author shows no diminution. Volume sixteen is devoted to the great Battle of the Somme. There are many maps, and two appendices, which add greatly to the interest of the volume.

*

EDUCATION IN CITIZENSHIP

By JOHN D. HUNT. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a very valuable book to the average citizen, because it presents him in an understandable form the processes of government, particularly in Canada. It is well suited also for schools and colleges, and as a handbook for literary societies, farmers' clubs, home, school and church organizations and for all interested in the general welfare of the people.

*

VIRGIL C. HART

By E. T. HART, D.D. Toronto: McClelland, Goodechild and Stewart.

THIS is one of the most interesting books on missionary work that has been published in a decade, and it is as well a biography of importance to the records of Christian influence and teaching in Central China, the vast field that was "opened up" by Virgil Hart, who was founder of the American and Canadian missions in the central and western portions of China. The author, Dr. Hart, is a son of the missionary.



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